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Clarence Walworth

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LIFE SKETCHES

OF

FATHER WALWORTH

WITH NOTES AND LETTERS

BY

ELLEN H. WALWORTH

Author of "Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks," and "An Old World as Seen Through Young Eyes," etc.

SECOND EDITION

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1907

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By ELLEN H. WALWORTH.

I DEDICATE

THIS

VOLUME

To Americans

WHO DELIGHT IN FREEDOM OF SPEECH

FROM A **Conscientious** MAN

CONTENTS.

CHAPTERS.		PAGES.
I.	BOYHOOD.— His Father's Influence.	1
II.	COLLEGE DAYS.— In Prospect and in Retrospect — Old Time Culture at Williamstown and Albany.....	15
III.	COLLEGE DAYS AT "OLD UNION." — Dr. Nott and His Stove — A Revivalist — Letter to a Classmate....	33
IV.	LAW OR THEOLOGY? — An Up-State New Yorker Starts for the Metropolis.....	44
V.	"LEAD KINDLY LIGHT." — Newman, Carey, Wadhams and McMaster — Good-Bye to Mother — Platt and Whitcher — Letters to His Father...	64
VI.	VOCATION; STUDIES ABROAD.— At Saint Trond with Isaac Hecker — Letters from Belgium, Holland and England	87
VII.	A REDEMPTORIST; A MISSION PREACHER IN AMERICA.— Some of the Best Work of His Life..	114
VIII.	ONE OF THE PAULIST FATHERS. — A Remarkable Cluster of Converts.	141

CHAPTERS. PAGES.

IX. CORRESPONDENCE WITH CONVERTS.— A Letter on the Trinity — Hecker, Newman, Hewit... 170

X. PASTOR OF HIS FLOCK.— Thirty-four Years at St. Mary's, Albany — Notes of Sermons — "The Rights of Labor" — Poem on the Mass — Tribute of a Curate..... 196

XI. TRAVELS AND INDIAN TRAILS. — Vacation Studies..... 239

XII. WIELDING THE TEMPERANCE SLEDGE-HAMMER. — Clippings from Local and Other Newspapers... 261

XIII. "A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY." — The Albany Bi-Centennial — The American Sunday — Letters of Officials..... 287

XIV. NEARLY BLIND.— Hymns and Meditations — Evenings with His Nieces — Authorship — Scott, Cooper and the Genealogy — Sunset of a Busy Life — His Cloister of the Senses... 311

XV. "IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH." — The Chanting of a Hundred Priests — A Memorial Meeting of Fellow-Citizens — Three Monuments to Father Walworth. CONCLUSION: Funeral and Obituary Notices — Honored by Albany..... 325

Life Sketches of Father Walworth

WITH NOTES AND LETTERS.

I am engaged in a somewhat lengthy and elaborate
poem on Lake George. I hope it may turn out well. Some
body ought to turn to account the scenic beauties, and
traditional riches of the Lake.

Best love to all

A. Walworth,

Life Sketches of Father Walworth.

I.

BOYHOOD.

His Father's Influence.

Clarence A. Walworth was born May 30, 1820, at Plattsburg, N. Y., where the Saranac River issuing from the Adirondacks sinks to rest in the bosom of Lake Champlain. He lived through eighty memorable years of the Nineteenth Century and was fully alive to its swift currents of thought. He died September 19, 1900, in the Hudson Valley at old Albany, beloved of his fellow citizens. He lies buried in the village cemetery of Saratoga Springs, under whose lofty pines he grew to the full measure of a man.

No son of New York State ever loved better its beautiful valleys and their inhabitants. Few can have given more thought than he to their history and their destiny, interlinked as they are with the heart's life of the Nation. If he looked "before and after," it was never to "pine for what is not" in idleness or discontent. He only wanted to understand better what was yet to be done in the service of God and man. Then, as far as in him lay, he did it forthwith, and got others to follow his lead. He was indeed a strong lover of truth and of the common

weal, as will be proved later on. And why not? To him and his, "the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" was written all over the Green Mountains to the east of him, in myriad shadows moving along their slopes. Bullets ploughed up on the Saratoga Battleground found their way into his juvenile pockets. When the Fourth of July guns were fired to rouse the villages between Stillwater and the Adirondacks, way back in John Quincy Adams' administration, the boys he knew and with whom he played marbles were accustomed to sing out with every blast, "Shoot Burgoyne!" The spirit of patriotism was in the air, and so, too, was piety, and the fear of the Lord. On Wednesday nights he carried a foot-warmer to the Saratoga meeting House in Church Street, for his mother's comfort whilst at the place of worship. He was happy in being with her, his own little feet nestled close to hers. It was not always easy to sit still in that high-backed, cushioned pew, but the sound of her voice was always sweet to him in the singing; nor did he ever forget how the deacons came gravely in of a Sunday morning, and laid down their best hats on the communion table. It was time then for him to sit very straight and be on his best behavior.

If he and another naughty boy broke most of the plain little church windows one day, it was an ebullition of human nature with which a wise father knew how to deal. He promptly paid for the glass and took strenuous measures to make his young son realize its value. I have heard Father Walworth say in later life that if fathers were obliged to pay for the damage their boys do, it would tend to the

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observance of law and order and be better for all concerned.

Another incident does not come amiss in this connection. Peter Bullions, author of a grammar once used in many schools throughout the United States, was the presiding genius in a Latin room at the Boys' Academy in Albany, where Clarence took up that study. "Old Cyclops," the boys called him, he being blind in one eye. The sight in the other was keen enough, however, to enable him to catch Clarence at some of his capers. A sudden blow on the head with a ruler raised an ugly looking welt. School over, the boy hastened to his mother, whose sympathies were much excited. Soothing remedies were quickly applied. As soon as Judge Walworth came home she showed him the hurt and told who inflicted it. Clarence looked for further sympathy as his father carefully examined the head and listened to every detail from the boy and his mother. What then was his surprise when his father drew himself up very straight, and looking at him, sternly said: "See here, young man! If you ever come from school in that condition again I will give you a punishment that you will not soon forget." Thus did justice tread close to mercy in his bringing up.

Some further understanding of influences that were brought to bear upon his early life may be gathered from the following budget of facts and letters pertaining to his parentage and childhood.

Clarence was the fourth child and oldest son of Reuben Hyde Walworth, the last chancellor of the State of New York, born October 26, 1788, at

Bozrah, Conn.; and who died, November 28, 1867, at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

He was the grandson of Benjamin Walworth, born November 11, 1746, at Groton, Conn., who came over from New England to the Hudson valley in time to serve with New York volunteers at White Plains and Minisink. In 1793, Benjamin, with his wife, Apphia Hyde,* and their young family — Reuben being then four years old — established his home at Hoosick, N. Y., in a house which was occupied in 1896 by the Geer family. There Benjamin died, February 26, 1812.

Clarence was the great-grandson of John Walworth of Groton, Conn., born on Fisher's Island, 1696; died, 1748. He was a prosperous farmer and shipwright, who served the colonies as a cornet and captain of dragoons, belonging to the 8th Regiment, in the days of Governor Law.

His father and the great-great-grandfather of Clarence was William Walworth, the first settler on Fisher's Island, who emigrated from England to New London county, Conn., in 1689. After dwelling for a time alone on the island — a veritable Robinson Crusoe — he became one of the sturdy group of Groton pioneer farmers, whose descendants are scattered far and wide over the United States. They form no small part of the bone and sinew of our nation's life, both on land and sea, as may easily be seen by turning the leaves of their multitudinous genealogies.

It was as easy and natural in their declining

* See Hyde Genealogy, and Chancellor Walworth's Address, in 1859, at the "Norwich Jubilee."

years for Reuben to prepare the ponderous Hyde Genealogy and for Clarence to gather up the Walworth Family History as it was for St. Matthew to begin his gospel with a pedigree. The people of Groton, like the children of Abraham, were well trained to write up their birth records. To be sure the promised Messiah had already come to fulfill the prophecies before their ships ever touched America, but here was a vast new promised land opening before them. As their sons and daughters moved westward to take possession, where there was as yet no vestige of church, court or college records to which to refer, well-bound bibles were thrust into their hands by their elders with these emphatic words: *"Read this, and be sure to write up the Family Record."* Very faithful to this injunction for the most part were the Walworths.

The mother of Clarence was Maria Ketchum Averill, born at Plattsburg, N. Y., December 31, 1795, of Puritan ancestry. Conscientious as Hawthorne's Hilda, with a tender love for little children and the poor, yet quick to drive a drunken Indian from her kitchen with lusty blows of the tongs, hers was a fine type of moral and physical beauty, peculiarly American. At the early age of fifteen she was wooed and won by Reuben. He was then a promising young lawyer of northern New York, just beginning with masterful strides to hew a path for himself to legal prominence. He had gone from his father's farm at Hoosick, where a love of learning had been instilled into him by his scholarly half-brother, Mr. Cardell, to study law in the office of John Russell, Esq., at Troy; and, later, selected

Plattsburg as a place to begin practice. It would be yet many years before he could grow up to the great task before him, that of moulding the unwieldly chancery business of the Empire State into shape for coming generations. In the War of 1812 he showed manly courage at the battles of Plattsburg, September 6 and 11, 1814, in which he was acting as adjutant-general under Major-General Mooers. He was also a colonel of militia. An inkling of how he won his very young bride is not without interest. It is told of him that a young relative of hers raised a laugh at the lover's expense by telling how he overheard these words, in an earnest tone: "Do say yes! Do say yes!" He had come unexpectedly upon Reuben, who, on one knee before the rosebud of a girl, was gaining a slow assent to his suit. He was, from the first, a successful pleader. Having secured the maiden by his persistence, Reuben waited patiently, in deference to the desires of her relatives, for her to complete a course of study, directing meantime, however, by the force of his own superior intellect and will-power, the improvement of her mind along certain channels of his own choosing. They were married January 16, 1812, and went to live in a country house he had planned for her near Plattsburg. Soon after their first child was born he came riding home one day from a long round of duties to find that his house had been burned to the very ground. In great distress he sought far and near for tidings of his young wife. Finally he found her a mile away at a neighbor's home with her babe. She had hastily left her bed and run that far for shelter. No wonder he im-

provised a water bucket brigade soon thereafter, and in the years to come served at Saratoga Springs as an amateur fire chief of the village. Its present model fire department was preceded by a "Walworth Hose Company." His son Clarence, too, was a volunteer fireman, when he was practising law at Canandaigua. In pioneer days, it was the man of many resources who amounted to something. Every boy was expected to handle a variety of tools and weapons. The era of specialists was yet to dawn in the valley towns of New York.

After the fire Reuben moved into Plattsburg and lived just a few blocks to the northwest of the Fouquet House. It was a comfortable, pleasant home, which has since been used as a rectory by the Episcopal clergyman. In that house Clarence was born, May 30, 1820, and there the family dwelt till he was three years of age. It was whilst a resident of Plattsburg that Reuben H. Walworth served the people as a member of Congress.

In 1823 he was appointed circuit judge of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of New York, and removed to Saratoga Springs, living at "Pine Grove," on Broadway, in a substantial mansion of wood interlined with brick, which he purchased from Judge Walton. The latter built himself a new home at Woodlawn, north of the village, in what is now often called Hilton's Park.

The grove of tall, lithe pines about Judge Walworth's Saratoga home, that rocked in the breezes and sang songs to his children and grandchildren, was a beautiful one. It has dwindled to a few giant trunks. Bereft of most of their branches, and

yet majestic, holding their sparse clumps of needles up a hundred or more feet from the ground, they still cast their long afternoon shadows across Broadway between Walton and Van Dam streets. The latter was named for Rip Van Dam, a Dutch settler who sold "Pine Grove" to Judge Walton, having secured his own title to it from the Indians. The contour of the mansion under the pines has been much changed. The early morning sunshine still slips through, however, between newer houses opposite, and sends cheering rays as of old under the great street elms. At breakfast time it lights up the north wing office and courtroom, that can still be quaintly entered by three inside steps. It also finds its way into the old south parlor, with its stately fireplace. This has been set apart with other rooms as a separate apartment or cottage, with access through a modern front door. One large central room and a broad hall subdivide the space between these wings, making up the ample seventy feet front of the old homestead. There were originally two floors in the central part, the wings being but one story high, with an airy basement kitchen and large cellars under all. It was a white house, with green shutters and several delightful piazzas, with colonial columns. An ornamental fence, of wood — cut like the rest from "the forest primeval" — with heavy posts and curved gates, secluded the place from the street. But the hospitality of early days kept their hinges on the swing.*

It was after a residence of five years at Saratoga

*See Reminiscences of Saratoga by W. L. Stone.

that Clarence's father became chancellor of New York State, an office that he held over twenty years. This promotion came in the month of April, 1828. It was said of him about this time by Captain Joshua Harris: "He is before Daniel Webster for pleading law, although he has got above that." This tribute was found entered, in 1829, in Mr. J. J. Walworth's diary by Mr. Arthur Clarence Walworth, of Boston and Newton Centre in Massachusetts.

In the autumn of 1829 the chancellor removed his family to Albany. There he dwelt until 1833, when he returned to Saratoga Springs, making that his residence thenceforth throughout the year till the time of his death, November 28, 1867.

In Albany he occupied at first a house in Park place, and later his home there was northwest of the capitol on Washington avenue, in a house that afterward became the residence of Amasa J. Parker, Esq. It was within pleasant walking distance both of courtrooms and academies. Clarence's sisters, Mary, Sarah and Eliza, who were older than himself, attended the Female Academy, then in Pearl street north of Maiden lane. His brother Mansfield, a native of Albany, was not born until December 3, 1830. Clarence himself came at once under Dr. T. Romeyn Beck's excellent management at the Boys' Academy. This man's character won his undying love and respect. Several years of study in English, Latin and French were spent at this academy, interspersed with wrestling matches, dancing lessons and "tag in the mound."

Clarence was sent to a boarding-school in the Berkshires in 1830.

There he received a long letter from his father. It shows what care and thought was bestowed on this lively, intelligent boy of ten years. The eager and happy recipient of this important epistle we must also picture to ourselves as well developed physically, and fair to behold. This first letter was fully understood and appreciated, as may be gathered from the fact that Clarence treasured it to his dying day. It was directed to

"CLARENCE AUGUSTUS WALWORTH
"Williamstown
"Mass.
"Care of Mr. A. Clark."

It is here given in full:

ALBANY, *September* 6, 1830.

MY DEAR SON — Having arrived at an age when you must begin to think and act for yourself, it now becomes your duty to apply yourself diligently to obtain an education which will fit you for usefulness hereafter. Removed for the first time from beneath the paternal roof, you should now begin to look forward to the day which is not distant, when you will be permanently separated from the parents who have hitherto watched over you in the helpless years of infancy. I now write to you as a young gentleman commencing his education, and who intends to make himself useful and respected through life. If you commence with that determination you will certainly succeed. If you improve the opportunity now offered for the attainment of useful knowledge and the cultivation of your mind, and continue to preserve a character for industry and sobriety, you cannot fail to be honored, beloved and respected after you arrive at manhood. But if you waste the next ten years of your life in idleness, or neglect of

your studies, the season for improvement will have passed by, and for the residue of your life you will be neglected or despised. Recollect therefore that everything depends on your present exertions and upon the use you now make of your time. I shall be able to give you very little besides the necessary expenses of your education. And when you become of age you must expect to provide for yourself. But wealth and honor are within your reach and may be obtained by your own exertions. Strive to be first in your class, first in your school, first in every situation in which you may be placed. If you do this you will be the favorite of your instructor, an ornament of the school and the pride of your parents, as you may hereafter hope to be the pride and ornament of your country. If you wish to be a gentleman be careful always to conduct yourself like one. Scorn to tell a lie on any occasion, or to be guilty of any mean or dishonorable action. Be civil to your fellow students and kind and obliging to all if you wish to be beloved and respected by them. Never wrangle or quarrel yourself, nor interfere with the quarrels of others except for the purpose of preventing or settling disputes. Never remain in ignorance of anything which you can learn by examining your books or by inquiring of your preceptor. Be civil and obliging to Mrs. Sloane and follow her directions as to your clothes etc., and she will be as a kind mother to you. Pray to *God* to keep you from everything that is evil, that you may be loved and respected thro' life, and enjoy the society of the blessed in *Christ*, hereafter.

I shall go to Saratoga for your mother and Mary on Wednesday. Sarah and Eliza are here already. Your letters for your mother must therefore be directed to Albany in future. The news of the recent revolution in France, produced by the arbitrary and tyrannical acts of the king, you have probably already seen in the paper.

Your affectionate father,
R. H. Walworth.

Master Clarence Augustus Walworth.

Could such words, from such a source, fail of their effect in forming character?

This was followed by a second letter equally instructive and no less valued. There are two copies of it extant. One is in the chancellor's own handwriting and the other in that of Clarence. He was often asked for his father's autograph. If he ever had a thought of yielding this original letter to some biographer or collector, he must have changed his mind. After his death it was found, with the copy he had made of it, among his private papers. It is worded as follows:

ALBANY, *Oct.* 18, 1830.

MY DEAR SON: — Since my letter of the 6th. of September, I have been most of the time in New York attending the court of Errors which has prevented my writing sooner. I met Mr. Clark there last week and had the pleasure of learning from him that you were making good progress in your studies, particularly in Arithmetic. That is an important branch in education in whatever situation you may hereafter be placed in life. By it you will learn to compute the value of time and the great waste that the loss of a single hour each day may produce in the few years allotted to you to prepare for a life of usefulness and honor. It will also teach you the necessity of prudence and economy, by showing the aggregate of your daily expenses at the end of each year, and you will also see that a single shilling saved each day and placed at compound interest will make a man wealthy and independent in the course of a few years. Arithmetic is absolutely necessary in all the ordinary businesses and pursuits of life, and the study of the higher branches of mathematics tend to enlarge the powers of the mind, and produce habits of thinking and reasoning from causes and effects which are calculated to make you useful and respected in the world. I hope therefore you will not be contented with obtaining a mere superficial knowledge of this most important branch of science and education. Converse freely with your preceptor upon everything you do not fully under-

stand and never rest satisfied until you are fully acquainted with the use of figures as applied to every subject which may hereafter be useful to you either in the study of other sciences or in the business of life. Be also vigilant and attentive to your other studies and let no branch of your education be neglected. The study of Latin is dry and uninteresting but it is very important in giving you a thorough knowledge of our own language, and the proper meaning and application of words derived from the Latin. And the Greek is also important in this respect although you may never have occasion to look into a Greek book after your education is finished. Recollect also that you may be placed in a situation where a knowledge of these dead languages may afford you the means of support and may even place you at the head of some of our most distinguished colleges or other seminaries of learning. Study mineralogy and botany for your amusement in your leisure hours to expand your mind and increase your store of general information, but learn writing, arithmetic, English grammar, Greek, Latin, French, composition and declamation, or the habit of public speaking, as the foundation and only sure means of making yourself great and respected and useful in after life. Write frequently to your mother and other members of the family as this will tend to improve your talent in composition; and be careful always to run over your letters after they are written to see that there are no grammatical errors, and if you find you have not expressed your ideas in the best language correct the letter and recopy it before it is sent.

And before closing this letter, let me again remind you that all your hopes and prospects of wealth, honor and respectability in life depend on your own exertions alone. Although your father occupies a high and responsible station in society, that cannot make you respected unless you improve the advantages which you now have to cultivate your mind, and preserve those habits of honesty, sobriety and industry which alone can raise you to honor among your fellow citizens hereafter. By industry, study and perseverance you may reasonably hope for the most exalted situations, but without this you can be nothing. Finally look to God for his blessing

in all your endeavors to acquire knowledge and may he keep and preserve you from every bad habit and evil way.

Your affectionate father,
R. H. Walworth.

Master Clarence Augustus Walworth.

P. S. Preserve my letters and all others of any importance which you receive from your friends and fold and tie them up together, as you may find it beneficial to refer to them hereafter when, perhaps, death may have separated you from them forever. If there are any words in my letters you do not understand, look in the dictionary and find their meaning, so that you will fully comprehend what I intend to say.

II.

COLLEGE DAYS.

In Prospect and In Retrospect — Old Time Culture at Williamstown and Albany.

Some details to be here set forth may at first seem disconnected or out of place. Further investigation will show, however, that they belong in one way or another to a continuous trend of thought. Not one of them but throws its share of light on the training and motives of the character to be herein dwelt upon in many varying phases. Since interesting developments come later on, it may prove no loss of time to linger thoughtfully about the trickling sources of a great river; or, to study the soil wherein some sturdy acorn has been coaxed to shoot forth its latent energies, as well downward toward cool welling water as upward into blazing sunlight.

The boy who received the two interesting letters addressed to Williamstown by Chancellor Walworth in the autumn of 1830 was living in the Sloan house. Later it was the home of three presidents of Williams College and it is now owned by a college society. It was the most beautiful mansion that could then be approached through the broad avenues and over the grassy lawns of that mountain-girt town. Even yet it draws the eye of the stranger with a charm all its own, as to a center of quaint

elegance and good taste, standing as it does in the very midst of an ever-increasing cluster of costly university buildings. How wise they have been at Williams College whilst keeping abreast of the times to let no ancient beauty of architecture or landscape gardening escape them! How short-sighted were they at Albany to allow the students of a college society to carry over the state line to Berkshire county the grand old manor house built for the Patroons of Rensselaerwyck! To let it go from the bank of the Hudson for Williamstown vines to clamber over and caress! There it stands on a well-kept lawn, with new mortar between its bricks, but every brick in place, its old contour intact. When it stood in the northern part of Albany, Father Walworth used often to pilot his friends from St. Mary's rectory through Steuben street and Broadway to visit it.

"Historically, it is the most interesting building in Albany," he would say, "and a fine piece of architecture, as you see. When it passes from the hands of the Van Rensselaers, the city should own it as a museum."

His taste in more ways than one was doubtless formed by early contact with the scholarly atmosphere of Williams College. Hence, his speech on "School Education," before a great convocation in the Albany Capitol, in July, 1887, when he received his degree of LL. D. from the Regents of the University of the State of New York, begins thus:

"I would be something more or less than human did I not feel deeply honored in being invited to

address a body so dignified and learned as the Regents and scholars that compose this convocation. I feel that here I am breathing the atmosphere of a true university. According to my view, a university cannot be created by a mere charter, by any amount of money, nor in any short period of time. It is not some building with spreading wings and high towers; it is not a name; it is not a place; it it not a mere college, incorporated by law, with power to confer degrees; it is something more even than a union of colleges with different departments devoted each to special studies. It is a certain center of learning and thought, the healthy growth of many years, the child of many combining graces. It is a traditionary atmosphere, an influence, a breath, a soul, an inspiration that hovers about a locality where learned men have once lived, and thoughtful learners still love to gather. God grant a long life to the University of the State of New York! And long may its yearly convocations assemble in this city!" These words, together with the masterful yet winning presence of the speaker, sharpened the edge of interest to closest attention. All in the Senate chamber seemed to listen and applaud as one man, whether they had come from New England or the Rocky Mountain States, from Virginia or Michigan; or, on the limited "flyers" through the wheat zone and western plains from our younger giant cities whose new-fledged seats of learning are just fluttering into notice. Some, at least, of this audience must have been familiar with the unique campus of old Williams. How gently it is curved by the subsiding rolls of the Green Mountains, while not yet

dipping into the fair narrowing valley southward, across which Mount Greylock peers through the Hopper and over Berlin mountain far into New York State. Have you who have read these pages ever delved in the library of that college, deciphered the professors' tombstones, and rested by the Haystack monument in Mission Park? Have you wondered at the quaint observatory, the first of many that crown American hilltops, now abandoned as outgrown, perched on the rocks, emptied of all its equipments, and worthless save to arouse thought? Have you recognized the names of her Alumni on the backs of library books and noticed not only the generous gifts of her prosperous sons, but the thoughtful faces of some of her courteous undergraduates? Those, who blush not to work their way to classic honors, by humble and uncongenial tasks during the vacation time, while with laudable pride they show strangers their Alma Mater? If so, can you, thus knowing Williams, with all its whispering memories, reflect for a moment on Father Walworth's description of a university, and not read between the lines his vivid recollection of the spot where he first awoke to the life of a scholar? * Surely his words fit it well, though he doubtless had no intention of excluding from his thought other seats of learning both ancient and beautiful. I myself never saw him happier in sightseeing abroad than when ramb-

* Our twentieth century, too, has its tributes to the older, eastern colleges. In the North American Review for October, 1904, Mr. Wm. K. Harper wrote thus: "Who does not recognize the fact that it has been Harvard, and Yale, and Brown, and Amherst, and Williams, and a score of other names equally well known, that have given us in the west our ideals and our teachers?"

ling among the many colleges of Oxford University. He was not satisfied till he had persuaded the bell ringer to let him "bone the big Tom" with his own hands; and how the authors of old England seemed to walk the halls again, as he talked of them! Once he took me to our own capital, the City of Washington, and after noting the increase and magnificence of the government buildings, he lingered longest of all at Georgetown University. That, too, like other early American foundations, having outgrown its equipment, a massive new building was in course of construction. I marvelled at his interest in every detail, as he talked with the Jesuit Father, who showed us the modern lecture halls and dormitories which were still littered with workmen's tools. I remember that he said as he stamped his foot on the heavy stonework: "That's the way to build; solid, and to last. Your colleges here have, already, a hundred years of history, and I see you are planning this present structure to stand the wear and tear of at least another hundred. With the Potomac on one side of you and that magnificent shady park on the other, so secluded, and yet so near to the halls of Congress, you are, indeed, well placed. Much that I see and hear at the present time points to a great future for Georgetown; and, especially, for her Law School."

Father Walworth's love of learning began early and never left him.* In his youth he drank deep and long from the wells of thought at several widely known universities. He was prepared for college

* The greater part of his valuable library was bequeathed in a codicil to the Catholic University of America.

partly at the Albany Boys' Academy, and partly, as we have seen, at the Sloan School, which, however, was discontinued soon after the year 1832.* Williamstown, unquestionably, was then and is still a very stronghold of Presbyterianism and certain allied forms of Evangelicalism. He afterward entered Union College at Schenectady,—a union of many denominations,—at the early age of fourteen years. He passed on to his graduation there in 1838. During the next three years he was a law student at Canandaigua and Albany, in lawyers' offices, the Albany Law School not having as yet been founded. After an interval of law practice, he went to the General Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York City, for another three years of deep linguistic and historic study. He gave close attention to exegetics, general book lore and advanced lecture courses in preparation for preaching. Even yet his thirst for knowledge was not slaked. Immediately afterward he applied himself for three years to the study of Roman Catholic Theology abroad; one year, at St. Trond in Belgium, and the remaining two years in the College of Wittem or Wilre, in Holland, graduating there in 1848. Hobart College, in his native State, gave him his degree of Master of Arts.

Among his many intellectual accomplishments oratory claimed the preserving devotion of Father Walworth, a devotion which spared no labor and counted no personal cost. He was familiar with the distinct literary qualifications of every famous statesman, pleader, lecturer, could describe the details

* See History of Berkshire County; J. B. Beers & Co., New York, 1885; page 679.

of his elocutionary art, and shrewdly give many a cause of his success in speaking, not apparent to others. He went to see and hear such individuals whenever he could, to watch, to listen, and to come home the wiser. Thus he was ever looking forward to the preparation of his next speech, sermon, spiritual conference or instruction. His study of his native tongue was no less thorough and persistent. Nothing, however remote, that could throw light on the meaning and use of English words was indifferent to him. From his point of view words were as the food, clothing, weapons, tools, vehicles and housing of human thought, and human thought at its best ever reflects and echoes the mind of God. To make such reflections glow brighter and such echoes resound afar was his life work.

His education in French and Latin seems from the first to have kept pace with his studies in English. Already at the Albany Academy he had learned to take down French dictation of easy sentences correctly from one whom he considered an excellent master. His estimate of his Latin teachers up to the time of his junior year at Union may be gathered from the following words of his Convocation Address at the Albany Capitol, the opening paragraph of which has been already quoted:

"I began the study of Latin at a very early age. Now I am an earnest advocate of Latin as a foundation study for all who aspire to anything like a broad and advanced stage of learning. But I began it too early, and I began it with the grammar. Now all grammar is hard and Latin grammar is very hard to an English child. I found it so and so did all of my

class." [Lew Benedict, Ambrose Cassidy, Francis Low, John Pruyn, Charles Schoolcraft, John Ten Eyck, Franklin Townsend, Maunsell Van Rensselaer, Isaac Ver Planck and John Wilder were among his classmates during the year 1828 when he was eight years old. Another of his schoolmates was John Olcott.] "But when we came to the rules of quantity," he continued, "when we were required to scan Latin verse, when we were called upon to name trochees, and spondees, and dactyls, when we were forced to say whether a confounded syllable was long or short, and whether so by position or authority, or for some other unintelligible reason, we felt that we were subjected to a persecution. Of course we were obliged to guess, and of course we generally blundered, and when we blundered we were called blockheads. Worse consequences sometimes followed and we stood ready to dodge. If our teacher had been able to read our thoughts, he would have heard something like poor Joe's protest against the preacher: 'You just let me alone. I haven't done nothin' to you and I don't want you to do nothin' to me.' * * *

"It is certain that, at our school, we learned little of Latin quantity, or the metre of Latin verse; all that was required of us was to measure off the lines into sections of two or three syllables each, without making the slightest account of rhythm, or time or accent. This is the way we did it: *'Arma vi-Rumque ca-No Tro,'* etc.

"Some years afterward I found out, to my great astonishment and delight, and in one single hour, what I had failed to comprehend when drudging in

this academical tread-mill. I had for room-mate at Union College, during my junior year, Edward Tuckerman, of Boston, afterward professor at Amherst. One day, while occupied with a copy of Horace, he suddenly exclaimed: 'By George, Walworth, this is beautiful!' 'What is beautiful?' said I. 'Why, this ode,' naming it: 'the poetry is exquisite, and the very rhythm is delightful.' He then read it to me, as he had been taught to read Latin verse under happier influences than those which had blockaded my own young brain, not dividing the lines into clownish sprawls, but making them vibrate in rhythmic waves, without forgetting anything demanded by quantity, or the sense of the words, or by poetic feeling thus:

> 'Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
> Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus
> Silvae laborantes, Geluque
> Flumina constiterint acuto.'

As he read, not only the poetry, but the music of the measure, sank into my soul. 'This is indeed beautiful,' said I, 'why I could dance to such time as that!'"

The storm of applause that swept over the new Senate chamber showed how well the scholarly audience appreciated the power and sweetness of Father Walworth's voice and action while the lines of Horace dropped in rich, mellow, bell-like tones from his tongue.

Despite his sling at the academical tread-mill of early days, Clarence was grateful to Dr. Bullions, his Latin master, for equipping him with a complete

mastery of grammar, syntax and construction, a solid foundation for higher classical studies. The youthful orators of the Albany Academy in his time were usually marched to the music of a band through the streets, and then up to the old brown capitol, that was surmounted by the once familiar statue of Justice, with the scales. There in the State's first Senate chamber, before judges of the Supreme Court, the boys contested for their gold medals.

At Williamstown, too, in those days the subject of oratory was not neglected. Dr. Griffin, himself a pulpit orator, "a man of courtly manners from the City of Boston," presided over Williams whilst Clarence lived there close by West College in the Sloan Mansion. It has already been stated that three presidents made that house their official residence. They were Presidents Mark Hopkins, Paul A. Chadbourne and Franklin Carter. Whilst it was still used as a preparatory school, the Sloan family and that of Judge Noble had the honor seats, or front pews, in the broad aisle of the Second Meeting House (built in 1797). In or near that point of vantage, Chancellor Walworth's son sat through Dr. Griffin's long and soul-stirring sermons, at least every third Sunday. At such times Mr. Gridley, the local pastor, went to officiate at South Williamstown. It was considered a great privilege to listen to the reverend founder of Griffin Hall, who was known far and wide as "the prince of preachers." * William Hyde, a graduate of 1826, and the son of

* See "Williamstown and Williams College," by A. L. Perry; p. 494.

a Vice-President of Williams, has given quite a full account of his style, thus:

"Dr. Griffin preached with great power in the church, in the chapel and in schoolhouses packed full. The whole town was moved, as was the college. Many were converted who have been prominent in the University and as missionaries. I never heard such powerful presentation of truth. His style would now be called artificial. It was studied, elaborate, finished, not at all adapted to these days. I heard the sermon on the 'Worth of the Soul' three times while in college, and the 'Flood Sermon,' as many. His majestic presence and his studied modulations and gestures could not be printed. The relations of the college and town were always friendly. The students were as gallant to the ladies as now, and as many found life partners. What changes in fifty years! * * * 'Do you make better men,' he asks, 'than when it cost self-denial to work through college?'"

William Hyde had already described in the same paper* how Professor Dewey who had a small wooden building for chemistry, apart from East and West College, drew his illustrations and worked his problems with chalk on the floor of the recitation room, when lecturing on natural philosophy and astronomy. Professor Kellogg had an open Franklin stove in his room in West College. That was luxury in those days. William Cullen Bryant, "on the third floor, close by the door of entrance to the dormitory room No. 11," had only an open fire-

* See "Williamstown and Williams College."

place, as had the students generally. The chapel had one stove but no fire in it when they went to prayers at 6 o'clock on cold winter mornings, and there they waited and shivered whilst the Scriptures were read by the light of tallow candles. Wood was two dollars a cord. The students bought it, cut it themselves and carried it to their rooms. This was exercise and amusement. There were no baseball or boating clubs, but they kicked football. Pipes and tobacco were common. "I gave them up in the revival of my senior year," wrote William Hyde, "and have not resumed their use." That year was 1826.

These revivals were a notable feature of life at Williams and occurred also at Union during Clarence Walworth's college course. At the close of 1825 only four students at the former college remained unconverted. Seventy were hopefully pious, and eleven absent. A new chapel, now Griffin Hall, was built in 1828. Ebenezer Emmons succeeded Professor Dewey a year earlier. He was the professor of mathematics and natural philosophy until 1836 and as one of the deacons at Williamstown was on that account also a familiar figure to Clarence, who later treasured on his bookshelves some cumbrous volumes of Emmons' Geological Survey of New York State.

There were relapses between the revivals, when intemperance, card playing and malicious mischief went on, such as the stealing and defacing of a Bible and even setting the college afire. In 1830 "twenty professors of religion had given up their hopes." So another revival was preached in 1832. That of 1826 has been well described from a student's point of view by Albert Hopkins, then a

junior at Williams. It may stand as a type; hence his account of it, in an abridged form, is given. The names of the revivalists on this occasion are not recorded. In 1825 they had been the Rev. Alvan Hyde, of Lee, and Rev. David Dudley Field, Sr., of Stockbridge, "two country ministers," who came up to Williamstown to visit, pray and exhort. Mr. Field was a Yale man, if not a city man. Whosoever the preachers might be, it was the custom of the fervid pastor of the church, Mr. Gridley, to set apart, as a fast day, the day of their visitation. The faculty suspended literary exercises for the time, to afford liberty for prayer and conference. According to Albert Hopkins' account, a meeting was appointed at the college for the morning hours in the senior recitation room, which was warmed as usual by a wood fire in a box stove. But few of the students were serious. Many of them were very bold sinners, and came in whirling their hats across the room as if in derision. After all were assembled, a marked stillness settled down upon them. Tutors Harvey and Mark Hopkins, former classmates and warm personal friends, both of whom had entered upon a decided religious life, directed this meeting. After some moments of silence a student, notoriously profane, arose with a deep solemnity of countenance. Said he, "Will you trifle with your souls?" Every head was bowed, the most hardened were melted and the meeting became a scene of indescribable interest. In the afternoon there was a meeting at the church. For two or three days it was impossible to study. There was a prayer-meeting going on in each college building from morning to night, in some room or

other. All turned to the Bible. The majority "obtained hopes" nearly at the same time, and others not many days after.

At the spring term, there was a renewal of the same scenes. The work went on, with more or less power, until the warm season opened; and a sermon was preached at the close of the term, as had been done in 1812. At this time, there was an Anti-Slavery society at Williams, and a College Temperance society was organized as early as 1827.

After the revivals Mark Hopkins continued to hold noon prayer meetings. His Alma Mater became known later as "The Missionary College." In 1829 Albert Hopkins, to whom we are indebted for the above record of early college events, taught to the students at Williamstown "The Doctrine of Perfection," as it was held at Oberlin.

Some of these facts may seem aside from our subject, but let it be considered that they must have become frequent subjects of conversation in and around the Sloan Mansion, the temporary home of Clarence, where, to use an expression of those days, "Little pitchers had big ears."

Is it likely either that the religious dispositions of Dr. Griffin's good daughter, Ellen, were uncommented upon at local firesides? She was converted to the point of answering his question, 'Do you think you deserve hell?' by the meek words: "O, I know I do!" Surely she was compassionated by the gayer and more fashionable ladies of handsome Major Douglas Sloan's household. He and his sisters were looked upon as the rural aristocrats of the town. He was then the only resident graduate of Williams who

had the further advantage of a three years' course at the famous Law School in Litchfield, Conn. His law office was "on the eastern edge of the present Kappa Alpha lot, nearly opposite the old Mansion House." Professor Perry records these details in his work entitled "Williamstown and Williams College." On page 44, his account of Douglas Sloan and his household continues thus: "He had *a boys' school* in the Sloan house after his mother's death, and the late Dr. Alonzo Clark was principal of it for a time after his graduation from college in '28, and Nelson E. Spencer of '32 was an assistant, and afterward engaged to be married to the Major's third daughter, Harriet Douglas, who, however, died at eighteen years of age. Besides law practice, not large, the Major had Merino sheep and was likewise engaged in several agricultural ventures. These led eventually to the loss of his property." Before Clarence was fourteen, Major Sloan had disposed of his Williamstown home, and "removed to New Albany, Indiana, where he died in 1839, aged 35. His wife was Miss Cogswell, stepdaughter to Ebenezer Fitch, first principal of the free school and first president of the college in Williamstown." She was the kindly lady trusted by Chancellor Walworth to be as a mother to his son whilst he was at boarding school. She had five sisters-in-law.

"Tradition had it, that in the muddy walking and crossing of the springtime (there were no good sidewalks in those days as at present) General Sloan would send out his hired man with two long boards for the girls to walk on, laying down one in front while they were walking on the other in the rear."

Whether the sidewalks were any better during Clarence's stay there we are not told, but they still sell very heavy mountain rubbers in the Williamstown shoe store, which are useful early and late even in midsummer on account of the heavy mountain dews that soak all the grass of the valley. Bryant describes its spring weather in these lines:

> "Now tempests drench with copious flood,
> Alternate heat and cold surprise.
> A frozen desert now it lies,
> And now, a sea of mud."

It was during the bitter wintry blasts of a holiday time that Clarence traveled in a sleigh with his tutor down through long reaches of the Hoosac Valley toward his Albany home, and nearly perished with cold. He gave his amanuensis a graphic description of it, full threescore years after it occurred. The young man, alarmed at the condition of his pupil, took all the buffalo robes, stripping them from his own knees, and rolled up the benumbed boy like an Eskimo. Then at the next inn laying aside his temperance proclivities through stress of necessity, he gave his young charge a larger dose of liquor than he had ever before swallowed. He let him sleep it off in the sleigh till his eyes opened in happy surprise on the skaters of the Hudson. They were the same boys with whom Clarence had practiced swimming and diving the previous summer.

And now our turn has come to travel westward from Williamstown; not in the frost of winter, but in the mellow harvest time. In our case it is over the glittering rails of the Hoosac Tunnel road that

we glide onward, and in a luxurious twentieth century railway train. The Perry Elm, that marks the site of Fort Massachusetts with its thrilling frontier history of French and Indian War times, is left behind; so, too, the patriotic memories of Bennington; and, the old Hoosac cemetery where Benjamin Walworth rests undisturbed by shock of battle, harvest-time, or roar of his mill by the falls. It is more than likely, as Professor Perry surmises, that when French explorers from the north first caught sight of the letter T or cross made by the junction of the Wallomsac and Hoosac rivers, they exclaimed "*La* Sainte Croix!" And so that name clings yet to the locality. Travel speedily as we may, Greylock, looming up between the Hoosac and Berlin Mountain ridges still dominates our thoughts as it must needs dwell in those of all who look upon it. It sang songs to Bryant till "Thanatopsis" rolled majestically from his pen. It beguiled David Dudley Field, Jr., from the law to poetry. His suggestive lines addressed to "Greylock" will fittingly close this account of the Williamstown episode of Father Walworth's career. We may be pardoned for repeating them here. They will lead our thoughts where the old Massachusetts mountain may have led his, in dreamy boyhood days:

"Thy summit, Greylock, gives the straining eye
Visions of beauty o'er that glorious land
That lies around thee; Valleys broad and green
Teeming with corn and flocks, and men's abodes;
And countless hills; and the far mountain ridge,
Whose roots strike deeper than the ocean's depth,

And whose blue line, traced on the distant sky,
Hangs like edges of a watery cloud;
The old and shadowy woods; the slumbering lakes,
Bright in the summer noon; the thousand streams,
Binding the earth with silver; villages
Scattered among the hills; and frequent spires,
Greeting the sunlight.
But thyself, vast pile
Of congregated mountains, whose tall peaks
Where the clouds gather and the eagles build,
And the strange pine puts forth, stand ever there,
Like the old pillars of the firmament,
Thyself hast more than beauty; and thy dark
And yet untrod defiles, whence comes no sound,
But from the screaming bird and murmuring tree,
And thy deep chasms, where falls the avalanche,
And the white torrents pour, have an intense
And dread sublimity, too great for words.
For, ever since the world began, thy eye,
Grey-headed mount, hath been upon these hills.
Piercing the sky, with all thy sea of woods
Swelling around thee, evermore, thou art,
Unto our weaker, earthly sense, the type
Of the Eternal, changeless and alone."

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

III.

COLLEGE DAYS AT "OLD UNION."

Dr. Nott and His Stove — A Revivalist — Letter to a Classmate.

When Clarence Walworth was domesticated as a student at Union College, Schenectady, Byron had become to this far western world the poet of the hour. Deep, rolling collars were in vogue, especially if the locks were curly. Whole stanzas of Childe Harold were conned in the intervals between college pranks and more serious study. A portrait of Clarence the student, taken at that time, indicates at least, what a Buffalo cousin asserts, that she had never seen one more beautiful to behold than he was when a young man. In this portrait he wears a Delta Phi pin. Before leaving college he became, also, an active member of its chief literary fraternity, the Phi Beta Kappa, and later greatly appreciated the comradeship this last mentioned affiliation gave him, as it brought him in touch with a high type of scholars from other universities. This was especially so on a horseback journey he took one summer vacation. He traveled in this way all through New England. His father thought he had bent too much over his books for the good of his eyes and physique. Hence he gave him a horse, and told him to keep on horseback during daylight hours, except at meal times, for a good three months. This

he did. He carried with him a single change of clothing. He met with many a friend and relative. He had no end of adventures, but never a serious mishap.

Clarence was an enthusiastic member of his college glee club. He took his turn with the rest serenading the ladies, as was a custom of the time.

He could, as an alumnus, lustily applaud these words of Hon. T. C. Saxton, LL. D., in 1891:

"Think for a moment what 'Old Union' stands for in the history of the American people. For nearly a century she has been a center of sweetness and light from which have emanated those influences that have made their life larger and richer. In her classrooms were planted the seed that developed into the best thought, ripest wisdom and noblest action of the state and nation."

Chancellor Walworth was a trustee of Union College, and became President of the Law Department of the same university at Albany. His own law course he had mapped out for himself, prone on a leather lounge in a lawyer's office, reading far into the night. This had not prevented Reuben H. Walworth from receiving the honorary degree of doctor of laws from the College of New Jersey in 1835; from Yale in 1839; and from Harvard in 1848. Rev. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, an alumnus of Brown University, presided over Union College during the four years that Clarence studied there and for many years after. His memory was honored not long since by a centennial celebration at Schenectady. It commemorated his installation as president of the college just a hundred years before. It was held on Septem-

ber 29, 1904. A tablet was unveiled at that time in Memorial Hall, inscribed thus:

"This building stands as a memorial of Eliphalet Nott, President of Union College from 1804 to 1866, one of America's greatest educators — a man of genius, of persuasive eloquence and of rare personal power."

Dr. Nott's greatest sermon was the one inspired by the tragic death of Alexander Hamilton. It was delivered in the First Presbyterian Church at Albany. His words on that occasion crystallized into effectiveness the growing sentiment against duelling. He built up Union till, in 1825, its roll was longer than that of either Harvard or Yale. In 1838 Clarence Walworth graduated in a class of a hundred and twenty-six men. An anthracite coal stove was one of the many inventions patented under Dr. Nott's name. It will thus be seen that he was a practical as well as a scholarly man. It was said of him by Hon. J. S. Landon at the centennial: "He filled his mind with wisdom rather than learning and wrought out in his own brain more than the text-books could teach. * * * He read the character of his boys as if it were an open book. He ruled them by distilling the sense of honor and duty." In these words there is certainly a great tribute to him as an educator. After formal speeches of the celebration, a lunch was served in the State Armory, hospitably prepared under the direction of Miss Mary Backus, assisted by thirty Schenectady ladies. This was followed by a feast of humorous reminiscences, college songs and class and Union yells. The *Schenectady Gazette* of September 30,

1904, records the following allusion to old time college pranks, similar in kind to those of Union boys who grew to be "seventy-years young" about the same time as Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"H. B. Silliman, '46, the donor of Silliman Hall, was the first alumnus called upon to speak. In the course of his talk, he referred to the 'aesthetic value of the Nott stove;' and told a humorous incident of the days when part of the students roomed in West College, on the site of the present Union School building. He remembered how the sight of one of these stoves at the head of the stairs and all ready to be hurled upon their heads caused a bunch of 'townies,' who had been engaged in a fight with the students and had chased them to the college building, to be 'converted,' in the original meaning of the word, to turn around and depart unceremoniously." This well-told incident let loose a quick succession of jocose recollections of old time encounters. Some of the exuberant vitality that formerly expended itself in the above manner, finds a twentieth century vent in football and gymnasium practice, followed by vociferous intercollegiate contests. Swift means of travel tend to annihilate distance as a barrier. Getting together from different colleges, in other days, meant horseback journeys, canal boat speed, frozen ears and danger from drifts on long sleigh rides. Hence, more fun and mischief with "townies;" abundant opportunity for muscular contests with all grades of the local community; and perhaps in consequence, some deeper realization of the meaning of a Scottish poet whose volume was a frequent fireside companion of Clarence Walworth. The song of

Honest Poverty therein chimed harmoniously with ideas of republican simplicity very dear to American hearts:

"What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that;
The honest man though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men, for a' that."

May we never forget these words of Burns, but con them more and more, as tidal waves of European class distinction hitherto unfelt come rolling over the golden sands of our law-abiding democracy. How fast these uncanny waves chase each other westward following in its course "the star of empire!" The above verses were branded early into his soul together with the words of his family motto: *"Strike for the Laws,"* and, thus combined, they proved character builders for Father Walworth. It can easily be imagined what great interest was taken during his college days in the newly constructed railway for steam cars; especially when it is remembered that the one from Albany to Schenectady was the first ever built, and for a long time the only one in the whole world. It ran on a level over the sand flats from the State Capitol till it came to the dip down into the Mohawk Valley to reach Schenectady. It was not thought possible then for passenger cars to move safely by steam up and down hill. So a long inclined plane was constructed and the cars were

drawn up and let down by a system of ropes or cables, in a clumsy, but novel and wonderful way.

Some facts in regard to the purchasing power of "money" in those days may be gathered from the following reminiscence furnished to the *Schenectady Gazette* of September 29, 1904, by a venerable alumnus of 1832, Judge John L. Kanouse of Boonton, Morris Co., N. J. His words there given are as follows:

"I remember what the expense of college education at Union was in the years 1830, 1831 and 1832. The cost of board was $1.25 at the north boarding hall and $1.50 at the south boarding hall per week. The greatest expense was for tuition, $18.50 per term, and for repairs and damages 62½ cents per term; the whole amount for tuition was therefore $57.87½. The living at the boarding halls was entirely satisfactory. * * *. Gold mines had not been discovered yet."

Among Father Walworth's papers is a pamphlet, with marks in his own handwriting, being a Report rendered by President Eliphalet Nott Potter in 1882, to the Governor of New York State, the Trustees and others interested in Union College. It shows that he read it carefully over, and when he came to the word "evangelical," in the following sentence, he underscored it:

"Union College is Christian, and its religious position is that of the *evangelical* catholicity of our Divine Master's prayer for unity."

Again, he marked these sentences of President Potter, underscoring where italics are here used:

"The Revolutionary struggles in which our an-

cestors proved their devotion to civil liberty revived their love of religious liberty. *The descendants of the defenders of Leyden, of the heroes of Scotch Protestantism, of the martyrs of the English Reformation, as well as the men of honored Puritan ancestry,* felt then for a time the glow of a kindred enthusiasm. Some have held that these who laid in Christian faith and for Christian unity, the foundations of this the first College incorporated by the Regents, *'builded better than they knew.'"*

Here, the venerable alumnus who had long since became a Catholic priest has added a marginal note of his own, which says, spicily: "It is only on this theory that Catholics can feel at home in Union College." Later, when asked to give the benediction on Commencement Day, he made the largest sign of the Cross his long arm could form over the assembled throng. The names of his fellow-graduates whom he had occasion to mention most frequently in later years were these: Daniel W. Alvord, William Henry Burr, John H. Beach, and last, but not least, Charles W. Torrey. Three of these were lawyers. Alvord named a son for him; with Burr he had a controversy; Beach was a Saratoga boy, who shared with him many youthful pleasures such as fishing, swimming and skating at Loughberry Lake, at Barhydts' (now Spencer Trask's) and at "Ben Put's Pond." (Thus did they briefly dub the lakelet belonging to a relative of General Israel Putnam, known later as Denton's Vlie, and included within the bounds of Hilton's Park.) The classmate of whom he spoke with most affection was Charles Torrey, who became a clergyman and moved to Ohio.

The controversy with Burr was carried on in the pages of an infidel journal, *The Investigator;* and was published later in a small volume, entitled "The Doctrine of Hell," issued in 1873, but now out of print. It was a lively journalistic debate, that went on to a courteous finish after an exchange of some heavy artillery shots, neither one having convinced the other by his arguments. Two of its opening letters are so pertinent to this chapter that it seems suitable to reproduce them here as its conclusion:

William Henry Burr, Esq.— To the Rev. Clarence A. Walworth.

Dear Sir.— Seeing your letter in the Boston *Investigator* of March 27, declaring your acceptance of the recent papal dogma of the Infallibility, I am prompted to address you a brief enquiry.

You and I were members of the same class at College. Just before graduating, we were both "converted" under the revivalist Elder Jacob Knapp. That we were both "soundly converted" I presume you do not doubt any more than I. Elder Knapp was fond of referring to yours as a remarkable conversion. But in the course of ten years, you had become a Catholic and I a Free-thinker. How I now regard my conversion under the revivalist, you can easily surmise; how you regard yours, I cannot. I shall, therefore, be pleased to receive from you an answer to the following questions:

Did you, at the time of your supposed conversion, "get religion?" In other words, Did you, at that moment, escape the "wrath to come" and secure your *post-mortem* salvation? Or was it all a delusion? If you did not get religion then, will you be kind enough to tell me when and how you got it?

Respectfully,

WM. HENRY BURR.

Washington, D. C., Mar. 28, 1872.

Clarence A. Walworth — To Wm. Henry Burr, Esq.

Dear Sir: — I feel no hesitation in replying to the communication which you have addressed to me through the columns of the *Investigator*, and trust that my answer may prove satisfactory.

The expression employed by you of "getting religion" and "securing a *post-mortem* salvation" are objectionable phrases and I cannot well use them without more explanation than seems to be at present desirable. Setting them aside therefore, I will endeavor to give a plain answer to the substantial meaning of your enquiry as I understand it. I do not of course propose to argue the issues which lie between a Catholic's belief and an infidel's unbelief. Your communication evinces no further desire than to institute a comparison between our past and present convictions.

The "conversion" you speak of, which took place as you remind me, when we were classmates at college, and listened to the preaching of Elder Knapp the revivalist, is to me no "delusion." I look back to it with pleasure, and hail it as a happy reality. That many delusions existed in my mind at that time is certain enough. But equally certain am I that a real, substantial, and lasting impression was made upon me which changed the whole current of my life. You ask whether I "secured my salvation" at that time. I consider no man's salvation *secured* except by perseverance until the end — *finis coronat opus*. The question touches somewhat upon those sacred privacies which do not belong to the public. This much, however, I may say — had death come then, I know of no good reason why I should not have met it with such hope of mercy as becomes a Christian penitent.

The ground which you have broken makes it necessary to speak of myself, but I confine what I have yet to say to my intellectual life as a believer in the Christian revelation. That time which you have recalled was the turning point of a life. Not that my faith began then, but that then I began to prize and cultivate what I had. Since then whatever else you may say of it, my life has been one of sincere and unwavering belief. That revolution in my faith which your enquiry searches for — that revolution when I abandoned

the religious convictions of my earlier life — *never took place.* This may seem strange to you, remembering that, having been reared by Presbyterians, I afterwards became an Episcopalian, and am now a Catholic. But I declare to you that I have never abandoned a single point of religious belief which I ever had. (I say of religious *belief*, by which I mean *positive doctrine*, for a negative doctrine is not the matter of belief: it is merely protesting against some positive tenet of faith — merely a refusal to believe.) I have cast away many prejudices of former days; I have accepted many things which I once did not believe; and thus the horizon of my faith has been enlarged. This transition of mind is never painful, for it is only following the natural law of growth. But I have never yet felt the shock of a lost faith. * * * How is it with you, my old classmate? When Elder Knapp knew us, you had a faith, I infer; and that faith probably covered as much ground then as mine. Now you say you are a Free-thinker. This cannot mean that you are free to think and say what you believe to be true; for in this sense I am as free in my thoughts as you. You mean, I suppose, that you will accept no external authority as guide in matters of religion. This freedom would be embarrassing in every other science, and lead to ignorant presumption. May it not be the same in that deepest of all sciences which looks further than sight and sound can reach? Practically, I take it, you reject the whole Christian faith and all revealed religion. The result of your thinking in this direction has not been to build up anything, but to destroy. I pity you.

It may sometimes be a necessity to tear down and destroy. But to me it is always a sad thing. I would rather plant a new tree than uproot an old one. It is a mournful thing to see lying prostrate on the ground a noble trunk which many busy hands in nature, working long and patiently, have conspired to uprear, which has braved so many winters, bloomed so many summers, and sheltered and adorned the soil where it grew. More keenly still we feel the ruin, when, the stump being removed, we see how deeply the roots were fastened in the ground, how closely they clung to it, and how the bosom of the earth was rent in the parting. Is it not so with a

religious conviction in the soul? Can an old faith, the growth of years, be uprooted there without causing pain, without leaving desolation? Once you believed in God as a living, loving, personal Being, who created you — in no idle mood to forget you afterwards, but — to cherish you as a Father. You believed that wondrous history of Bethlehem and Calvary which shows us so dear to God, and brings Him so near to us. These convictions had grown up with the growth of your faculties, and, like a plantation of trees, had thrust down their roots, and spread out their branches, and become a part of your life. Can such a growth be removed without laceration of heart, without leaving behind it a desolation? And what have you now to fill the void?

You reply, I suppose, that the work, however painful, was necessary; that these things were superstitious errors, and, for truth's sake, ought to be eradicated. I have no occasion to argue that now and here; but from my soul I pity you. And I congratulate myself that the love of truth in me has never called for such destruction.

And in you, my dear sir, may it not have been a sad mistake? May it not be that some great and holy truths of Revelation taught to you have suffered in the teaching, have been coupled with errors, been colored by prejudice, been pressed out of shape to suit some harsh, false system — aye, been stripped of their flesh and blood by rash reformers, and thus deprived in great part, of life and beauty? It may be that the Old Church, if you would let her tell her own story in her own way, and have the patience to hear her through, would yet find sparks enough, amid the ashes of your early faith, to kindle a new fire and substitute light for darkness and desolation. I subscribe myself with much interest.

Your sincere friend,

CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

IV.

LAW OR THEOLOGY?

An Up-State New Yorker Starts for the Metropolis.

Clarence was only eighteen years old when he graduated from Union College and the choice of a professional career lay before him.

The correspondence with his classmate, William Henry Burr, shows how far the paths of the two eventually diverged in religious matters. The same thing in an aggravated form is doubtless going on yet. Some student can be pointed out at Williams or Union or Harvard who has already, even in his teens, thrust aside, as a worn-out theme, the idea that man possesses any actual revelation of God's truth; one who turns with all the ardor of his youth to explore the wonders of modern scientific discoveries, swallowing whole along with them the half-baked cosmic theories of his favorite physical science hero.

Alongside of him sits a student from some different early environment, whose whole heart is already gathered up into one purpose, to equip himself by every means in his power, to adorn himself with all he can get of the new learning, for the great battle of human intellects which is still going on. Michael, leading his angels, strikes in on one side; and on the other the powers of darkness are marshalled, as of old, by Satan. *Quis ut Deus?* "Who is like unto God?" will still be the motto of

the earnest Christian youth, deep carven in his heart of hearts, as he stands by his laboratory table, all newly equipped by some loyal millionaire alumnus; and, again, whilst he takes notes from a professor whose whole line of argument is chosen to throw discredit on the divine faith that has hitherto thrilled him with its satisfying beauty. Will this young man's *Credo* continue to leap from his soul till, with countless satellites about him, he shall shine as do "those who instruct many unto justice," like a star in the firmament? God only knows. One thing is sure. When the pet hypothesis of his unbelieving Professor is as old-fashioned in terms as Elder Knapp's special theological phraseology he will have scant gratitude from students to whom he has pointed out many of nature's newer lessons with never a good word for her old ones. These were familiar long since to the friends of melancholy Jaques; and, at every turn meet eyes not pinned to microscopes, not overspectacled by a material civilization into forgetfulness of humanity's best hope. Under the open sky such hope buds brightest, and there it ever finds "books in the running brooks," and "good in everything." Shakespeare in these words but echoes old Genesis, where it says, "God saw all the things that he had made, and they were very good."

Alas, that man should still mar the beautiful order of the universe by becoming "more wise than it behooveth to be wise," and thus lose his Eden!

In the gymnasium of Columbia University, at the celebration of its one hundred and fiftieth birthday as a seat of learning, an Episcopalian Bishop,

Rt. Rev. William C. Doane, of Albany, the same who addressed the citizens gathered to honor Father Walworth's memory six months after his death, is reported in the *Argus* of October 31, 1904, to have spoken thus:

"I wish that the men and women to whom the education of children and young people is entrusted could realize the essential necessity of personal example and personal influence, the duty of constructive and not of destructive teaching about God and life and eternity, the wrong of offering to the untrained spiritual functions of children the undigested masses of their own crude and raw notions and imaginings. And I recognize with thankfulness the spirit which pervaded the first prospectus of the founder of King's College, who was the father of the first president of Columbia. 'The chief thing that we may do in this college is to teach and engage the children to know God in Jesus Christ and to love and serve him in all sobriety.'"

A trumpet call this,— though given at the eleventh hour,— to return to the educational principles of George Washington and the early patriots of America, which have never been departed from by the "Old Church," to which Father Walworth gave the allegiance of his whole mature manhood!

Since the Regents from whom he received his degree of LL. D. are so closely identified with the early history of "Columbia," it seems not amiss here to quote again from the same journal that recorded Bishop Doane's words already given. Let it tell us more of the concourse he addressed:

Columbia's Big Celebration. Its Climax Centered in the University Convocation. Exercises in Commemoration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of King's College.

New York, Oct. 31.— Two thousand alumni were present to-day at the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of old King's College, now Columbia University. All the fraternity buildings were gaily decorated with the college and national colors.

The forenoon exercises consisted of the laying of the corner stones of Livingston Hall, Hartley Hall, the School of Mines and of St. Paul's Chapel, and the dedication of the Physical Training Building, Teachers' College.

The climax in to-day's celebration centered in the university convocation, in the afternoon. Twenty-three honorary degrees of doctor of laws and ten honorary degrees of doctor of science were conferred upon prominent alumni of the university. Unique in this ceremony was the fact that none other than Columbia graduates participated or officiated in the exercises.

At 3 o'clock the academic procession was marshalled at the library and wended its way across the quadrangle to the gymnasium, where the members occupied the honor seats. Those in the procession wore black gowns and mortar-boards, with the exception of holders of honorary degrees, who wore hoods signifying their rank. Many of the hoods denoted honorary degrees from European universities. Members of Barnard College faculty, also in cap and gown, marched in the procession. The exercises began at 3:30 o'clock. Besides many invited guests the entire student body of the university and Barnard College was present. The oration in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversity of the foundation of King's College, the sesqui-centennial, was delivered by President Butler.

After the honorary degrees had been conferred, President Butler announced that the trustees had established eleven memorial professorships in the university on the occasion of the celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

With such wealth of educational opportunities now at hand it is hard to realize how few and far between were the law schools when Clarence A. Walworth began his study of law in the autumn succeeding his graduation at Union College. It will be remembered that his father's family had again become residents of Saratoga Springs, occupying the homestead there throughout the year. As a law student he resided at Canandaigua and afterward at Albany. Whilst at the former place he was in the office of Hubbel & Howell. At the latter he boarded with Mr. Werner and other young students in a Chapel street house. By a strange coincidence it was directly opposite the front door of a residence that became later the rectory of St. Mary's Church, in which he dwelt over thirty years, and from which he passed through the portals of death to his eternal reward. That old boarding-house was next door to the corner of Steuben street, and was demolished about the beginning of the twentieth century to make room for the rear extension of the "D. & H." R. R. Company's offices. He hurried back and forth from his meals there to the office of Stevens & Cagger, where his education in the theory and practice of law went hand in hand. The Albany Law School had yet no existence, and his Blackstone was dropped at intervals for office duty. On Sundays he attended church at St. Paul's, where in 1839 he received confirmation at the hands of Bishop Onder-

CLARENCE WALWORTH, STUDENT.

donk. Dr. Kip, afterward Bishop of California, was then rector of the church. Clarence Walworth became a singer in his choir and superintendent of the Sunday school. It was merely an accidental circumstance that had first led him to an Episcopal church. At Canandaigua he had but to cross the street to enter one, whose organist was a fellow lodger. With him he soon began to attend service there and, being fond of vocal music, joined its choir.

Clarence received his license to practice as an attorney in the Supreme Court of the State of New York from Chief Justice Samuel Nelson July 16, 1841, as the original parchment testifies. He was admitted as a solicitor and counselor in the Court of Chancery and licensed to practice as such by his father, Chancellor Reuben Hyde Walworth, on July 21, 1841.

After this he was at Saratoga for a time, enjoying the companionship of his relatives, entertaining a college friend there now and again, and obtaining some practice of his profession in his father's courtroom, then in the north wing of the old home. It was approached by three little steps from the front hall, just inside the main entrance. In cool weather sparks of a roaring wood fire danced over the andirons, and snapped against the brass-topped fender. Every inch of wall space was lined with leather-bound volumes, whose tops were protected from dust and ashes by long, narrow strips of green baize. A desk for the chancellor had its water pitcher and tumbler on top as inevitably as the fireplace had its poker, handy for his instantaneous use. A long table

on which the lawyers could spread their papers and some strong, quaint chairs with a swinging writing-board attached completed the simple equipment of this rural court-room. But many a famous man, from Daniel Webster down, had his say there, and vast were the interests involved in its disputes.

One day the large-eyed, merry-faced young lawyer who darted in and out, with no deeper thoughts just then than to hurry through with the business in hand and get off on a sleigh ride, or to singing school with the boys and girls who were up to fun, was accosted unexpectedly by a magnate of the business world just as he left his father's office. He was buttonholed and reminded of a cause then pending; that he, as the chancellor's son, would have opportunities to bring it to his father's attention that some other lawyer might not get; that he hoped he would do what he could for him, together with more vague words and shrewd glances, at which the rosy cheeks of the young man grew redder and redder, though his lips were still sealed with amazement. All at once the surprise was on the other side, as the older man hastily drew back toward his immaculate shirt-bosom the $2,000 he was gradually edging toward Clarence's hand, with the figures in plain sight.

"You dirty dog! You blackhearted rascal! What do you take me for?" exclaimed Clarence.

The torrent of indignant invective that burst forth and flowed on in unchecked fury from the young man at this outrage to his sense of honor and the respect due to his father's judicial integrity can be better imagined than described. The magnate beat

a hasty retreat from the premises, and ever after avoided encounters with the comely young orator. He has long lain in an unhonored grave and his name is no longer of consequence. There was no third party to witness the incident and it might never have been told had not the writer once asked Father Walworth, when old and nearly blind, why so much was brought out in the papers about bribery. Why was it allowed to go on in the lobbies of the Capitol when those who were guilty of it could be so severely punished by law? "But they have a way of doing it without coming under the letter of the law," said he. His mind was already turned toward the recollections of youth, and he sought for an illustration to make clear his meaning. Thereupon a graphic word-picture of this incident that occurred just beyond the swing of his father's door came from his lips as we two sat by the drop-light as usual in his sitting-room. I held the evening paper and he had an ear-tube in his hand. His elbow rested on the arm of his chair. His eyes had lost some of their swift, kindling light. A black velvet skull cap rested on his snow-white locks. But the expressive lips curved again into lines of unutterable scorn as the unpleasant memory dawned upon him. How he loathed the sort of villainy that would thus tempt a young man at the threshold of his career; that could lie in wait spider-like to trap him, in his natural eagerness for the means of enjoyment! It is at such moments in one's life, surely, that the right kind of training counts, as well as the guardianship of one's good angel. Almost daily for the fifty years of his priesthood,

the man who had been thus approached found it his duty to utter these words of Psalm 25, appointed for the washing of the fingers during the Holy Mass:

"In whose hands are iniquities, their right hand is filled with bribes; but as for me, I have walked in my innocence, redeem me, and be merciful unto me. My foot hath stood in the right way: In the churches I will bless thee, O Lord."

He surely had reason to understand the full meaning of this grateful chant of King David. He made it a custom for many years of his pastorate in the city of Albany to devote the sermon of the Sunday preceding the November elections to an explanation of the duties of citizenship. The immorality of bribery received its due share of attention; warnings were given suitable to the time; and all, in terms so plain and clear and simple that no political campaign worker, or newly naturalized American voter, or even the most illiterate of his listeners, could sin against his civic duty through ignorance.

At Canandaigua, his legal friends had introduced him into a delightful social circle. He seems to have prospered in every way at that charming place, except that he was ultimately overtaken by a sudden illness. This illness proved an occasion for many new and serious thoughts. It has already been mentioned that he was early initiated into the duties of a volunteer fireman. On one occasion he was exposed in such a manner at a fire as to be taken down with a violent cold, sore throat and fever. His face was as scarlet as his fireman's shirt. A young doctor was called in, who promptly pro-

nounced it scarlet fever, and proceeded to bleed him and reduce him to a state of extreme weakness. A college friend who sought him out became thoroughly alarmed at his condition, began to have misgivings as to the treatment, and whispered to Clarence that he would like to call in a well-known physician. Receiving an acquiescent nod, he arranged for a consultation. In his old age the whilom patient set a room full of friends in roars of laughter, detailing in his own inimitable way the conversation between the wise old doctor and the tyro, which, without offense to the latter, resulted in a direct and immediate reversal of the whole treatment. The quick ears that caught it and the retentive memory that recorded it were no less evidenced in the telling of the anecdote than a keen and humorous appreciation of all the ins and outs of professional etiquette as understood in the practice of medicine. He closed the story with a warm expression of gratitude to the older doctor, who had, in his own and his comrade's estimation, rescued him from the brink of an untimely grave. Whether this comrade was his beloved classmate, Charles Torrey, or some other, he certainly served him a good turn.

The years following the completion of his law course have been already largely dwelt upon in two books written, or rather dictated to his amanuensis, by Father Walworth himself; *i. e.*, A Life of Bishop Wadhams and The Oxford Movement in America.*

* The title page of the first reads thus:
"Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams, First Bishop of Ogdensburg. By Rev. C. A. Walworth, author of 'The Gentle Skeptic,' 'Andiatorocte, and other poems,' etc.— With a Preface by Rt.

This present series of sketches is intended to supplement rather than to encroach upon the autobiographical parts of both these volumes. Some slight interlapping of records is necessary to preserve, herein, a certain thread of continuity. This, it is hoped, will be kindly pardoned by those already familiar with the above-mentioned works. Others, who first make acquaintance with our subject through the gateway of these later planned pages, may look upon the titles just given as signboards, indicating pleasant pathways that gently diverge from our own.

On the first page of "The Oxford Movement in America" are these words:

"In the summer of 1842 I was a practicing lawyer in Rochester, N. Y., being the junior member of the firm of Chapin & Walworth. Our office was in a second story front room of the Smith block, so called, in Main street, and directly facing the principal hotel in the city. We were doing a good business and I liked my profession well enough. About that time, however, my mind had been turned

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Rev. H. Gabriels, D. D. Bishop of Ogdensburg.— New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See.— 1893."

Any profits resulting from the sale of this work go by the gift of the author through their bishop to the Catholic Indians of the Ogdensburg diocese. It contains besides his own memories, a very interesting correspondence of Edgar Wadhams with a group of Americans who became converts to the Catholic Church, as well as with their Episcopalian friends who did not "go over to Rome" on the early waves of Tractarianism.

The second book of Reminiscences is quite a distinct work from the first. It followed after it, however, in serial form through the pages of the Catholic World Magazine of the Paulist Fathers, and at their publishing house it was stereotyped. Its title page reads thus:

"The Oxford Movement in America: or Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary. By Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y.— New York: The Catholic Book Exchange, 120 West 60th street."

toward religion more steadfastly than ever before. I felt growing up within me a strong desire to devote myself entirely to the church. I opened my mind on this subject to the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, then rector of St. Luke's, and afterward Bishop of Illinois. I was a member of St. Luke's choir and a teacher in the Sunday school, and was strongly attached to the rector. He encouraged me to follow my inclination, as being both rational and deeply settled, and wrote a letter for me as a candidate for orders in his diocese.

"Neither my father nor any of my friends made any serious opposition to my purpose, and it was carried into speedy execution. My father's personal library of law books, a large and fine collection, was sent home to him forthwith, and when I parted with these very little of law remained with me. I myself returned to the family residence at Saratoga Springs to wait for the opening of the next term of the General Theological Seminary in New York city."

During this summer he went with his father, at the latter's request, to the Annual Convention of the American Board of Foreign Missions and attended all its sessions. It so happened that the standing committee of the board on this occasion made a public report to the meeting in which they recommended the employment of unmarried men in foreign missionary labor, giving some very practical and sensible reasons. This recommendation raised a storm of opposition and was finally voted down. But its effect was not lost on the mind of the young gentleman in the assemblage just twenty-two years of age,

who had recently become an Episcopalian. He sided entirely with the reporting committee, and reasoned the matter out further for himself. If celibacy was practically necessary to the most successful missionary work, why not important also to all laborers in the Christian ministry?

The opening of the next fall term found him in the east building of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Twentieth street, New York. On page five of "The Oxford Movement in America," he says: "The institution to which I was now attached was of a much higher order, both in the character of its professors and the scholarly habits of its students, than any other that I knew of." Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, a very high churchman in favor of the Oxford movement, was its president. His favorite lecture topic was Apostolical Succession. Dr. Samuel H. Turner was dean of the faculty. Among the professors were Drs. Wilson, Ogilby and Haight. The Hebrew language was taught to Clarence Walworth by Dr. Clement C. Moore, the same who wrote the verses beginning, "Twas the night before Christmas." His beautiful home, embowered in trees, was just across the street from the seminary, with its happy household basking in the sunshine of his own genial nature. It was a home with a broad roof and ample chimneys, easy of access to good old Santa Claus and kindred spirits.

The new student went at the study of the oldest of written languages with zest. He found it useful more than once in clearing up his ideas for preaching. I remember preparing brief notes at his dicta-

tion for one of his last sermons at St. Mary's, Albany. It was not his custom to take such notes to the pulpit even when his eyesight had permitted him to read and write for himself, but rather to leave the sheet with its large, clear headings under a paper weight on his table, to glance at now and again as sermon time approached. This time his text was from Isaias, through the lips of Jesus Christ, as recorded in the Gospel to be read on that particular Sunday by order of our good Mother the Church. I had dug out for him as best I could with my imperfect Latin and halting French, Calumet's comments on it, in both the Old and the New Testaments. He used an *editio princeps* of that author in *twenty-four quarto volumes* with four besides of the dictionary of the Bible in uniform binding. "Is that all there is about it?" he persisted.

"Well, yes," said I, hesitating.

"Look again," said he.

"I have read you every word I can find that seems to have anything to do with the text," I replied. "But wait; here's a tiny number that goes with a brief foot note."

"Read it."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"It's Greek."

"Spell it."

I put on my thinking cap and drawled out the unfamiliar alphabetic signs. A Heidelburgh alumnus had taken me through a first Greek book together with a brother of mine who was preparing for college. He then suddenly dropped off tutoring

to set up an academy for boys, which cut short my course, never to be resumed. Just then, I thanked him mentally for coming over to America with the good taste to select my native village as a starting point in which to try his fortunes. My uncle's face brightened with delight, as he caught and uttered syllable after syllable, till the words rolled glibly from his tongue.

"Yes; yes; I knew there was another interpretation. If I could think of the Hebrew word I want — I would have the whole thing."

"I rather think it is here," said I, "in the last foot note. But I can't spell it, and you can't see it. It is a short word and has angles instead of curves. It wouldn't be as pretty on a silk table cover as the Sultan's monogram." Here he interrupted me.

"You can draw it, can't you? Take my large pad and make each character three inches long and very black. Ink it heavily."

I made a facsimile large enough for a tavern sign, drew up the window shade to the top, gave him his eyeshade and spectacles, and, after a moment of silent expectation, old Isaias' word rang out with a vim.

Next day I heard the sermon. It was in the clearest, simplest English, with never a hint of his linguistic study of the text, though luminous with high and holy thought. In it was radiance of hope and majesty of warning. The people hung upon his words, and the poetry of Isaias seemed to have found its way even into the organ pipes. Never were grander strains evoked therefrom by the skillful fingers of Professor Carmody. He was

always a conscientious musician of classic taste, and most happy of all in his original accompaniment to our best known Christmas carol, "The Snow Lay on the Ground." This organist seemed ever to catch something of exhilarating resonance from Father Walworth's preaching. Attracted to St. Mary's Church in his later life, rather by the pastor's personalty than the salary, which was not large for one of his attainments, he was certainly successful in making its organ echo and prolong the best inspirations of its great pulpit orator.

The training that Clarence Walworth received at the General Theological Seminary doubtless had its share in rounding out his natural talent for public speaking, as well as broadening his culture. A strong desire "to be all things to all men that he might win all to Christ" had carried him to that well-equipped seat of learning, calling him aside from rare opportunities at the bar. Henceforth he would plead for nothing less than human souls, not only in his own whispered prayer to the court of Heaven, but at the bar of man's reason, conscience and faith; therefore, every winsome art that could aid his plea was most perseveringly cultivated.

Already he had persuaded his father that no earthly ambition of honor, wealth or happiness should be allowed to stand in the way of such a call as his. He had reminded him of his daily petition at family prayers for the missionaries in pagan lands, and of contributions he gave for that purpose. Was it not a noble sacrifice they made of home and country? And if his own son chose to

work for God and souls instead of for things that Solomon calls "vanity," he surely would not deter him. And thus he won a generous, unselfish consent. Clarence's mother was an exceedingly devout Presbyterian and practical in self-sacrifice. I have heard him tell that she loved costly furniture. Her husband, after a successful suit, gave her an ample sum with which to satisfy her taste to the utmost. She had seen just what she wanted. But the thought of a needy family came in between her wish and its gratification. Some substantial pieces were purchased of a less price than those first chosen, and a large part of the gift was spent in food and clothing for the poor.

When Clarence exchanged law for theology the weight of her influence went readily to his side of the question on general principles, though misgivings of high churchmen and papists came in later. The chancellor, good American husband and father that he was, gainsaid them not but supplied by his own unremitting labors the means which paid Clarence's way through the seminary. However disappointed in his ambition that his oldest son should follow in his own footsteps, he kept his feelings to himself. It had not been long since in his thoughtful care for his family he had provided the wherewithal to supply things needful for the weddings of his three daughters, and their suitable equipment for married life. Besides this expense his young son Mansfield was just preparing to enter college. In yielding as he did to Clarence's wishes at this time, Chancellor Walworth certainly showed a real spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice. His daughter Mary had

married Mr. Edgar Jenkins. They were dwelling in New York city with their young children. Among them was James Graham Jenkins, who was destined to win laurels for himself as a citizen of Milwaukee, and to supply Gresham's judicial district when the latter entered President Cleveland's cabinet. The youngest sister of Clarence, and his special playmate in childhood, was Eliza, who married Rev. Jonathan Trumbull Backus and resided in Schenectady. Their eldest son, Rev. Clarence Walworth Backus, volunteered for the war of the Rebellion in his youth, acting on the staff of General M. D. Hardin, with soldierly zeal, and became later a well-known Presbyterian clergyman of Kansas City, Kan. Sarah Walworth chose for her life partner Mr. John Mason Davison of Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Just at this time, however, he was Register of the Court of Chancery, and dwelt at Albany, in a house fronting on Hawk street whose site is directly in the center of the majestic modern Capitol of the Empire State. There Clarence, as a young lawyer, saw her bend tenderly over the cradle of her first born son, Mason, who became later an alumnus of Williams College and a mineralogist, residing at Rochester, N. Y. From that same house Clarence led his mother to the Saratoga train for a last and sad farewell, but of that more hereafter.

Some one has said that it was the library of early Christian fathers of the church to which he had access at the Chelsea Seminary which made a Roman Catholic of Chancellor Walworth's oldest son. As a matter of fact that was simply one of many causes, to be dwelt upon shortly.

His mental and spiritual faculties, unconsciously to himself, were hourly unfolding to the light, like petals of a great water lily, little by little; first the heavy dark ones, then innumerable white ones, until a time came when he found himself fully awake to the broad daylight of Catholic truth, showing at heart a golden wealth of faith. For a while, he was alone, the first one of a group of Tractarian companions, who were slower to greet the dawn.

One letter of his written after he had passed a single winter at the seminary is extant. It shows among other things that he received a visit from his mother. She in the natural order of things, as we may safely infer, had been drawn into a little more shopping while in the metropolis than accorded with her original calculations. This letter must have convinced the father who received it that there was little or no likelihood of a recoil, come what might, from his son's choice of theology in place of law. It was addressed under seal in the old-fashioned way; no envelope; and, reads as follows:

Clarence, to the "Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, Chancellor, &c., Albany."

"NEW YORK, *May* 4, 1843.

DEAR FATHER — I drew upon the Bank of the State of New York, the other day, trusting to my memory for the amount I thought I had remaining in deposit, without referring to my bank-book. Was agreeably surprised to-day by receiving an invitation to call and deposit $10 — overdrawn. I shall be obliged for the present to send my regrets. Mother when here wanting some money, I volunteered what I had left in the bank, a part of which it appears was only imaginary

treasure. When you left New York you gave me $30 and a draft for $70 which you supposed to be your share in a dividend of 3½ per cent. on the stock. The president informed me when I presented it, that the dividend declared was only 3 per cent., so that I received only $60. I believe I have not mentioned this before, as I should have done, to prevent your making any false entry. I have $3 in my pocket which will last me until you come down, I think, if you will please enclose me $10 to square a/c with the bank. I have endeavored to be rigidly economical, and have been so. I regret exceedingly that after having done so much for me I am still dependent upon you, nor would I be content to remain so, if *my* interests only were in question, and not those of our common Saviour. But I do not look upon myself as having *any interests* on earth to advance. I am hired soul and body to the service of Him from whom I ask nothing on this side the grave, but His love. If in another world He shall please to give me a voice and a harp and that "new song" and a place near enough to see Him, I am content. Do not then consider yourself to be discharging the *obligations* of a Father, but as educating a poor student (who happens to be your grateful son) for the ministry of *Christ*. God grant that you may hereafter hear His voice saying, "Come thou blessed of my Father, inherit thy kingdom, for I was poor and sick, and thou didst clothe and educate and minister unto me, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord: for inasmuch as thou hast done thus to the least of my servants thou didst it unto me." I hear much said of your ill health, but I do not venture to advise you to labor less, as others say you ought to do, because I know that while you sympathize with the poor, the widow and the orphan, whose bread may depend upon your decisions, it would be impertinent for me to suppose that you were ignorant of your duty to yourself.

Your affectionate son,

C. WALWORTH.

V.

LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

Newman, Carey, Wadhams, and McMaster — Good-bye to Mother — Platt and Whitcher — Letters to His Father.

The friendship that gave rise to Father Walworth's "Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams," was as strong as an ocean cable and as sweet as it was true. It lasted half a century; that is to say, from the time those two distant cousins first met as fellow students at the Chelsea Seminary in Twentieth street till the latter died at his post as Bishop of Ogdensburg in northern New York. It was not long after that sad event that the white haired survivor received an unexpected call in his Albany home. A yellow packet of letters was laid in his palm, by a reverent messenger; one who knelt kissing the hand held out to receive them just as if the greeting were intended for a king, a high-priest or a saint. To the recipient they came as voices of a forgotten past. One by one they were unfolded and read to him, proving to be his own and his comrade's letters of seminary days. They were sent to him by one of the grey nuns, Sister Stanislaus, she who had soothed his friend's deathbed with the deathless touch of Christian charity. Three sets of Reminiscences resulted from the reading over of those old letters. It was his first series that gave the

life of Bishop Wadhams. In its fourth chapter, the author thus turns over the leaves of a soul history:

"Only converts who have passed through the deep waters in which Wadhams was now struggling know how clouds of darkness gather about the soul at times, and make it participate in some measure in that desolation which caused the Lord Christ on His Cross to cry out: 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?' I know of one who once, in a moment of desolation of this kind, which came in the middle of the night, could only find relief by rising from his bed, and on his bare knees protesting that, if God would only show him what to do, he would do it, let the cost be what it might. 'Surely,' he said, 'God cannot damn me while I say this, and mean it.' Those who have passed through similar trials are best able to understand the deep meaning which lies in those words of Cardinal Newman, now so familiar to the public:

> 'Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
> Lead thou me on.'

Of course in these cases, when a young Churchman is thought to be in danger of going over to Rome, friends are not wanting who are ready to offer sympathy, such as it is, and there are spiritual doctors among them to prescribe infallible remedies. These remedies generally consist in urging the patient to do precisely what his conscience will not let him do. They succeed in curing only those whose consciences are not thoroughly aroused, or who are weak in the knees. These various remedies are in sub-

stance reducible to three or four — such, for instance, as: 'Take advice,' 'Take orders,' 'Take a parish,' 'Take a wife.' "

These words cover his own case too well to be omitted here. In fact this whole book throws light on its author's life and mental trend as well as on that of his friend. But we must be content with a few glimpses and summaries of Father Walworth's remarkable seminary experience, to leave room in this volume for hitherto unpublished letters. One such summary occurs in the above quoted chapter, just after the text of a certain letter of advice received by his friend Wadhams. In it was expressed the idea that he would act differently from Walworth who sought guidance "from prayer alone." Wadhams was advised, when troubled with doubts, to consult with "respected brethren and fathers in the church." This same Walworth then adds his own comment, thus: (Page 97.)

"To urge either Wadhams or myself, or McMaster, McVickar, Whitcher, Platt, Donnelly, or many others who might be named in the same category, to take advice from living 'pillars' of the Episcopal Church was simply nonsense. What had we been doing during our seminary course but studying the very questions on which we were asked to seek light? The necessity of ordination to constitute a priest, the apostolical succession, and the validity of Anglican orders, the nature and characteristic notes of a church, the essential doctrines and sacraments necessary to constitute and furnish the true Christian Church — these were the very subjects which we had studied most anxiously, in class

and out of class, with the aid of all the eminent 'pillars' which Anglicanism could afford. The longer we studied, and the deeper our application to these questions, the more we felt the want of foundation beneath our feet; and what other foundation could these wonderful 'pillars' have, and why should we risk our salvation on their *dictamina?* Among Anglican clergymen there were not a few that we knew well and respected much as gentlemen, and scholars, and as sincere Christians; but how could they be 'pillars' of the church to us, or add anything to our security? To take advice of such as they in our position did not mean humility nor docility, nor that prudence which comes from Heaven. It meant to dose our consciences with morphine, committing ourselves to men who were already committed."

What was it that had given these young men so keen an interest in the subjects enumerated? It was undoubtedly first awakened by the examination of their fellow-student, Arthur Carey, by eight clergymen on "the thirty-nine articles" in the Book of Common Prayer; his masterly defense of the position taken by the Tractarians at Oxford; his youth, boyish lovableness, intense and earnest spirituality; his unquestioned learning; the argumentative skill with which he repulsed the onslaughts of two anti-Romanizers, Drs. Smith and Anthon, to the amusement of his friend, Dr. Seabury, editor of *The Churchman,* and professor at Chelsea. These heavy weights of Protestant orthodoxy made at him with all the fury of a *"Coeur-de-Lion,"* and he met their war of words with clear-cut thought and keen-edged arguments that were handled as skillfully as Sal-

adin handled his rapier. He won the day, and was passed on to ordination, as sound in the faith. The eventful hour came for the ceremony on a Sunday morning, July 2, 1843, at St. Stephen's Church, New York. Clarence Walworth and his father were there in a pew, and among the young men who were to be made deacons that same day was Edgar Wadhams. Bishop Onderdonk presided. The ceremony went on till made the usual call to show cause, if any existed, why the candidate, or any of the candidates, should not be ordained. Here, to the astonishment of all, Dr. Smith, of St. Peter's, in full canonicals, arose in the middle of the church and made a protest, in solemn language, against the ordination of Arthur Carey. Rev. Dr. Anthon did the same. They charged him with being unfaithful to the doctrines of his own church and imbued with the errors of Rome. The Bishop arose, with an indignant and majestic mien, presented to the people his reasons for his course, giving them some facts about the previous trial, and concluded his remarks as follows: "Therefore, I shall proceed to ordain *all* these candidates, notwithstanding the scandalous interruption of these Reverend Protesters." He then recommended them to the prayers of the congregation, and Bishop Ives began the reading of the litany. The two who protested took up their hats and walked down the middle aisle to the front door. All others remained till the ceremonies were concluded.

Clarence Walworth wrote thus of the moment succeeding this interruption. "The sensation that followed was something fearful, though the silence was

profound. My father, who sat beside me, trembled from head to foot, and turned to me with a look of awe and wonder which I can never forget." It is not surprising that he was bewildered by this strange proceeding. It was better understood by Clarence. He himself had already become a Tractarian. McMaster, who studied with him at Union, had made him acquainted with the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas, which lay open in his seminary room and, talked eagerly of the early Church fathers. Wadhams knew much of John Henry Newman and his followers at Oxford, through his intimacy with Carey, who presided over a debating society among the students. They all read discussions of Tract No. 90; and Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church" found its way to their hands. Carey and Walworth had rooms opening into the same hall and nearly opposite. The latter wrote thus of their intercourse:*

"One evening, I was sitting alone in my room when Carey entered. I was unoccupied. I could not read evenings, for my sight had begun to fail — a trouble which, dating from that time, has followed me with variations during my whole life. Carey expressed his sympathy at the condition of my sight, and asked if I would not like to have him read to me. I accepted his offer eagerly. He took up a copy of the New Testament which lay upon my table and commenced reading from the Gospel of St. John, opening at the fourteenth chapter and reading through to the end.

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* See "Oxford Movement in America," page 10; also, Chapters III and IV, for a fuller account of this interesting disciple of Newman. This book contains the second series of Father Walworth's Reminiscences. For his third series, see "Catholic World Magazine," June, 1899, to January, 1900, inclusive.

"I had never before then appreciated so fully the solemn beauty of the Holy Scriptures. Carey was an admirable reader, keeping midway between a tedious monotony and all extravagance of expression. His voice was low and sweet, and had a quietness of suppressed feeling in its tones which was magnetic. He made no comments on anything he read, but let the sacred page tell its own story. I never read those chapters now, particularly the three containing our Lord's discourse after the Last Supper, but my thoughts go back to that memorable evening, and I see Carey's kindly face before me and his hair glowing like gold in the lamplight. His influence over me was at once established, and I thank God for it still." These words were written in the last decade of the nineteenth century. In another place Carey is mentioned as having been the Aloysius of the Seminary. In the autumn of 1843, soon after his ordination Arthur Carey was engaged as Dr. Seabury's assistant and was lodging at 101 Charlton street, near the Church of the Anunciation. From there he wrote a long letter to Wadhams who was in Essex county, whilst McMaster sat beside him reading snatches from the *British Critic,* which gave them the Oxford news. "Carey died," says Walworth, "at the close of the following winter on his way to Cuba, and was buried in the ocean. Wadhams and I were in company when the intelligence of his death came, and we mourned for him as men mourn for a brother." He and Wadhams and Henry McVickar were then engaged in a rather romantic attempt to found an Episcopalian monastery in the Adirondacks, in imitation of the

Nashotah Mission in Wisconsin. It was to be called St. Mary's. Wadhams owned the land. McVickar furnished money for books, such as a breviary and Lives of the Saints, and also for tools and cooking utensils, whilst Walworth experimented as cook and carpenter. He studied carefully meanwhile the life of St. Bernard, and thought over what he had read in Moehler's "Symbolism," which he purchased. They were very much in earnest, fasting severely through Lent according to an original plan of their own, and taking upon themselves the nursing of a smallpox case that frightened the villagers near them, besides catechising the children in rural chapels. Walworth's zeal in this respect never flagged.* Wadhams being a deacon usually conducted the services. He also preached and baptised very faithfully throughout his Essex County Mission. But the monastery scheme was too visionary. Walworth decided whilst there "to cross over to Rome." He and Wadhams had visited Montreal together, and seen a bit of Catholic life there, which was about all they knew of it, except what they learned through the writings of John Henry Newman, William George Ward, and such works of the early Fathers as were to be found in the Seminary library. Walworth wrote to Bishop DeLancey, of western New York, asking him to take his name off from his list of candidates for orders. This letter crossed on its way one from the Bishop directing Walworth to come to him at Geneva for ordination. Instead, he planned

* When a student in New York city, Walworth was superintendent of an East Side Sunday School, which, being at a distance from Chelsea, gave him the opportunity of a long walk.

with McMaster, who just then came up to the North Woods on a visit, to apply to the Redemptorist Fathers in Third street, New York, whom the latter happened to know, in order to be admitted into the Catholic Church. Once possessed of their address Walworth went on ahead, leaving McMaster to follow shortly after. The following note was left on Wadhams' table as a last farewell. He did not become a Catholic till a year later. They had parted at the Ticonderoga steamboat landing as Wadhams was going off on a short round of duty; and they did not meet again for six long years:

YOUR STUDY, *May* 5, 1845.

DEAR WADHAMS — In a few minutes I shall be gone — and oh, as I lean my breast against your stand, how wildly something beats within! It seems as if I were about to separate from everything I love, and my poor heart, faithless and unconscientious, wants to be left behind among the Protestants. I am not manly enough to make a stout Catholic; but it is a great privilege to be a weak one. Well, do not forget me. Indeed you cannot — you have been such a good, kind, elder brother to me, you would not be able if you tried to forget me. When hereafter you speak of me, speak freely of me for truth's sake with all my faults; but when you think of me alone, try to forget all that is bad for love's sake, and although your imagination should in this way create a different person, no matter so you call it by my name. We have stormy times before us, dear W—; but may God grant us the privilege to ride the storm *together*. Farewell until we meet again, and *when* and *where* shall that be?

"Lead Thou us on!"

C. W.

Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. has put this letter from the Wadhams correspondence into a character sketch of Father Walworth, which appeared in the *Catholic World,* June, 1901. He refers to it as "a rare and beautiful specimen of friendship at its best, as well as of candor and humility."

The next letter to Wadhams was from New York. It tells how Father Rumpler was visited the very day of his arrival there, and how he received Walworth into the Church, on May 16th. The convert writes thus: "The creed of Pius IV sounded most musically in my ears, and I took pleasure in repeating it very slowly and distinctly." He had been to confession the day before and was soon after admitted to his First Communion. He says that when his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church became known at the Seminary, it was looked upon "as a thing of course," and an honest step. "McVickar is silent," he adds, "and reserved in the extreme but very kind. I do not know what to infer from this, but am unwilling to trouble him; I have made application through Father Rumpler to be admitted as novice at Baltimore, and shall probably hear next week. I have as yet had no intercommunication with my relatives in this matter. This, my severest trial, will come on next week. And now I have told you all that relates to myself externally. My inward joy and satisfaction at being in the very church of God and communion of the saints I cannot express." He sends loving messages to a certain Judge and his family and speaks thus of B. B. J. McMaster:

"Well, what have you and Mac been doing in Essex county? Has he been raising any commotion in your extensive diocese? If he is with you still, give my warm love to him, although that is not very necessary, as I shall most probably be here when he comes down, and can do it for myself. I earnestly hope he will be cautious in the extreme in his method of abjuring his Protestant connections, for his own sake and that of others, and especially of the great cause."

The jocose allusion to Wadhams' "diocese" held an unconscious prophecy. Essex county was actually included in the new see of Ogdensburg, of which he became the first bishop in 1872. Mr. McMaster was destined later as editor of the *Freeman's Journal* to keep abreast of all the religious "commotions," of his day. The "great cause" of course was the reunion of Christendom through the triumph of the Oxford Movement; it was to sweep wave after wave of converts into the true fold of Christ, to be sure, but it could never come up to the hopes of its most ardent American defenders. Arthur Carey had gone down to an early grave, having borne the shock of conflict, with his eyes turned time and again to the majestic personality of John Henry Newman. He was ready "to cross over to Rome" whenever that master intellect should give the first sign, but he waited for it in vain. Alas for him, that the dawn crept on so slowly in the patient brain that had cast forth Tract No. 90! A loving young heart broke under the continued strain. But yet in that very breaking the soul of Clarence Walworth gained an impetus that carried it on ahead

HON. REUBEN HYDE WALWORTH, CHANCELLOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

even of Newman's own, into the one true fold of the Good Shepherd. McMaster was almost abreast of him. Then a host of others came straggling in on both sides of the Atlantic. And still they come! But many drew back. Others hesitated a long time, before severing heart-ties that bound them. B. W. Whitcher, whose letter is annexed to this chapter, waited ten years before becoming a Catholic. Rev. Charles Platt was a first cousin to Walworth and dwelt at Rochester. He had gone through the Seminary with Wadhams. Though his heart was then with them he never did "cross over to Rome;" when he heard Clarence was going to Europe he wrote to him thus: (Wadhams' Reminiscences, Chapter IV).

Dear Cousin — I thank my God that your feet are at least planted upon the "Rock of Peter." I cannot, however, close with your invitation to come to New York and see you embark. To accept that invitation would mean that I am ready to become a Catholic, and I am not. I cannot break my mother's heart.

Another cousin of Walworth's, a lady of Buffalo and an Episcopalian, has said most earnestly that those who knew him best there and in Rochester, and saw what sacrifices he made to become a clergyman and a Catholic, could not but look upon him as a great moral hero. Everything was at his command that a young man could wish to make him happy and successful on God's earth, and for conscience sake alone, he stripped himself freely of all. Those who had not given attention to the meaning of the Oxford Movement thought him hard-hearted, crazy, foolish or needlessly disheartened as the case might be.

He went to Saratoga to try and console his mother who had written requesting the visit. "She takes my conversion very much to heart," he wrote to Wadhams, "thinking me quite ruined by becoming a Catholic. I shall return in a very few days. By-the-by, the priest at the Springs is a *Cistercian* or Monk of St. Bernard (only think, a *genuine, live Cistercian*), a very learned and I think a very good man. When Bishop Hughes traveled in Belgium, this monk became much interested for this poor, infidelity-ridden country, and obtained leave to come and help the good cause on this side of the water." Clarence was decidedly taken aback when he took a ramble in company with this *live Cistercian,* and stopped to call on an old neighbor, the wife of a Judge, who had always a warm place in her heart for himself. She fairly scowled on his companion, saying pointedly, "I am very glad to see *you,* Clarence," and talked on, all but turning her back on the priest. Clarence soon bade her good-bye, indignant at this unexpected display of bad manners to his companion. Long afterward he heard that one of her daughters unknown to him had been reading the Oxford Tracts, and had "a leaning toward Rome;" above all things, the mother dreaded lest she should become acquainted with a priest.

He did not stay a great while at Saratoga. He reasoned long and earnestly with his dear mother, and strove to remove some of her prejudices against the faith that was in him, but could make no perceptible headway. She accompanied him as far as Albany and together they visited his sister, Mrs. Davison, and her young family, in Hawk street, be-

tween Washington avenue and State street. It was not easy to say good-bye to this loving and beloved circle and then to lead his mother to the Saratoga train. Perhaps she hoped that at the last moment he would relent and return with her to his father's home. But no. He had asked for light and must follow its lead, at all costs. He was to take ship very shortly from New York. It had been decided that he and Mr. McMaster and, as was learned at the last moment, a third convert to arrive from New England, by the name of Isaac Hecker, were to be prepared in Belgium and Holland for the duties of the Catholic priesthood. They had been accepted as novices by the Order of the Most Holy Redeemer.

These were strange and uncanny words to her ears, and sorrowful was the parting between mother and son. He put her on a Saratoga car, intending without fail to take the next southbound train. It was a warm summer day of the year 1845. They were destined never to meet again. The last object her eyes rested upon in death was the portrait of Clarence on the wall of her bedroom at Saratoga. When he returned from Europe a Redemptorist she was in her grave. To her mind the Church of Rome, given over to idolatry, superstition and wily wickedness, was an abomination. But she kissed Clarence good-bye, then dropped her head in grief on one arm, which rested on the back of a car seat, and in this position he still saw her as the train moved off. A sad remembrance, truly, for a loving heart.

The following letters were found among family papers, and have not before been published. They

are here given in the order of their dates. They show, among other things, that the son who was thus stirred to cross the wishes of his parents was neither hard-hearted nor ungrateful. He was following the promptings of a conscience enlightened by deep study and earnest prayer. He was struggling on, above and beyond his companions, to a height of lonely crucifixion seldom required of a soul so young. He cut himself off from pleasure, wealth, honor, home, friends and country for the love of God. In answer to an inward call he had entered the land of vision, and was already climbing the mountain of sacrifice, at the first dawning of new light, whilst ever the lines of Newman, so recently published, held his thought:

"Amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on."

Only one of this budget of letters, that of July 21, 1845, was written after he became a Catholic.

Clarence to the Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, Saratoga Spa, N. Y.

New York Sem'y, *November* 19, 1844.

Dear Father — Your constant kindness to me not only while under age, but ever since, has laid me under unusual obligations to be grateful both to God and to you, and yet I cannot deny that my continued dependence upon you for support has been the occasion of much shame and uneasiness, especially knowing that what property you have has been acquired not by sudden fortune, but by labor and early economy, and having heard you often say that your yearly expenses were constantly entrenching upon that capital which ought to be reserved for your future retirement and rest. I

cannot consider without feelings both of pain and pleasure the great expense which during the year past has been occasioned by the disease of my eyes — pain that they should have cost you so much — pleasure that you have met the expense so kindly and freely.

These chiefly, besides other considerations have determined me to endeavor to relieve you of my support, for the future. I can I think make my wants very few for a little while, till the temporal fruits of my calling shall yield me year after year all I desire of this world's goods — the necessaries of life, the riches which Our Lord has given to the raven and the sparrow. My life henceforth, if God please, shall be devoted to the service of the Church. That is the Lord's vineyard and there I am ready to labor for my penny a day. It will be a source of much regret to me that I cannot expect in this the full sympathy of my parents. It has pleased God to make us differ in some respects when we would be glad to agree. There will be on my part a deep satisfaction in believing that the religious views of those I love are conscientiously held and piously carried out into practice, and I commend them with joyful hope into the hands of Him who has caused me to believe that all "they who fear God and work righteousness are accepted of Him."

I purpose leaving immediately for Wadhams Mills, Essex County, where by Divine permission I shall spend the winter with my friend the Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams. I shall find there as I trust employment, healthful exercise and religious counsel and sympathy.

Do not I beseech you be offended that I have not consulted you. Your advice will always be gratefully received; I knew you were willing to aid me to the extent of your power; and yet as my theological education is certainly hostile to your religious views and feelings, it became me to take this step, and to take it of my own accord.

I look forward with both fear and hope to the action of the Senate upon your nomination to the Judgeship. I appreciate fully its advantages to your health and happiness and shall be overjoyed at your success. It would relieve me from much anxiety on your account.

Give my love to my dear mother. May God recompense both you and her for this long course of parental care and tenderness.

Ever your grateful and affectionate son,
CLARENCE WALWORTH.

Clarence Walworth to the same.

WADHAM'S MILLS, *Feb.* 24, 1845.

DEAR FATHER — I learn by a paper Mary sent me, that your nomination to the Judgeship has been withdrawn, and the name of Judge Nelson sent in to the Senate. After waiting so long in hope, it is a sad disappointment to us all of course, but if there is loss on the one hand there is satisfaction in knowing that there is gain on the other. It is a loss to know that you are deprived of the retreat we hoped for you from the excessive labors and vexations of your present office, but it is gain to think you are withheld from what the Holy Scriptures tell us most distinctly are hazardous and undesirable, viz.: an increase of worldly wealth, and an addition of worldly honor, which besides their manifold temptations, diminish our eternal gains by enlarging our present pleasures. I certainly think that when fortunes, honors and dignities are received they ought rather to be regarded as dangerous and responsible trusts, than as personal favors; for poverty is the better and more Christian state, otherwise I cannot understand why so many eulogiums are pronounced upon it in the Gospel, why our Lord chose it, and his first followers gloried in it. If this is so, then when worldly fortune, honors or dignities are withheld from us, we may hope it is a personal favor to us, God bestowing his dangerous trusts elsewhere, excusing us from hazardous service, in order to permit us the more advantageously to attend to the perfection of our own souls, in that state best fitted for it.

I doubt not you are well prepared to receive thankfully this indication of God's will, but I thought it would be kind and dutiful to assure you that I sympathize heartily with you both in your disappointment and your consolations. While I cannot deny that the thing has grieved me, yet Faith says

plainly that our wise Father in heaven has made a good choice for you, withholding the temporal benefits, that he may give you the spiritual. I would rather you should have health, peace of mind, and opportunities of religious retirement than the sum total of all the honors and salaries the world was ever able to give.

I received a few days ago a very kind letter from Mother which I will endeavor to answer very soon. I am in good health and want nothing. My eyes are constantly improving, and I have great hopes of speedily recovering their full use. I shall be very glad to hear from you. My cordial love to Mother and all the family you may see.

Your affectionate son,

CLARENCE.

B. W. Whitcher to Clarence Walworth.

[This letter was addressed to Saratoga Spa, N. Y., and forwarded from there to New York city, where Clarence then was, all alone, at Mr. Jenkin's house, 78 Eleventh street. Probably Chancellor Walworth himself redirected it to that address. His own letter of July 17th, next after this in order, shows a last effort of fatherly love to win his first-born son back to his fireside. Its swift-coming answer, which completes the group, shows that he was hoping against hope; and the words therein still throb with the pang of a heart-breaking farewell. But smiles and tears come often together in life, and so we may just as well read over here in the same connection in which it was found this chat of a fellow seminarian, and Tractarian not yet ordained, who was striving to maintain an untenable position on the back of the awakening Anglican "whale." Across the outer fold of this letter of Whitcher's, Clarence Walworth wrote the words: "*Roman*

Catholic in fact." He always regretted that this companion of his in theological study dallied so long before becoming *Roman Catholic* in name. That Whitcher himself regretted it no less may be seen in his book: "The Story of a Convert."]

Whitestown, *July* 8, 1845.

My Dear Walworth — Your favor of the 17th ult. would have been answered much sooner had I not been desirous of hearing from Platt before I determined whether to go to the city or not. On Saturday last I had his answer, but have not been able to write until now, owing to indisposition, nor am I now well enough to write all I wish to say. Though I do not take the same view of the orders, sacraments and worship of the P. E. Church that you do, yet your letter made me feel very melancholy, for I cannot deny but that the governors in our church have arrayed themselves against Catholic truth. *Protestant* — the brand of our humiliation and shame — has been stamped upon us, and yet by the good Providence of God we are not called upon to believe any heresy. In this respect we are in a far better condition than our parent the church in England; e. g. I told Bp. DeLancey last winter that I thought some of our Articles heretical, which he thought was no impediment to orders, whereas such a declaration made to an English Bp. would be a bar to orders. I have no doubts in regard to the *historical* validity of our Orders. The consecration of Arch. Bp. Parker (on which the whole question turns) was a *valid* though irregular consecration. Having then to my mind a true *Priesthood,* our sacrifice is a true one, though the form lacks many of the ancient ceremonies; but it is not wanting in any *essential* part. I take the same view of our worship. It can only be sinful when positive error is taught, and as the service contains no error, (they being Catholic as far as they go) it is lawful to use it when it is not connected with heretical teaching from the pulpit. And by God's grace I shall avoid this. But I had almost forgotten to say that I do not think that I can go to the city at present, as it would prevent the visit which I intend to make to my mother.

As your eyes are still poor, why not come and see me? I think it would do me no injury, as the people here would suppose that I had got you to come that I might convert you from what they think your errors. I shall not go west to visit my mother till the 18th of August. Come a fortnight or so before that time, and go with me to see Platt and then go on to Fredonia to see your uncle. From what I hear, through Miss Berry, of your parents, they would be glad to have you take such a trip. For they regard your late change as the result of natural love of novelty and the immediate effect of a heated fancy; all of which they think will be cured by intercourse with your old friends, but especially they hope you may fall in love and marry, that an effectual bar may be placed to your orders in the Catholic church. This reminds me to ask you whether you have marked out any course for your future life? You will not think it out of place (I trust) if I say that your present condition is very full of danger of which no doubt your spiritual guide has warned you. The danger is this, that having entered at once into the full enjoyment of the Catholic faith, Satan will take occasion to stir up pride and self-complacency; that spirit which we see too plainly in our high-churchman, a sort of "we are the true elect"-feeling — such as the Jews had towards their neighbors. Another danger is that no exertion will be spared to entangle you with some woman to cut you off from a higher and more divine life. If God's secret grace shall call you on to perfect virtue, follow it with a glad and trembling heart, but do not run before the grace of God, nor mistake imagination for grace. Origen did this and had a miserable fall. But I feel that I have no right to speak upon these subjects.

Why is it, my Dear Friend, that Catholics seem to start up about my path when I make no distinct efforts to make them such? I teach the people that we have an interest in the departed and they in us, and here and there a pious soul asks of me in private whether they may pray for the departed father or mother or child or sister. I teach them to confess their sins, and they open their griefs to me, and ask what they shall do. I teach them to have unity among themselves, and they ask me whether unity with the Holy See will not

be brought about. Charles writes me that it is the same with him, that about him have sprung up those who desire a higher and a more holy life; persons who seem to feast by fasting, and to grow by self-denial, and to increase in wealth by charities to the poor.

I do not expect to apply for Priest's Orders at present. There are several questions which I wish to study before doing so. Answer as soon as convenient and believe me,— Truly yours,

B. W. WHITCHER.

Reuben H. Walworth to Clarence.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, *July* 17, 1845.

MY DEAR SON — I wrote to your mother from New York to tell you that if you were anxious to do something to support yourself under present circumstances, I could make an arrangement whereby you could be appointed my probate clerk in the place of Mr. Barbour, with a salary. I understood by a letter from her that Mr. Barbour spoke to you on the subject and that you declined it. I therefore said nothing on the subject while you were here. In conversing with your mother this morning, I am inclined to think I must have misunderstood the purport of her letter. If I was under a mistake, it is not too late to make that arrangement, which will afford you the means of supporting yourself instead of being dependent upon others who care nothing for you. Write and let me know whether you are willing to accept that situation, or would prefer to abandon your parents and all your friends who really feel any interest in your welfare. Let me entreat you before you irrevocably sever all natural ties, and cast yourself upon the cold charities of the world, without funds or the means of procuring them, to reconsider your determination to reject the offers of your only real friends to furnish you the means of earning a livelihood among them. Whatever may be your conclusion, however, and although you may be the means of rendering the residue of my life miserable, if not of abridging its duration, I shall not cease to pray for your happiness here and hereafter.

Your affectionate father,

R. H. WALWORTH.

Clarence, to the Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, Saratoga Spa.

NEW YORK CITY, *July* 21, 1845.

MY DEAR FATHER — I received your letter on Saturday evening. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the renewal it contained of your kind offer of the clerkship, but am constrained to decline it. I am persuaded the voice of God calls me elsewhere. If I am deceived with regard to the intimations of His will, I plead His infinite mercy as the ground of my excuse. Do not suppose that I have not considered your offer with all its advantages, or that I am looking forward to the future with high anticipations of happiness. I see on one hand a life of independence, money beyond my wants or desires, leisure to pursue those studies most attractive to me, and what is more than all, the society, the love and approbation of my dearest friends. On the other hand lie the loss of all these, early ties broken, confidence withdrawn, a life among strangers for whom as individuals I have no especial regard, and who have none for me, poverty and perpetually recurring humiliations and mortifications. I see also the possibility, if God so please that I may become blind, useless and despised. And what afflicts me most of all, is the sorrow I shall occasion those to whom I am under God so deeply indebted for past love and protection. I have not only thought of all these things, but they have *forced* themselves upon my mind when exerting myself to avoid them, until my heart has seemed broken and crushed, and every hope buried.

And yet in all this I find some grounds of comfort. Our Blessed Saviour's cross was not covered with flowers, nor did a crowd of admirers follow Him to Calvary. He was not honorable, nor respectable, nor comfortable; but God appointed to Him poverty, contempt and agony. Did He endure these that his followers might be spared? No! He said the world would hate them as it hated Him, and "except a man take up his cross and follow Me, he cannot be My disciple." We are not privileged to gather to ourselves enjoyments in this life, and plead the sufferings of Christ for enjoyment in the next, but if we would reign with Him then, we must suffer with Him now. It is difficult to believe that many moral, kind and neighborly persons, whose amiable qualities win our affections, who are called Christians, and yet who take care to

avoid troubles or ill remark, and enjoy the good opinion of all about them, are really in danger of suffering with the damned; but so the Gospel teaches, and I can not think that salvation is so easily won. Certainly, when the *way of duty* leads to suffering, there is no safety in any other course. And such is clearly my own path of duty.

I have become a Catholic, because I am persuaded that the Catholic Church is the Christian fold into which Christ gathers his own flock. In these United States, this Church is misunderstood and hated. Not only the spiritual destitution of the whole country so proud in its infidelity, calls for help, but multitudes of Catholics are deprived of the sacraments of the Church and the privilege of public worship and instruction, from want of priests. There is an especial call upon me then who have looked forward so long to the priesthood. And why should I not? My parents and my best friends do not love the Catholic religion and cannot bear that I should become a Catholic priest. Here is then on one hand, the call of God, and on the other the cry of flesh and blood. Which shall I follow? Clearly I must follow God, although my heart should break in the meanwhile, and indeed I think it cannot bear much more. Farewell! then, dear Father, and forgive me all the grief I have ever caused you, and especially this last of all. *It is I who give you the wound, but I strike through my own flesh.*

My eyes are now quite strong, and I have great confidence that they will give me very little more trouble, indeed none except that of using them cautiously for a while.

As to my plans I am not able to speak very definitely. I intend, God willing, to become a priest in the "order of the Most Holy Redeemer" (so called) and with that view to make my preparatory studies in a Seminary of that order in Belgium.

I shall embark as soon as may be, how, when and where I cannot yet tell, as I must endeavor to go in the most direct and cheapest way. But I will write again before I leave. I received Mother's letter of the same date with yours and will try to answer it immediately. Love to her and all. May God bless you and sanctify you with manifold grace through Christ.

Your affectionate son,

CLARENCE.

VI.

VOCATION; STUDIES ABROAD.

At St. Trond with Isaac Hecker — Letters from Belgium, Holland and England.

He who so generously followed "the call of God" in early manhood at a cost partly revealed in his farewell letter to his father of July 21, 1845, seems never from that time to have doubted his vocation to the Catholic priesthood. The enthusiasm and reverence with which he prepared himself for it never grew cold. But it was with a heavy heart for friends and country that he turned his back on America, to take ship for the Redemptorist novitiate in Belgium. Accompanying him was one companion of former days, James McMaster, a convert like himself and from the Chelsea Seminary. He was of Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish parentage, the same who edited for many years the *Freeman's Journal.* These two at the last moment were joined by a third American convert, Isaac Hecker, a native of New York city, though of German parentage. He was a most interesting accession to the party. He came fresh from Brook Farm and the atmosphere of the New England Transcendentalists. He had been a disciple in turn of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Orestes Brownson. He knew all the ins and outs too, from an early apprenticeship at that trade, of a baker shop. They soon found him to be in many

ways a helpful, practical individual, with a warm, generous heart. At first, however, the two young travelers from St. Mary's of the Adirondacks looked with wonder upon this flaxen-haired idealist with the long locks resting upon his shoulders. He appeared a true Isaac, ready for the sacrifice, obedient to every whisper of the Divine bidding. Over the billows and through the brakes it was even now leading him on all unaware toward the founding of the Community of Paulist Fathers. George William Curtis, who knew him in his early days, has described him as a frank, ardent, generous, manly youth. It was he who at Brook Farm nicknamed him, "Ernest the Seeker." Clarence Walworth and James McMaster had twenty-five days at sea on that first long voyage of theirs in which to become acquainted with Isaac Hecker. And where do friendships ever grow faster than when fellow-travelers are locked away from thickly peopled shores on the great bosom of old ocean? When barriers of waves are piled up on every side against the sky, the barriers of reserve are wont to give way. They were aboard the good ship Argo, from New York, having embarked on August 2, 1845, bound for London. It was an American ship, with a Yankee crew, and a full passenger list. The lower and larger berth of their stateroom held the two Tractarians, whilst the newly converted Transcendentalist slept peacefully above them. None of the three were seasick, and the hours of many days were passed in a pleasant interchange of views. Clarence taught Isaac how to say the rosary. He and Edgar Wadhams had supplied themselves with this article of piety when they were

in Montreal, and not being then Catholics, had shyly dipped their new rosaries in a holy water fount by way of getting them blessed, supposing that to be the proper way. These would-be novices were too eager to land to wait till they should reach the port of London. They quit the Argo at Portsmouth in a pilot boat, and traveled in railway coaches to London, from which they had on their way a glimpse of Winchester Cathedral. This we learn from Walworth's letter to Wadhams, written some months later.* On the 29th of August Isaac Hecker wrote home from London saying they had already been there for three days. McMaster had gone on to Oxford and Littlemore to find John Henry Newman and talk with him of Arthur Carey and the American Tractarians. A few months later Newman himself entered the Catholic Church. The other two Americans took the first packet that sailed for Antwerp, embarking at Folkestone August 30, 1845. The next day they saw at Antwerp, Ruben's great picture, the "Descent from the Cross." They dined with a hospitable lady to whom they bore a letter from Father Rumpler, C.S.S.R. from whom they had parted in New York city. But they could not converse with her as she spoke only Flemish. There were friendly glances and grateful bows, a plentiful board, and good appetites, but

* See Walworth's "Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams," page 116. This letter gives a full and lively account of the St. Trond Novitiate, and urges Wadhams to come and enter there. It also gives Walworth's first impressions of Westminister Abbey in graphic, characteristic language. Walworth also wrote from St. Trond to Preston, who had fallen heir to his room at the Chelsea Seminary. This letter was one more call Romeward, resounding in the thoughts of the future distinguished Vicar General of the Archdiocese of New York.

neither Walworth's French nor Hecker's German were of the least use for conversational purposes. That same evening after journeying across level country they reached St. Trond, a little town twenty miles from Liege. The star of all their brightest hopes stood over it. How quaintly charming this ancient little place seemed to the two young Americans! Can you not see them, their boyish faces aglow with anticipation, passing side by side through the narrow streets, wondering at the unfamiliar architecture, and old-time painting, while the sunset light of historic Flanders was streaming in through every opening to light up their locks? At last they stand before the Redemptorist novitiate, an old Augustinian building. With what a tremor of expectation they must have looked about them and into each other's eyes! Then boldly they knocked at that mysterious portal for admission.

If to a Catholic from birth, one reared under the care of religious, and in his own land, it be a momentous thing to put himself into the hands of a novice-master for spiritual training, what courage and faith, and longing for sanctity, must not have been in these two hearts, to bring them thus over sea and land. The star of faith had first drawn them from heresy, and then led them far away from the bright heritage of their free western land, where the path of legal distinction lay open to one, and of untold wealth to the other. Now, at last, in the calm ray of its light they stood here humbly seeking admission to a holy house as stood the Magi at Bethlehem's cave. The poverty of the spot touched but did not alienate them. They felt the presence of

angels close by as they crossed the threshold, and right willingly they laid down at their Redeemer's feet the best of all gifts, their own radiant selves, for service in the priesthood. What did they know of diocesan seminaries, or different orders, or special priestly vocations? Knowledge of all that would come later; but here indeed in this novitiate was a "treasure trove," as Clarence expressed it in one of his letters. Here, in this Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, founded by the saintly Alphonsus Liguori, was a wealth of spiritual lore that his soul craved, and a wisdom of spiritual guidance that supplied all his needs. Here and later at Wittem he bounded forward on his course with rapid strides. He soon outstripped in theological studies his friend Isaac Hecker whose previous classical training had been less thorough. The questions of Clarence and his love of reasoning won him the name of *Brother Pourquoi.* The language of the Redemptorist Houses at St. Trond and Wittem was either French or Latin. After completing the novitiate at St. Trond, and taking the vows, he passed on to Wittem, the House of Studies. It was in Limbourg, that part of Holland reaching southward in a narrow strip. It was decided whilst at St. Trond that Mr. McMaster who had soon followed them from England had no vocation to the priesthood. The Master of Novices, Père Othman, advised him to return to America and do battle for the cause of truth as an editor. He obeyed this advice to the letter. He married and prospered, remaining always a zealous Catholic. Clarence Walworth made his vows on the Feast of St. Teresa October 15, 1846. The spirit

in which he prepared himself for them and for the priesthood, as also the old strength of affection between him and his father and a certain calm wisdom unusual in one so young, appear in the following letters. They were carefully preserved by Chancellor Walworth. From the originals as filed away by him they are here copied.

Clarence, to the Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, Saratoga Springs, etc.

St. Trond, *Sept.* 18, 1845.

My Dear Father — I have permission to write to you which I avail myself of very gladly, for I would not have you think that in consecrating myself wholly to God in a religious order I divest myself of filial love. On the contrary, should I by grace be able to fulfill my vocation, the Divine love will make my regard for my parents and all my relatives both more pure and tender. Indeed I shall never forget my obligations to you. Morning and evening, in my chamber and out of doors, at all hours of the day and especially at the Holy Sacrifice, I commend my parents to the care of God, and solicit in their behalf the kind interest of the saints in Heaven. Should anything in my conduct before my departure appear strange, remember all the circumstances of my case, the constant control I was obliged to exercise over my feelings which almost distracted me. Although I never wavered in my resolution, which I believed to be the will of God, yet I sometimes thought I should gain the victory at the expense of a broken and paralyzed spirit. But it is not well to say any more of all this.

May I ask you, dear Father, to consider sometimes when you are at leisure, when your court is dissolved and all the learned and distinguished men who surround you so often are gone, to ask yourself sometimes, what is the spirit of the Protestant religions, what are their requirements, and how do they agree with the demands of the Gospel — what mortifications of pride are required, what duties that the natural man finds hard? What is there in the world about you which

nature demands and the Presbyterian religion forbids. What strong temptations about you are you constantly called upon to resist in order to follow Jesus? Certainly a religion which demands no sacrifice is not Christ's, and a holiness which pleases all the world is different from His. To obey God when the heart recoils, this is the way of the Cross. You will not I think be displeased with what I say, because you know well if I supposed my friends were in the way of salvation, I *myself* would not be *here*. May God in his infinite mercy hear my prayers in behalf of you all!

But you will rather desire to hear of myself than to know my thoughts, therefore I will speak of myself. I left New York August 2nd, the feast of S. Liguori the founder of our order, and landed at Portsmouth from a pilot boat after a passage of 25 days. From thence I proceeded by railroad to London or rather to Westminster where I remained a few days waiting for a steamer to Antwerp, in the meanwhile taking private lodgings just by the Vauxhall gate. England is very beautiful; the country itself has a gay and joyous look, but the people rich and poor look either stupid or frigid. England is "Merry England" no longer. * * * What a contrast this side of the channel presents. Antwerp was to me a new world. * * * All neat and smiling, seemed happy as if they had just made a good confession and God had bid them be glad. Every public building, every street corner, and almost every door, had some religious emblem. It is the same at St. Trond where I am now located for the year to come. Everything pleases me here. I am satisfied that if I earnestly and patiently endeavor to draw near to God, I have here enough both to teach, encourage and aid me. I take the habit on the 15th of Oct. next, which will be the commencement of my novitiate, and a year from that date, please God, I shall take the vows and commence my theological studies, probably at Wittem, not far from here where there is a Seminary of the order. * * * (He tells what a novitiate is, and then continues): As for my health it never was better, and my mind never more calm or happier. I have in my chamber a picture of the Infant Jesus standing against the cross, with his arms extended as if waiting to be crucified. There are no nails in his hands or his feet. He is at liberty, but he has made his

choice and will not go. It is a sweet picture and teaches a precious lesson to the novice when the Way of the Cross seems hard. "If anyone will be my disciple, let him take up his cross and follow me!" And so I take my stand also before the Cross, not without great fear for my weakness, but with much confidence, that God will supply the necessary strength.

Remember me kindly to my old friends, with the assurance that they are not forgotten. I have loved them for many reasons heretofore. Now I will try to love them for Christ's sake simply. As for my dear Mother and sisters, and Mansfield, what shall I say to them? We have no longer many matters of worldly interest in common. For that reason I connect them the more in my thoughts with things of eternal interest. I cannot wish for any of you riches, or honors, or means to live too easily, all which may bring too strong temptations to neglect salvation, but I wish for you just such gifts and privations as may best lead you to despise earthly happiness and repose solely in God.

Again and again and always, for your past love and great kindness, and my mother's exceeding tenderness, I thank you both, and give you all I can, my constant and most earnest prayers. May God reward you richly with gifts of eternal value.

Your affectionate son,
CLARENCE WALWORTH.

P. S.— If you should wish to write to me, direct to me "at the R. FF. Redemptorists, St. Trond, Belgium."

Clarence, to the Hon. Reuben H. Walworth.

ST. TROND, *July* 6, 1846.

MY DEAR FATHER — Your letter has reached me safely and is most welcome. Satisfied as I am with my position in this blessed Congregation and firm as is my determination with God's permission and approbation to serve him in it until my death, I find nothing to forbid, but everything to foster, the strong affection which nature and reason and gratitude demand toward yourself and my mother, my earliest and most constant earthly friends. Had I not a God to serve whose

voice calls me elsewhere, where could I desire to be rather than by your side, in my own country and surrounded by all my old relatives and friends! Nature can find no country so beautiful as one's own native land, and none so dear as the old familiar faces. But I in my humble degree have a call similar to the Apostles, who left their nets with their father, because they could not resist the voice of Jesus who called them away. Nature must give way to the call of Grace. My constant prayers for you are my witnesses, my dear Father, how well I remember you. And it is pleasant to know I am not forgotten.

There is nothing in the regulations of our order to forbid or discourage correspondence with friends, especially with parents and others to whom we are bound by ties of nature and of gratitude. Only this correspondence must be regulated by those principles to which we are bound, of renunciation of the world and of matters of secular interest, of self and selfish gratification. Those things which concern the welfare of my family, friends, and of my benefactors are subjects of legitimate curiosity, since they are also the subjects of my daily prayers. It may be well to say however that *souvenirs* such as sometimes pass among friends, unless of the simplest kind, as a religious picture, etc., are matters of embarrassment, on account of the vows we take which hold us to poverty and community of goods.

I thank you for the good advice you give me. It is in accord with the object of our order and the past life of our missionaries, and I desire and resolve by divine help to profit by it. To do good to others is the way to show our gratitude to God, and if the motive be sincere and holy, he accepts it as if done to Himself.

I am grieved that Mother's health is so poor. Alas! what can I do but recommend her to Him who ever desires the happiness of His creatures. May He restore her to health again, or at all events give her an inward peace which shall be able to soothe and silence the pains and plaints of the body. I trust you are more careful, my dear father, of your own health. Your friends always thought you too careless in that respect. I believe few persons young or old are good judges in their own case. Bodily health is a gift of God which like

all other gifts we ought to give up cheerfully when duty calls for it; but without such call our bodies have a certain claim upon us. We all know well enough the principle, but it is in the application we deceive ourselves and sacrifice all to the dominant desire.

The year of my novitiate is now almost past, and my vocation to this order is already considered as decided. I shall take the vows, please God, on the 15th of October next. I depart then immediately for Wittem, a place still further to the eastward, and within nine miles, I think, of Aix-la-Chapelle, but belonging at this time to the King of Holland. It is so small you will scarcely find it on the map. Here is situated the House of Studies for our order in this Province, and there I remain until I shall be prepared for orders. When this will be I cannot say, but I trust to receive a long and thorough course of instruction. During the novitiate, you are aware perhaps, no studies whatever are allowed, its end being on the part of the novice to prove his vocation, by the manner in which he fulfills his duty and the zeal and industry with which he endeavors to acquire the virtues. Would to God that all the world could pass through a similar novitiate, if for no other end than to learn what a work is the work of reformation; if only to discover by the tenacity with which the heart clings to its secret disorders when seriously attacked, how many and how profound are those disorders; with what patience and pains and hard labor one must contend until death, and what wondrous grace is necessary to give him success.

I enclose a letter to Eliza. I intended to have written her long ago. Mother writes me that Mansfield will enter Union College soon. Doubtless you have well considered the matter. Still I cannot help think Williams College, or Yale, far preferable.

My eyes have gained every day in strength, and I have not the least doubt that Dr. Elliott has effectually cured the disease of the nerve. I perform now all the exercises of the novitiate without difficulty. My health is good.

I scarcely know in what terms to bid you remember me to Mother. Let it be done in such a manner as her long and

patient love to me deserves. To all the rest of the family also, Sarah and Mansfield, I send a brother's love. To Mary and Eliza I shall write.

Believe me always your grateful and affectionate son,
CLARENCE ALBAN WALWORTH.

P. S.— Should you write after the 15th Oct. or your letter be not likely to reach me before then, direct to the care of our Congregation — Wittem, Holland (Limbourg, par Maestricht).

His sister Eliza named for him her eldest son. Mary became a widow, November 9, 1846. His mother continued to fail in health; she died at Saratoga April 24, 1847. Before this following letter was penned his friend, Edgar Wadhams, like himself, had become a Catholic theological student.*

Clarence to the Hon. R. H. Walworth.

WITTEM, *Jan.* 1, 1848.

MY DEAREST FATHER — I wish you from the bottom of my heart a Happy New Year, and the same to all the rest whose happiness is constantly the object of my prayers. When I heard last from home you were just recovered from a sad accident which had caused you much suffering. Although my sympathy was necessarily *ex post facto*, it was I assure you none the less deep and genuine. May God preserve to you long a health which is dear to so many.

I myself have been laid many weeks upon my back by the typhus fever, or as the physicians here call it typhoid or diminution of the typhus which prevails in many parts of this country, although by no means so dreadfully as nearer yourself in Canada. It has, however, done its work thoroughly enough in our Convent, which it has turned into a hospital for a long time. The number of our sick amounted at one time

*See "Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams," p. 125 for a cheery, congratulatory letter to him from Clarence Walworth, dated, Witten, Dec. 1st, 1846, and addressed to the Sulpician Seminary in Baltimore.

to no less than 36. All the Professors and students in Theology except such as remained to take care of the sick were sent away to St. Trond or Liège, where they remained until last Monday. However, all is over now, and only one remains confined to his chamber, although many show still the marks of a long diet. Five of our dear brothers, three students and two lay brothers have gone to their rest. May God graciously hear their prayers for us less happy who are left behind!

All Saints' Day I received the clerical tonsure and the minor orders and left the church immediately for my bed in the infirmary, where I remained until Dec. 15th, when I was placed among the number of convalescents who formed a sort of second community apart from the rest. Last Sunday I was permitted for the first time to come to the common table in the refectory, but am still prohibited from attending class or joining in the other exercises of the community. So you see here my history for the past two months, and also that of our Convent. The name of the Lord be praised! You can easily conceive in a community which consists in all of more than 100, a house of studies moreover wherein are 50 students with their Professors, how many plans and schemes had been concerted for the coming year. All these the Lord God was pleased to dissipate with a single breath in order no doubt to teach us how little need He had of us all. Such at least is the impression it has made upon my mind. If God so often and so utterly disconcerts the plans which are entered into for His glory, not only by an humble community of missionaries like ours, but even by States and Councils as history teaches so plainly, how foolish for a simple individual to aspire to become God's benefactor, or dream of any plan of extended usefulness, uncalled by God, while he leaves neglected that to which every man is especially called and obliged — the sanctification of his own soul. No, indeed, this is our chief concern. At the day of Judgment God will not ask of us how much we have done, nor how much good we have done, but rather whether the motives of our actions were true love to him, or self-love and ambition, true obedience or self-will. Pray for me, my dear Father, that I may be ever actuated by such principles and that all my actions may be sanctified by true love and obedience and a heartfelt humility.

I am exceedingly happy for I have found my true vocation and am satisfied with it beyond what I am able to describe; and the malady which has so lately visited our house of Wittem, has contributed to raise this satisfaction, if indeed increase were possible, to the highest point. The patience and contentment of so great a number of sick, which amounted to gaiety, the happy fervor of the dying, the charity of those brothers who were permitted to devote themselves to the service of the sick, and the thousand ways and forms in which were manifested the holy influence of our discipline and God's benediction upon it, were well enough calculated to increase my love and veneration for our order, and my earnest desire to live and die in the faithful observance of its rule.

You will not forget to remember me affectionately to every dear member of our family. Sarah it seems considers me in her debt for a letter. I thought the balance of the account was the other way, but I am not disposed to dispute the question. For the present I must postpone payment and in the meanwhile recommend myself to a choice place in her patient and affectionate remembrance.

Let me hear particularly of your health which, after the great question of eternity, is the chief point of interest, and believe me ever

Your affectionate son,
CLARENCE A. WALWORTH.

WITTEM, *Jan.* 5, 1848.

P. S.— I send the enclosed as a Christmas present to Eliza. She will see by the back of the picture that she is thus invited to perform during the year the office of the Negro King at Bethlehem in bearing the myrrh, which she can do by supporting ill health or other incommodity with patience for the sake of our infant Saviour. My compliments to Mr. Backus also and little Lilly, my old playfellow at Schenectady.

Whilst Clarence Walworth was writing the above letters he was under the direction of some remarkable and very holy men. One of these was the Very Reverend Father Passerat, Vicar-General of the

Congregation of Redemptorists in the north, resident at Vienna, who visited Belgium during this preparation of the two young Americans for the priesthood. Father Passerat looked carefully after the instruction of the students. These young men were greatly interested in the personality of this revered superior, who had seen eventful days in the French army when his native France was in the throes of its awful revolution. They wanted his picture at Wittem but could not induce him to sit for it owing to his humility. The artist of the house managed, however, to hide himself with his paints under a table with a cloth too large for it. By a skillful arrangement of its folds, he observed Father Passerat's features whilst he was giving a conference, without attracting his attention to himself, though he did not escape the keen eyes of the Americans. He secured in this way sufficient artistic *data* for a portrait. In a volume entitled the "Life of Father Bernard," by Canon Claessens, on page 217 of the appendix, are these words of Cardinal Villecourt: "If Father Hoffbauer had received from God the mission of instilling into the members of the institute (of St. Alphonsus) the ardent zeal and indefatigable activity of the holy founder, Father Passerat may justly be called the master of the spiritual life, destined to revive more and more, among the Redemptorists, the spirit of prayer."

It was Father Passerat who sent Father Frederick de Held, an Australian nobleman and a graduate of the University of Vienna, a friend of literary men and scholars, to Belgium in 1833 to direct the Re-

demptorist communities recently founded there. He became provincial over them and soon extended the houses of his order into Holland, England and America. It was Father de Held who had accepted the young converts Walworth and Hecker as novices in 1845, during his visit to the United States. He had with him at that time a companion, Father Bernard Hafkenscheid, a native of Amsterdam who was destined later to give to Father Walworth his training for the missions. It was a part of Father Bernard's duty when at Wittem to give retreats to the seminarians. He also preached regular annual retreats to the clergy of the Holland Mission; but his great power as a pulpit orator was shown above all when on the parish missions to the laity. For two terms he was prefect of the second novitiate of the Redemptorists, an immediate preparation for the missionary career. It has been said of him that "there was never a professor of sacred eloquence who could more successfully develop the oratorical talents of his pupils." What delight he must have taken in the training of so apt a pupil as Clarence Walworth! It was largely to Father Bernard's instructions and example that the latter was wont to attribute his success as a mission preacher.

Father Walworth was ordained priest, August 27, 1848, by the Bishop of Ruremonde, in Holland. On the fiftieth anniversary of that event, he asked me to take from among his degrees and diplomas, in a small lock box, his ordination papers, and find the one of that date signed by that bishop. I did so, and read over to him as well as I could the Latin text of it in the seclusion of his home adjoining St.

Mary's Rectory in Albany. That was the only celebration of his golden jubilee that he allowed or desired. To me it was an impressive moment when I unfolded that yellow paper, and watched, as I read it, the expressive countenance of the venerable man before me whose thoughts were leaping over a half century of fruitful priestly labors.

A month after his ordination, Father Walworth crossed the channel with two young Belgian priests and Brother Isaac Hecker, who had not yet succeeded in passing the examinations for ordination. They journeyed as far as Clapham, three miles south of London Bridge. There the Redemptorists had recently established a convent. From September, 1848, until January, 1851, Father Walworth remained in England. His "Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis in England" relate to this part of his life. When he was seventy-eight years old he dictated them to his amanuensis, between intervals of illness. They appeared in the *Catholic World Magazine* from June, 1899, to January, 1900. These Reminiscences give proof of a wonderful memory and an indomitable energy. The character of Cardinal Wiseman, the no-popery riots, and side glimpses of Irish Famine days are brought before the reader with vivid touches, whilst the author's comments show a broad grasp of thought. Some will read, some skim over the following letters to his father. In them we learn more of his younger personality. We can there see him at his priestly labors in quiet Worcestershire, winning his way to many an English heart, though bristling all the while with untamed and undaunted American patriotism. He was

English enough to love the landscape and historic spots, Yankee enough to resent the class distinctions; zealous as always for the truth, unmellowed as yet by a cultivation that came from fifteen consecutive years of travel, much deep thought, and a wide experience of human nature. Letters home from young hearts in any case must needs reveal character, and where, if not in such correspondence, is it allowable and desirable to dwell on one's every day pursuits in the line of duty?

To the Hon. R. H. Walworth, Saratoga Spa.

Hanley Castle, *Feb.* 5, 1849.

My Dear Father — You have perhaps been surprised at my long silence, and so am I. If I had written as often as I have undertaken to do so, you would have been long ago well supplied with letters. When you heard from me last I was, if I remember rightly, at London, newly ordained Priest, and not yet much entered into the active duties of my calling. Now, however, I am fairly engaged in it, preaching, confessing, instructing, catechising, etc., etc., which together with the religious exercises of our order among ourselves, fill up the day in such a way, that it is difficult to find even a spare moment for a deliberate yawn. You will agree with me no doubt that it is better so, according to the well-known principle of the primer: "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." It is in this way that I have postponed writing from day to day until at last to my own confusion I forget when I wrote last. I find moreover, that contrary to a certain half hope which lay sneaking in the rear of my imagination, my dear friends in America insisting with true freeman's jealousy upon their rights, have not seized the charming occasion offered them to display their superior generosity. So you see, my dear Father, how I am obliged to come out of my winter quarters a little shamefaced and begin the campaign.

I am situated now with six others of our order, three priests and three lay brothers, at the little village of Hanley Castle in Worcestershire, about four miles from Upton on Severn, two miles from Malvern, not far from the City of Worcester, and just under the beautiful hills of Malvern so much frequented by Byron and other poets of England. We have a most beautiful Gothic Church and Convent, so beautiful and perfect that it draws visitors from all parts to admire the architecture. It is no doubt very beautiful and all that, but for my part I would be glad enough for the present to exchange it for an uglier one of any shape and style, situated in some more populous place, inhabited by a greater number of God's own dirty-faced poor. However, at present in England, we take what we can get, and the rest bye and bye. Our order is only just beginning in England, and it is always something gained to make a beginning.

I commenced my missionary labors, properly so called, in December last, just before Christmas, in the Parish of St. George's, London, where we were invited by Bishop Wiseman to give a spiritual retreat (that is, as you would say in America, a revival). It was a large church, holding about 3,000 persons, and was well filled during the two weeks we preached there. I will give you some account of it, in order that you may understand what is the especial vocation of a Redemptorist missionary and our way of conducting a mission. Our public exercises at St. George's were as follows: At 11½ a. m. every morning except Sundays, I preached after the Gospel of the Mass; at 6½ in the evening I explained the mysteries of the Rosary to the people, and then recited the prayers with them. At 7 p. m. another of our Fathers explained the ten commandments and their obligations and prohibitions. A 8 o'clock in the evening, a third Father already a distinguished Preacher in England (Father Pecherine) preached on the great general truths of Religion, such as the nature of Sin — Death — Judgment — Hell, and similar subjects the most calculated to stimulate the conscience. The rest of the day was given to the confessional, and the necessary preparations for our instructions. The hearing of confessions is the principal thing done, whether you consider the time occupied — the fatigue, or the benefits resulting.

It is then we bring about reconciliations between enemies; force the guilty man to restore what he has taken by fraud, violence or theft; oblige criminal lovers to separate; and oblige all persons to keep away from those places or occasions, where it appears by their own showing, or by the nature of the thing itself, that they cannot resist the temptation to sin. It is here too we find our consolations in viewing the effects of our ministry in the pulpit, and so learn at the same time what is useful in preaching, and what is thrown away. Here we see plainly too how much corruption walks about under fine clothes, and how also devout looks and religious sentiment often hide a shabby conscience.

Nothing but experience can show clearly how much is done in confession for the salvation of souls which cannot be done in any other way. Conscience may be excited in the pulpit, and also general instruction given, but it is impossible there to continue the work, and build up a ruined soul again, and carry a reform into effect. Our work was rather fatiguing, for we had little more than five hours sleep, and the excitement of the day was more wearing than its bodily labor. I confess I felt a singular interest in the fact of entering upon my missionary labors in London — (i. e. Southwark) the ancient residence of my own race, and preaching there their own ancient faith, which they had practiced centuries ago before Christianity had yet heard of Protestantism. On seeing one day the London directory I had the curiosity to search for my own name. I found in the whole city only two Walworths if I remember rightly, a stone mason and a cheesemonger, or something like that. The district of Walworth, a large and populous one, belonged to the parish of St. George where we gave our Mission, which also made me feel so to say, more at home.

The difference between Englishmen and Americans is striking, with the exception always that both are phlegmatic. Tho' Americans are cool but animated, the English are cold. You may think perhaps there is national prejudice in this, but I think not much. The people seem to me like a noble race hampered by the absence of liberty and hope. God grant that poor old England may become "Merry England" again some day.

My health is pretty good, just as you have always seen me, i. e. in a lean mediocrity with a certain leaning towards the 2d seven years of Joseph's prophecy. My eyesight is wonderfully improved so that it gives me no difficulty in good daylight. I presume by the news which I have heard of Taylor's election to the Presidency, that the Empire State went against both his competitor and yourself.* This is of course, no grief to you; so far as you are personally concerned I presume you would rather be congratulated than consoled for this. Pray let me know, my dear Father, when and how you employ yourself, if at Saratoga altogether, or if you have an office at Albany, New York or elsewhere, if you are in good health and spirits, etc., and if you have given up the idea, which was thrown out a while ago, of a trip to Europe. Give my best love to all the dear family — and to myself across the water your paternal benediction. That God may have you ever in his holy keeping is my daily prayer at the Holy Sacrifice. Remember me also in your prayers.

Your affectionate son and servant ever,

CLARENCE ALF. WALWORTH.

C. S. S. R.

My address is:

Rev. Father Walworth,

Hanley-Castle, Worcestershire.

(Near Upton on Severn.)

On the back of this letter his father has written these words: "Answered March 10." The reason that answers to these letters from England are not here given may be found on page 187 of the volume of Wadhams Reminiscences. There Father Walworth says: "I am not in the habit of preserving private letters." The middle initial of his name, be it observed, may stand either for *Augustus, Alban,* or

* Ex-Chancellor Walworth was, in the autumn of 1848, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York. The office of Chancellor, on and after July 1, 1848, together with the court over which he had presided, was abolished by the new constitution. Thenceforward he held court only in certain referred cases.

Alfonsus. Augustus, was given him by his father. The others first appear in a joyous letter to Edgar Wadhams written just after he became a Catholic (See Wadhams Reminiscences; Benziger Bros. 1893, pages 83–86). It concludes thus: "Your affectionate friend and brother, Clarence 'Alban Alphonsus.' The two names you see in my signature are the names by which I was confirmed."

His second letter from Worcestershire reads thus:

To the Hon. R. H. Walworth, Saratoga Spa.

HANLEY CASTLE, *June* 12, 1849.

DEAR FATHER — I am still here at Hanley occupied in the duties of my calling as when I wrote you last. These duties so far as they regard the people of the neighborhood, are preaching, confessing, visiting the sick, superintending and catechising the children of the School, and instructing the converts who seek admission to the church of which there are always several on hand. Indeed our mission is composed for the most part of converts brought up in the English Establishment or in the Baptist or Methodist sects. The zeal of these different religions here is not very fervent. The greatest obstacles we find in our way arise from the want of religious and moral sentiment, and from the dependence of the people on their landlords. The circle of our operations is wide enough, on account of being in the country; which is certainly a great disadvantage, because with journeying back and forth one takes a long time to do what in the city is soon accomplished. In fact the people are getting quite accustomed to see the little Roman Catholic pony trotting backwards and forwards.

I am not surprised to hear that your health is so much better. The great wonder is how you could ever sustain the great labors you have undergone for so long a time. You will now I hope have all the benefit and interest of time well occupied in those pursuits for which your habits of mind have best fitted you, and yet free from drudgery.

I should have been very well pleased if General Cass had succeeded in the elections, for then there would I suppose have been some hope of seeing you, in the case of your receiving a foreign appointment. For myself I cannot say anything (for I know nothing) with regard to the time of my return to America. It is probable enough that I shall return some day, and perhaps soon, but I shall never ask to be sent there, for fear that if I should seek out a destination to please myself, God would be the less pleased with it.

June 14. I resume my letter to-day at Overbury where I am staying with a Catholic gentleman, Mr. Fitzherbert, for two days. It is only nine miles from Toddington of which you spoke, Lord Sudbury's seat. If possible I will endeavor to see it, and tell you something of it before closing my letter. I have seen Almley Castle, or rather the hill where it used to be, the seat of the celebrated Earls of Warwick. The great Guy of Warwick, the old King Maker, must have been very familiar with the whole scene of my ramble yesterday, and a lovely country too. I think the English gentlemen who inhabit this vicinity at present, although not so warlike as those of old, have something of their breakneck disposition. It is wonderful that they should chase with their hounds and horses over hills and crags where another would pick his way carefully, on foot. They are all mad with hunting and sporting.* I wonder the English gentry do not all turn into horses, and the tenants into donkeys.

At Hanley we are only some 2½ miles distant in direct line from Malvern, which is like Saratoga Spa, a visiting place in the warm season for invalids, on account of a spring which for some reason unknown bears the name of Holy Well. Like Saratoga the place would scarcely have an existence except for the visitors. From the top of the Malvern Hills we look down into Hereford to the west, with a view of what I may call the premonitory symptoms of the Welsh Mountains. None can deny that the country is very beautiful. It is wonderful to see the misery which abounds, above all the moral

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* It remains for the twentieth century American to say whether or not we are true chips of the old block, whenever a chance comes for the sons of millionaires to play the lord.

insensibility and degredation, giving the lie to the ideas of Paradise which well-fed ladies and gentlemen entertain when they look upon these beautiful woods and meadows. And yet England is not very populous especially in this quarter. If all Americans knew the value of their condition, in a temporal point of view at least, they would have reason to eat their Thanksgiving dinners with a genuine hearty gratitude to God for their daily bread.

Jan. 16. A rainy day yesterday prevented me from visiting Toddington, and as I return to-day to Hanley, it will be impossible at present to visit it. It is said to be a most beautiful residence, and kept with great care.

My best love to all the dear members of our family and all friends who enquire after me. Excuse this careless scrawl of which I am somewhat ashamed, and give me across the great ocean a father's benediction, a father for whose happiness my daily prayers are offered at the holy altar.

With filial love and esteem,

Your faithful son,

C. WALWORTH, C. S. S. R.

To the Hon. R. H. Walworth, Saratoga Spa:

HANLEY CASTLE, *Dec.* 10, 1849.

MY VERY DEAR FATHER — The long time which has passed since I have heard from home, makes me fear some miscarriage either of your letters or of my own, for I am sure when you have so many who can write to me, you would not so long maintain silence. I have been wondering this long while at receiving no reply, and blame myself for not having written again sooner on my part. I only want *one little line* to know if you are all well and happy. I know very well how long absence, and difference of country, occupations, pursuits, companions, as well as religion, breaks up the family union so far as that union consists in outward circumstances, but it cannot break up that more real union which God established and which cannot cease at least until time has ceased. So, dear Father, encourage all to write to me now and then at least, not that I care what is going on about you except so far as your happiness is affected by it but only to receive

a little piece of paper, with a few marks of ink on it, so that I can kiss it and say — this comes from home — they love me there — and I am not forgotten — and all is well.— For my own part without making any excuses for my negligence in time past, I agree to beat my breast, as we Catholics do when we go to confession and say, "*Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa.*"

I am pretty busy at present in our mission of Hanley for business grows on our hands, especially now that we have opened a new chapel at Upton. As a Protestant it will give you perhaps no pleasure to hear that the principal and most interesting part of our duties is the instruction and care of converts to the Catholic faith, which is going on even still more rapidly in other places. Still, however, if you could witness the religious destitution which drives so many to us, you yourself would not have the heart to regret it.

One of the things which struck me much in England is the existence in almost every Parish of extensive commons, of which one reads so much in Blackstone. These are of the last importance to the poor, who can maintain there at no cost, geese, sheep, &c. It is one of the last privileges which still remain in the possession of the poor, but which I fear will not remain long, for applications are constantly making to Parliament from different Parishes to divide these commons among the Proprietors of the Parish *pro rata.* Such will soon be the case with a large common close by us. It is singular to an American to see take place about him unjust and oppressive measures, which one would not dare dream of in his own country, but which meet with no opposition here, for there is no one to plead for the poor, while they receive all these things as misfortunes certainly, but quite natural and not to be wondered at. You have heard much no doubt of the passion of the English gentry for the chase, but perhaps you do not know how burdensome this is to the poor, even beyond the effect simply of the game laws. The tenants hire their farms and gardens with one *little* condition, not to kill the hares &c., which break bounds to come in, nor to lay traps and so on to protect what they have planted, and as the beautiful English hedges give little trouble to these intruders and are also not to be meddled with, the

poor tenant has only to take off his hat to these little four-legged rascals and wring his hands over the destruction of his property. And all this for the better preservation of a morning's amusement. The rich have all in their own hands, even so to speak in forming the moral code of the people. The little children are early accustomed to it, and the first commandment of the ten is: Thou shalt not crawl through a hedge; and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt not put foot in the park, nor run on the grass. As the English Clergy are all interested, none more so, in this state of things, religion in England is no barrier in favor of the poor. As these are some of the things which form sometimes the topics of agitators (although rarely, for agitation does not trouble much the country people,) and do not much concern my ministry, of course I do not meddle with them; and yet while I am more concerned with the moral misery of the people, I cannot help but feel for their temporal miseries, and take pleasure in the thought of American liberty.

Please send me a little news of yourself and the dear family, and give my heart's best love to them all, and to me your paternal benediction.

Your affectionate son,
CLARENCE WALWORTH, C. S. S. R.

There is another letter addressed to the "Hon. R. Hyde Walworth" from Hanley Castle, dated June 18, 1850, in which Father Walworth mentions his birthday lately gone by as creating an impression of *becoming old.* "Thirty years is getting pretty well along in life," he writes; and then describes his life in Worcestershire as "quiet although not inactive." He continues, after some jocose and poetic allusions, to give his father a record of his labors and trials as follows:

"Since I wrote last I have been upon missions to the northward, at Liverpool and Manchester. Liverpool is almost like a Catholic city. It is estimated that nearly a third of the

people are Catholics: Certain it is that Catholicity is so well known there that it excites no wonder, as in places where it is more strange. I went out into the streets in the habit of my order, only partially concealed by a short mantle, and was scarcely observed except by Catholics, who are accustomed always to salute a priest whether a stranger or not. I ventured even one Sunday morning to preach in the open air, in the very heart of the city, in the midst of a dense population of Catholics, and in my full habit, without the slightest disturbance or interruption. A large empty egg-box speedily arranged by being turned upside down was my pulpit, — a large crucifix was held above my head, and some twenty members of a Catholic Guild in religious uniform, composed my body guard.*

This may give some idea of the change of public sentiment in a few years. We have around us still and only just laid by, the relics of the times of persecution; the pocket altar-stones, the little altars made to shut up like a peddler's box, and hide away; and in the houses of the Catholic gentry here and there, still remain the little holes in closets in the wall, made to hide the Priest in case of a search.

I was much interested in Manchester, that great city of smoke. You have read, if I remember rightly, a description of it in Dickens' story of Little Nelly or Humphrey's Clock.

I went through one of the largest factories, where in one single chamber 400 girls were occupied with the charge of 800 looms, and poor, pale, emaciated creatures they were. There is certainly a great deal of moral misery too in such a city of machines, but there is some distinction to be made. Those who work at the looms are best off in a moral point of view, for the nature of their work shuts them away in a good measure from evil communication during the day, and when night comes they are glad to rest their weary limbs at home. In some other factories where the work is less separated, the

* In this manner a large number were rallied to take part in the Mission at the Church who, otherwise, might never have heard it announced.

Devil has little trouble, his work goes on of itself, as if by machinery, and he lives easily on his regular income. Satan has his looms also, and the tongue is the liveliest of shuttles. One experiences a painful sensation in such a place as Manchester, where the suffocation of both body and soul prevail together, where even flesh and blood is denied its proper education, and where human beings are only valued as so many bones and joints, so many elbows or cranks, capable of a given number of evolutions *per diem*. Still after all, if comparisons are to be made, much which has been said of the *vice* of manufacturing towns, proceeds from superficial observation, from those who take dirt and dust for sin, and green fields and sweet air for innocence; for my own part, I believe that in England at least, Satan prefers the idle misery of the country poor, to the busy misery of the poor of Manchester.

I have had the pleasure lately of seeing Lord and Lady Shrewsbury, who came to visit our Church. The Earl is a man without any apparent pretension, and has a consideration and kindness in his conversation, which from the ease with which he manifests it, I should judge to be habitual. His manners contrast so strongly with those of his countrymen in general, that I cannot doubt he acquired them abroad. His Lady also is evidently made of the same piece with himself.

Mr. Newman I have had the good fortune to meet frequently at his convent at Birmingham, and love him always more and more.

We are much interested here in England in the case of Gorham vs. Exeter. * * * May God bless you, my dear Father, in this world and more abundantly in the next. * * * Asking you paternal benediction, I remain ever

Your faithful son,

C. WALWORTH, C. S. S. R.

VII.

A REDEMPTORIST MISSION PREACHER IN AMERICA.

Some of the Best Work of His Life.

"Hecker was a serious-minded man full of earnest energy, but by the love of God made cheerful and happy; and could draw audiences who will not forget him. Others can still know him by his published works. Of the band who came with us in the good ship Helvetia, I know of only one that is now left. Father Kittel was the first victim to apostolic zeal. Hecker has gone. Of the whole twelve, I only am left to witness what these dear companions were, and to weep that they are gone." These words came from Father Walworth's lips on All Saints' Day in the year 1899. Not long before this he had asked to have Pope Leo's Letter on Americanism reread to him. He was sitting in his Albany home, near his amanuensis. On the library table and on shelves close at hand were manuscript pages and proof sheets of the concluding chapter of his "Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago." *Catholic World* magazines, beginning with the June number of that year, tied up in packets, were piled on a stand. It was the magazine Father Hecker had founded and to which Father Walworth, from the earliest issues, had been a frequent contributor. Their lives were

often side by side in times gone by. No wonder he thought of him! That day he seemed to have it in mind to set in order some of his thoughts, about him, as if for publication. But this he did not accomplish. The death angel hovered near and said: "No."

Walworth and Hecker, as happy companions, journeyed together from London to Paris during the month of January, 1851. They had much to tell one another of their experiences in different parts of England. They were on their way now to join the new Provincial of the Redemptorist Houses in America, Rev. Bernard Joseph Hafkenscheid, who had laid claim to them for the American missions. Father Hecker had been a priest for two years. He was ordained in London by Bishop Wiseman on October 23, 1849. Under Father Bernard's direction, after their arrival at Paris, they were taken to visit the interesting tomb of St. Vincent de Paul, that wondrous friend of the poor. It was their privilege, too, to drink in spirituality at that fountain of the priesthood, St. Sulpice. They were admitted, with several companions, to the innermost sanctum of a remarkable Parisian school of martyrs in the *Rue du Bac*, known as *"Le Seminaire des Missions Etrangères."* They listened eagerly to Lacordiare's preaching at St. Roch, which Father Walworth has well described in his very last chapter of Reminiscences. After mentioning him and Newman as preachers, and also his opinion of what constituted their power, the venerable writer therein states that he himself learned more for his own use in the priesthood from his Redemptorist superior

than from either of those two famous pulpit orators. His words of heartfelt tribute to the Holland priest are as follows:

"My model preacher sat beside me in the sanctuary at St. Roch's. It was Father Bernard Hafkenscheid. He taught me how to be a missionary and to give real missions and not retreats. I never knew my missionary vocation fully till I knew him. Here let me say once for all, without enlarging upon the matter, that Father Bernard made a thorough study of me and of Father Hecker, and later on of Father Hewit, Father Deshon and Father Baker, as indeed he did of all who came under his influence, and trained us up as far as he could to be missionary apostles. How far he was conscious of being another St. Liguori I cannot say. That he aimed at this I know as a certainty. From him, among other things, I learned during this homeward voyage, that it was an important part of my own personal vocation to be not only a missionary but an American, and that this planting of me and of the other American pupil of the same master was a call from heaven. To establish the preaching of American missions in America was from this time, at least, the foremost thought in Father Bernard's mind, and the central wish of his heart."

The party of twelve Redemptorists aboard the ship Helvetia, who sailed from Havre January 27, did not reach the port of New York until St. Joseph's Day, March 19, 1851. They had made a devout novena to that saint, Father Bernard declaring again and again that they would be in port for his feast. Aboard the ship were Fathers Landt-

sheer, Kittel, Dold and Giesen, as also the students Hellemans, Mueller and Wirth. They were two weeks getting out of the English channel on account of head winds; storms battered them, and when off Newfoundland icebergs impeded their progress. Father Dold's account of the voyage, with many details, is given in Appendix K of Claessen's "Life of Father Bernard." Father Walworth's account of it fills three pages of the *Catholic World* for January, 1900. I remember that he once told the story of that very eventful voyage by word of mouth to his parish school. It was about the year 1889. He had just been saying Mass for them on St. Joseph's Day in the school chapel at No. 7 Pine street. How well he adapted the narrative to their young minds! How their bright eyes glistened as he concluded his eloquent but simple instruction! He first told them of St. Joseph's journey to Egypt in order to save the Child Jesus from Herod's decree. This was followed by words of confidence in his protection and a lively account of his own soul-stirring escape from many dangers of the sea. He gave the details of the progress of Father Bernard's novena; the captain's good-natured incredulity; the sudden lifting of the fog on the fifty-fourth day of their voyage, which convinced them, to their surprise, that they were already in New York bay. There before them in full view, he said, lay a stranded wreck on Sandy Hook beach. It had gone ashore in the night. Soon a tug came in sight with Father Hecker's brothers aboard. The first figure they recognized on the tug was the tall one of James McMaster, standing in bold relief on deck, his hand

above his head, waving a hat. As his motions were described to them by their pastor, and also Father Hecker's exclamations of delight, the children laughed outright in their glee, and with this happy arrival in port his story ended.

As soon as the fathers landed from the *Helvetia* they went to the Redemptorist church and convent in Third street, between Avenues A and B, to say Mass, as had been promised, on St. Joseph's feast. It was there in the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer that Father Rumpler had, several years before, received Clarence Walworth into the true fold. Now he came back to them wearing their own habit, the overlapping cassock, with a large crucifix thrust in its girdle. A warm welcome was given to all after their memorable fifty-four days at sea. From this convent the following letter was sent next day to Saratoga:

New York City, *March* 20, 1851.

My Dearest Father—I hasten to inform you of my arrival. We came in yesterday evening after a very long and tedious passage. I am, however, in pretty good health for me. I send you this line in haste, leaving a thousand particulars to tell you by word of mouth. Please write me, dear Father, when I shall find you at home, and let me know the whereabouts of the different members of the family, for some may be here in the city even, and I not know it.

My dearest love to all until I see you. Address care of Rev. Fr. Muller, Catholic Church, 3rd St.

Your affectionate son,

CLAR. WALWORTH.

There was indeed much news for him of an unexpected kind from Saratoga. He soon learned that his father was preparing to bring home a bride.

The ex-chancellor was married to his second wife on April 16, 1851, at Harrodsburgh, Ky. The lady of his choice was Sarah Ellen Smith Hardin, widow of Colonel John J. Hardin of Jacksonville, Ill. Her first husband was killed in the battle of Buena Vista in 1847. She took with her to the Saratoga homestead three Hardin children: Ellen, Martin D. and Lemuel. The Mexican War had been waged and had passed into history during the years Clarence had lived abroad.

At the Third street convent Father Walworth found among the community an interesting convert, Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, who was waiting to join him and Father Hecker in giving parish missions in the English language throughout the United States. Father Hewit, as he soon learned, was a native of Connecticut and an alumnus of Amherst. He had become a priest and a Redemptorist without having occasion to leave his native land. At Charleston, S. C., in 1846, he was received into the church, and at Baltimore he made his novitiate. In that city he had shortly before parted from a dear young friend, an Episcopalian clergyman, Francis A. Baker. Five years later he won him to his side as a companion apostle. He joined them under the Mission Cross in Washington city, just a few months after George Deshon, a West Point graduate, had begun to preach missions as a Redemptorist.

In 1851, however, but three of these converts had received ordination. How Father Bernard's eyes must have brightened with hope as he watched them! How carefully he instructed them for a first

venture as missioners on their native heath in the austere garb of St. Alphonsus! If he had any misgivings about them they were promptly dispelled by the success of their first American mission. It was opened at St. Joseph's Church, New York city, on Passion Sunday, 1851, by request of the rector, Rev. Joseph McCarron.

They had the assistance and advice not only of Father Bernard himself, but of Father Joseph Mueller, the rector in Third street.

This mission, preached in English, at old St. Joseph's in lower Sixth avenue, the church in which Father Walworth had been confirmed by Archbishop Hughes but a few years before, was indeed a notable occasion in the religious life both of New York city and of the United States. It was a great pioneer event. To be sure, the Jesuit Fathers had already preached retreats here and there in the language of the country, but missions were not the same thing. These were devised and carried on, not only to gather in the Catholic masses of all classes and lift them to a higher spiritual plane, but especially were they intended to reach down "to the most abandoned souls." To these above all they were to bring the Christ-King's message of forgiveness and the kiss of divine peace. There were carefully planned announcements and well-concerted measures for stirring human souls to their depths, that had come of long experience in parishes of Europe. They had been tried not only in cities, but out among the lonely tillers of the soil and uncouth mountaineers. The course of "Exercises" first planned by St. Ignatius Loyola to render more

spiritual the thinking minds of his day was adapted by these fervent disciples of St. Alphonsus Liguori in a practical, masterful way to many differing needs. They knew well how to deal both with surging crowds and scattered sinners.

The labors of the converts, Walworth, Hecker and Hewit, original, full of initiative and yet keeping step with one another in Liguori's harness, led to many conversions from Protestantism as they passed from place to place over the country. Father Bernard of Amsterdam was only for a time their superior. Father Alexander Czvitkovicz, once a Hungarian Cossack, succeeded him in direct charge of their route. He was a confessor known to have great powers of endurance. But greater yet were the crowds of penitents their preaching brought to his confessional. Spent with toil and travel, he was obliged to seek a respite at New Orleans. Father Walworth, as senior priest, then led the band. Meanwhile they had grown by natural accretion to that famous group of five, Walworth, Hecker, Hewit, Deshon and Baker. These were they whom Pius IX saw fit later to release from their vows as Redemptorists through a decree of bishops and regulars in 1858, leaving them subject only in their priesthood to their own American bishops. He urged them at the same time to continue their zealous work, which they did, under the new name of Paulists. The toils and journeyings of Father Walworth on the missions as Redemptorist and Paulist for fifteen long years he himself called the best work of his life. He so expressed himself when he was looking back upon these eventful years from extreme

old age, after his activities had reached out into many other channels and, success of many kinds had waited upon his efforts to further God's Kingdom.

Tall, lean, muscular, austere, as his picture shows him and his friends describe him, strict in observance of rule, unsparing in labor, fasting, meditation and use of the discipline as practiced by his community, he struggled on from mission to mission. At his Augean task of cleaning up neglected souls, he expended an energy untiring as that ascribed to old Hercules himself. For now, at last, after his long preparation, he was in fact as in spirit a true missionary. Early kindled fires, that had been glowing with restrained but ever-increasing heat through the years of training, broke out into flames of zeal that astonished even his saintly companions. They lit up or renewed in innumerable hearts the love of God.

Where, it may be asked, was the first spark of such a zeal enkindled? His own book, "The Oxford Movement in America," answers this question. In it he tells us how every one who bore the name of missionary was welcomed at his early home. There he saw his mother faithfully read the *Missionary Herald,* and his father ask each day a benediction at family prayers on "all those messengers of the Gospel who carry the glad tidings of a Saviour's love to the dark and benighted corners of the earth." As a boy he had dreamed over again the dream of Williamstown farmers who talked of foreign missions as they rested to the leeward of their famous old haystack in Berkshire. Brave, honest hearts were theirs, beating high with an un-

selfish purpose; but their stalwart bodies and keen brains found scanty shelter from sudden peltings of storm and error behind a tangled heap of hay and heresy. Their horses ate up the hay, tangles and all; their children, with more each year of leisure and culture, are apt, some of them, to brush ruthlessly aside with the dried burrs of hereditary heresy, only too many rich kernels of spiritual truth that should give strength to Christian citizens.

Though Father Walworth brushed away the heresy that he too had inherited, he never lost his early interest in foreign missions. As a Protestant, he heard Mar Yohannan's talk of oriental churches while he smoked a long Turkish pipe on the old Saratoga piazza. At Chelsea, again, he listened to a missionary's tale of China. All the ins and outs of "Bishop Southgate's Mission" to Constantinople were learned, partly at the same seminary and partly from Father Hewit, who had volunteered for it and been rejected as a Romanizer. It was Clarence Walworth whom the Chelsea students chose for president of their missionary society. He read of Martyn in Persia, of Heber on "India's coral strands," and of each and every hero of fame in the Protestant mission field, not forgetting, of course, the achievements of Eliot with his Bible for American Indians. This was all familiar ground to him before he ever came in touch with the marvelous mission records of Roman Catholic literature. How they crowd the bookshelves of many lands, and are piled high in the manuscript closets of numberless cloistered retreats! The "Mother-Houses" of two hemispheres can scarce contain their wealth of records.

If ever a bit of old Catholic mission history was spaded up in his own land and about to be turned over into English from the language of its explorers, there at once, if possible, was Father Walworth, eager to get an early look, ever adding new information to his store and new incentives to his zeal. When he found leisure to resume linguistic studies and delved into barbarous dialects, it was less as a philologist than to find keys with which to unlock more wealth of Catholic mission records. All this goes to prove that the importance, the need, the sublimity of generous missionary effort was ground into his soul.

When he began the preaching of missions in America, his native land, he appeared in what was then considered the garb of a stranger. He had with him foreign companions, some of whom spoke no English. He was very unlike them, and yet old friends were shy of him. The path of the convert is ever a lonely one. But this made him all the more a missionary. It caused him to walk all the more with God. Perhaps in the popular estimation this very isolation made him appear as if in a special way set apart to be God's ambassador. Perhaps for the abandoned souls he was seeking it gave an added healing to his touch. At all events a marvelous number of sinners were aroused by him to a better life, the eyes of the ignorant and prejudiced were opened to the light of Catholic truth, and the poor "had the gospel preached to them," with powerful eloquence in the language of our vast land of freedom. Fathers Walworth and Hewit preached the great mission sermons of the evenings on such

subjects as Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. The latter became known as time went on by the name of "the old iron-grey," owing to a certain weight and power with which he spoke. Father Walworth was designated as "the one with the clarion voice," and Father Hecker, from always starting the evening service, at which he gave an instruction, with the recital of the rosary, was often called "Father Mary." After several days of preaching, with daily attendance of the people at the Masses, meditations and instructions, the missioners began to hear confessions daily, often being so occupied from seven until one o'clock in the day and again from four until ten at night. At this work Father Alexander, who seldom preached in English, was incessant and seemingly tireless. He was a short and slender man but strong and wiry. He could sit fourteen hours in the day hearing confessions and continue that laborious work daily through a long mission without showing fatigue. He, with the three Americans, gave the second of the missions in English at Prince Gallitzin's Colony of Loretto, in the Pennsylvania Alleghanies. This prince, it will be remembered, was the second priest ordained in the United States, Father Badin of Kentucky being the first. His successor to the parish of Loretto had promptly asked for the newly arrived missionaries. So they journeyed by rail from New York to Philadelphia and thence on the Pennsylvania Central to Hollidaysburg. After leaving that place they soon began to ascend the mountains by the quaint old system of inclined planes, with a stationary engine at the head of each slant and ropes with which to pull up the

cars. Late at night they reached Summit, a station on the crest of the ridge. They waited in the sitting-room of the inn there till the landlord appeared, candle in hand. Father Alexander deputed Father Walworth to go choose the rooms. He therefore followed the landlord up stairs to a room with two beds. In each bed was a man already asleep.

"Which bed will you take?" said the innkeeper.

"But both are occupied," said the astonished priest. "I prefer neither."

"What!" said the other, "don't you double?"

"No," was the answer, "I don't double."

"Don't any of your friends double?" he asked as he scratched his head and looked troubled.

"Perhaps you had better ask them," was the mock-serious answer, and they turned to the stairs. Father Walworth repressed his smile as they reentered the sitting-room, and Father Alexander was confronted with the question:

"Do you double, sir?"

This was an intricacy of the English language for which the good father was not prepared. It was explained to him, after which he said, with foreign accent, but decided emphasis:

"No, I do not double, I never double."

All gave the same answer. The landlord was in despair at this, till Father Walworth suggested that if he could spare some blankets or comfortables, they would be content with the large room they were in, where they could lie on the floor. "Oh, that's easy enough," said the man, and he brought also enough mattresses to make four good pallets.

"Wal, now, you air strange folks," said he, "most of my lodgers would think them quarters rather beneath 'em, so to speak. They want a good bedstead under 'em."

"O, we are not so hard to suit," was the rejoinder. "It is only that we are a little bashful about doubling. This is first-rate."

They dozed on till morning and then drove six miles over a mountain road in a lumber-wagon to Loretto. The church was a plain wooden structure like a schoolhouse, with benches. Instead of stations or pictures of saints, it was ornamented with various warnings against smoking, chewing, or spitting on the floor and like attempts to teach the gospel of good manners.

The mission opened with a High Mass on Sunday morning. The farmers came with their families in wagons and brought lunches with them, then and on each day of the mission. Whilst waiting for Mass to begin on Sundays the men, after hitching their horses securely, sat around the sides of the church with their backs to the wall and commenced whittling. All in the colony attended the mission. One man who hung back at first declared that his old grandmother, long dead, appeared to him in the night-time and warned him to save his soul now or never. She sat by the fire, he said, in the frilled cap she used to wear in the old country, and shook her finger at him as she spoke the warning words. He woke up his wife, and she saw her, too. Another man related that St. Alphonsus himself appeared to him shortly before the missioners arrived; when they did come and he saw them robed and girded

like the saint, he hastened to make the mission, firmly believing that this was his last chance of salvation.

At the close of this mission, a great cross was planted in the cemetery lot on a hill where it was proposed to begin the erection of a new and finer church. The congregation marched to this spot. Father Walworth preached a farewell sermon under the cross, and there at a given signal, a band of Mexican war veterans fired off a salute to the emblem of salvation. The effect was exhilarating. After the ceremony, the soldiers assembled on a second hill and fired volley after volley to the delight of the boys both old and young.

After a hearty hand-shaking and a reluctant farewell, the settlers returned to their farms, and the missioners journeyed back to Hollidaysburg. They opened a mission there at St. Mary's, May 18, 1851. When that was over, they crossed the mountains to Johnstown, and gave one there.

It was at Youngstown, Pa., in December of that year that they first tried preaching from a platform on which a large black cross, some ten feet or more in height, was erected. From the arms of the cross a white muslin cloth was suspended. Previously to this they had erected a cross out of doors as at Loretto, or nearer the church, but merely as a closing ceremony.

In February, 1852, they gave a mission at St. Peter's Church, Troy. When they were at St. Joseph's in Albany, at the old church on Pearl street, near what is now called "St. Joseph's Industrial School," Father Walworth's stepsister made the mis-

sion and became a Catholic, staying several days at the Sisters' convent whilst being prepared for the sacraments. The crowds that came day after day seeking admission to that small parish church, as it was then, extended far out into the streets, especially when Father Walworth preached, as his well-modulated voice was clear and had great carrying power even in a whisper. But only those within, of course, could see his gestures, which were always graceful and telling, whilst at times his action was startlingly dramatic. It seems that at this place, he not only pointed often to the tall black cross but he even clung to it, till it swayed back and forth with the weight of his body, whilst the people conscience-stricken and pale with emotion watched and listened in almost breathless silence.

He preached also at Saratoga, where his beloved father came with the throng and listened and wondered at the power of his oratory. At Utica, Brooklyn, Detroit, Washington, Charleston, Baltimore, and up among the quarries and factory towns of Vermont they gave missions. Also, at out of the way places to the west they had to teach even the young priest in charge, who had never been to a theological seminary, having studied only under some country pastor, how to go through services that are frequent in cities. Here and there in many States, they continued their zealous work. The American bishops as well as the pastors of parishes, eager for missions, became their fast friends. I heard Father Walworth say that once, there were many communions to be given and some, to travelers from miles away, at a small church near Lake Erie, where there was no gold or silver pyx or ciborium. They had

only one small chalice. He formed a temporary ciborium from wood with his Yankee pen-knife and lining the bowl of it carefully with a folded "purificator," distributed from it the Bread of Angels without delay to these weary wayfarers, lest they should grow faint with fasting. One man after walking twenty miles to make his mission communion without breaking his fast, was off guard at the last and as he came into the village hot and thirsty drank from the village pump near the church. He then began to blame himself for forgetting and was in great disappointment, till he learned that on the next day, Monday, there would be also a mass and he could get his communion after all by waiting for it, which he did.

At the New Orleans mission Father Alexander, worn out with constant labor, quit the mission field for parish work. This was in 1854. An earnest youth listened to Father Walworth's sermon on the priesthood as preached in that city, and thinking it over, offered himself to the bishop for the service of the altar. That youth was James Gibbons now the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, beloved of all the land. Father Walworth did not know how the seed of the divine word, he had scattered, fell thus into "good ground," until he sent his volume of poems, "Andiatorocte," to the cardinal. At that time he was made very happy by receiving in answer, a note of thanks, stating the above fact in a few simple words. In 1902, the writer of these biographical sketches was with her mother in a Baltimore bookstore when they were recognized and accosted by Cardinal Gibbons in his own gentle and gracious

manner. On this occasion, he again alluded to the above-mentioned fact, saying that he owed his vocation to a sermon which Father Walworth preached at New Orleans.

In a rectory at Cincinnati, after a mission sermon, Father Walworth, sought an introduction to dear old Father Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States, a pupil of the Maryland Sulpicians, and the pioneer priest of Kentucky. His mission reached far and wide through the wilderness, and his back was bent with many years of apostolic labor. The young Redemptorist knelt reverently before him asking his blessing. "No, no, no," said Father Badin, drawing away abashed, at this obeisance, "I cannot do that. The bishop will bless you again."

"But you have been *so long a missionary* and I am only beginning. I have been looking forward to it, and now I must have it," said he, taking the old priest's hand and raising it over his head. "Surely you will not deny me a blessing." Urged also by the others present to comply, Father Badin put his hand on the bowed head, saying slowly:

"Father Walworth, may you do all the good you tell other people to do."

To him, it was the valued blessing of a true pioneer apostle of the faith for such to his mind was Father Badin. He, himself, was a pioneer in America, of a different method of preaching, one directed rather to the arousing than to the planting of the faith and was thus a true foundation stone, so to speak, of the modern parish missions in English.

But why use halting words here when the eloquent ones of Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.,* spoken in Albany, March 21, 1901, and printed in the *Catholic World* of the following June, as part of his panegyric of Father Walworth, so well describe the special traits and strong effects of his preaching? Let this able veteran of parish missions in English speak once more for their pioneer.

He, too, has broken new ground in organizing the missions to non-Catholics, and opened up new roads through old forests of colonial prejudice. He approaches our present subject boldly, throwing upon it the keen search-light of a two-fold experience. These are his words:

"On landing in America in 1851, Father Walworth at once displayed the powers of a great missionary. The band gave missions all over the country and in several cities of Canada; Father Walworth everywhere reaping a great harvest of penitent souls. It is literally true that many a time, they who came to scoff remained to pray, aye, and what is infinitely more, remained to confess their sins with sobs of grief. The most abandoned wretches were melted into tears of penance under Father Walworth's preaching. His voice was marvelous. It was of medium pitch, clear, musical, but it had a quality of its own; it was wonderfully winged as if with a preternatural magnetism. His sermons cut to the division of the soul and the spirit. His manner, though unaffected, was yet full of dignity. Seldom was a preacher so eloquent by his looks and

* See in last pages of this book, the *Argus* report: "*Father Elliott's Tribute.*"

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bearing as was Father Walworth; and his action on the platform was a perfect match for his great themes, his ringing voice and his well-chosen matter. If one can make the distinction, he was dramatic without being theatrical. Meanwhile his sermons were models of missionary composition. Although he was steadfast in his loyalty to the traditions of St. Alphonsus, he used the liberty kindred to that supreme missionary's spirit in preparing his discourses. He suited his choice of matter to the times and the people, yet without departing from the sound forms of previous generations of missionaries. But he could drive the fear of God into sinners' souls with more resistless force than, perhaps, any missionary we ever had in America. His sermons broke the adamantine crust of self-assurance which vice had formed over the sinners' hearts like an egg-shell.

"His voice was the best preaching voice I ever heard. Father Walworth had a voice that could stop an army; but he had a heart of grace to inspire his tones with priestly tenderness. He could both affright sinners and soothe their despairing spirits with that organ of many strains. We have emphasized his imperious power over his hearers, but it should be known that if he vanquished the sinner, he did not fail to win him. The effect was religious fear not slavish terror. The psalmist's words describe it: 'All my bones shall say, who is like unto the Lord?' We might add the words of the bride in the Canticle: 'My heart melted when he spoke.' To be afraid under his preaching was to be afraid of God not of the preacher. Nor would the most panic-stricken of Walworth's converted sinners dread

to go to him to confession. The most abandoned wretches after sitting under his preaching, pale and nerveless with terror, would often enter his confessional by preference. They had felt something of love vibrating amid the commanding tones of that voice. * * *.

"Father Walworth had the true standpoint of a missionary. He not only knew but he vividly realized that he stood for God. He was thrilled with the conviction that men's immortal destiny depended on how fitly he represented God's rights to their sinful souls. It is this state of mind, this mental, or rather this spiritual, attitude that really makes the missionary. It made Walworth an ideal one. He impressed the sinners not so much as an advocate as an ambassador of Christ, an ambassador bearing the Divine ultimatum. This sense of standing for God did infinitely more for his success than the noble beauty of his face and form, his splendid rhetoric, the amazing strength of action in his delivery. His tones were the perfection of human vocal power but they rang with a more than human power in the service of a heart inspired as his was. By the exhibition of this supernatural motive it was that many were led to say that they never knew a man who had so fully assimilated the rules of the divine art of winning sinful souls to God, as Father Walworth."

Some of his mission sermons, in manuscript, were made up of brief notes and abbreviations; others were more fully worded; they cover a wide range of subjects. One is "On the Seventh Commandment" and has a marked individuality of its own, especially owing to the "List of 40 Thieves," that

accompanied it. This list consisted of a strip of paper four inches wide and about two yards long, on which he had written forty groups of thieves, the description of each class occupying from two to twelve lines. It caused considerable interest to his auditors when he gradually unfolded this paper, letting it drop down over the pulpit till it hung like a wide ribbon from his hands as he concluded the reading of it. Much amused were the people, as he started off with the petty thieves thus: "1. Hen thieves, duck thieves, goose and turkey thieves, *pig thieves,*" which with others in the next group including purse-lifters, he called "out-and-out-thieves;" but there were always plenty of serious faces before the other end of the long roll came in view. All kinds of service, domestic and clerical, all varieties of business, crafts and professions, were reached in due course as conducted on land and on sea, till the examination of conscience became general throughout his audience. He mercilessly dubbed the unwary sinners before him according to their degrees by such names as nibblers, house-mice, shop-mice, church-mice, water-rats, cheats, including dishonest debtors and a pack of ordinary thieves; then came the crawfish, the *rodentia;* and, finally, the magnificent swindlers, all held up to view under the term *Pachydermata* or hard-skinners. He concluded his list with all cheats of higher rank, those unfaithful whether more or less to the most honorable of trusts, in civic, financial, legal and legislative careers. But the sermon itself he concluded, after a thrilling appeal for justice and especially to the poor, with the story of Zacheus who restored four fold, before harboring the Lord Jesus.

Another sermon is entitled, "The Excellence of the Priesthood." This is not a usual subject for a mission. It must have been evoked by the presence, in the congregation addressed, of souls already well-trained in faith and morals who gave uncommon promise of an abundant spiritual harvest. There is nothing about the manuscript notes to show where this sermon was first preached, but there is reason to believe it was used with great effect at New Orleans. It is a good example of his method of preparing a subject, when time was not wanting and eyesight was good. The handwriting in this case is small, round and upright; as even as print, as clear and fine as copperplate engraving. The words are closely written on a sheet of commercial note, with two lines of his to every one that was ruled by the stationer. Perhaps he wrote it thus, that he might carry it with him to the pulpit. But, oh! for the wave of "a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!" — for the surf-like recurrence of weighty arguments rolling onto the soul like an incoming tide; the eagle glance, the winning smile, the majesty of his presence, the magnetism of his sympathy! These are with us no more. These would put life and the throb of oratory into what is here left, the mere structural dry-bones of a great sermon! Even so, they can yet give us some food for thought, and indicate the general outline of the argument. Since it was a sermon of his that determined the priestly vocation of Cardinal Gibbons, what other could it be than this one?

THE EXCELLENCE OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

"As long as I am the Apostle of the Gentiles, I will honor my ministry, if by any means, I may provoke to emulation those who are my flesh."— Rom. xi. 13.

There is one branch of service in the army wh. is certainly a very important one. It is that of a recruiting officer. (*Describe his duty.*) It is in this same spirit that the Apostle speaks in the text. As a commanding officer in the army of the cross, he looks about him for recruits, & not out of self-respect, but for the glory of his Master, & the success of the Church's holy war, he seeks to muster recruits — new soldiers — under the banner of the cross, into the sacred ministry. Was there ever a time when the Church, when our country more needed Priests — good ones, true warriors, &c.? Permit me then to *"honor my ministry"* this morning, that if possible, *"I may provoke to emulation" those who are of my flesh, &c.*

I. *Dignitas Sacerdotii.*

St. Ambrose preaching on the Priesthood calls it "a divine profession." Is it not! The Priest is

1st. (*The Ambassador of God.*) An ambassador is an officer of a State or Prince, sent out to represent his Sovereign abroad. *"We are ambassadors for Christ, God as it were exhorting by us.* 2 Cor. v. 20. I remember, &c. (Frescoes of Moses and St. Paul, St. Vincent's, Canal St.) How appropriate they appeared in such a place! & how grand! To either, one could well apply those majestic words of a poetess of our day:

> *"His eyes were dreadful, for you saw*
> *That they saw God — his lip and jaw*
> *Grand-made and strong, as Sinai's Law,—*
> *And his brow's height was sovereign."*

They were only mute frescoes, & yet they spoke right eloquently. *"We are ambassadors for Christ,"* they said, *"God, as it were, exhorting by us."*

The Ambassador represents his Sovereign — his person & his will. And therefore, according to the Law of Nations, &c.

So in the Law of Christ, "*qui vos audit, me audit; qui vos spernit me spernit.*" How much more blessed & exalted to be Ambassador of God! What are princes and nations compared to Him? "*Omnes gentes quasi non sint coram eo.*"

2nd. (*The Minister of the Sacrifice.*) This is the chief function of the Priest. Look around this church & tell me which is the part where the Priest belongs,— is most the Priest's? Your eyes turn to the altar. There is one part of the church set off, where the Laity do not enter, & all who do — approach silently & with awe. We seem to hear the voice of God: "*Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for,*" &c. It is the place of sacrifice. We have there a victim to offer. Who shall offer? One of you? No, you could not. "*Nec quis quam sumit sibi,*" &c. He would not come at your call. But the Priest approaches & at his voice, &c. No wonder that St. Augustine exclaims: "*O! veneranda Sacerdotum dignitas! in quorum manibus Dei Filius veluti in utero Virginis incarnatur.*" Hom. 2 on Ps. 32.

I need not dwell on this. You all feel the dignity of the Priesthood. The faithful Priest will never have reason to complain, &c.— But if there is anything above all others calculated to draw forth the deep feeling of veneration which every Catholic, &c.,— it is the spectacle of a bad Priest. How! what! — Yes; otherwise, what is the meaning of that shudder — that electric thrill of horror? It is no sign of irreverence. Oh! no, the contrary. It is your testimony to the dignity & sanctity of the Priestly office. At the mere thought of such a thing, the language of the Prophet Isaias rises to the heart: "*In terra SS. iniqua gessit.*" He has sinned in the Holy place! "*Non videbit gl. Dei.*"

If there be in this concourse, a parent who nourishes the secret hope to see, &c.— It is a good desire. But if that child be not holy, if he be grown up in vice — Oh! speak not of it! Think not of it! Set your whole soul against it; pray rather that the Earth may open, &c.— Would you have it said of him: "*In terra Sanctorum — non videbit?*"

II.— *Utilitas Sacerdotii.*

St. Jerome calls it "Angelica Dignitas." And so it is. For what are the angels? *"Are they not all spirits, sent to minister for those who shall receive the inheritance of salvation?"* Heb. I. 14. Why, see them at work!

1st.—(*Penance.*) See him in the Sacred Tribunal! The hurt child runs to hide his griefs in his father's bosom. So the hurt sinner, &c. And why there? Because the power of pardon is there. Ah! the Utilitarians! They talk of nothing but utility. Principle is nothing — right, truth, justice & God. Well go try to be useful to that heavy-hearted Sinner! You will do him no good. He wants you not. He will say to you, as Macbeth to his physician:

> *"Say, canst thou minister to a mind diseased!*
> *Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow:*
> *Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff,*
> *Which weighs upon the heart?"*

No! There is only one ear can hear that secret, one breast be the confidant of that sorrow, one hand can pluck away that thorn, one voice can cheer that drooping soul. It is the voice of the Priest which alone can say: *"Ego te absolvo."* Is there utility here?

2nd.—(*The Pulpit.*) How necessary is good counsel? A friendly but truthful voice that will not flatter. Where will you find it, &c.— But the pulpit is the Throne of Truth. You wish it to be so, however unpalatable. [If I were to put it to vote —! *"Oh! let us have one place, where God's truth is spoken without fear."*] Is it not a blessed thing to have one such truthful oracle, where the Orator is not expected to flatter, and dares to blame? *"Labia enim Sacerdotis custodient scientiam, et Legem requirent ex ore ejus, quia Angelus Dei exercituum est."* Mal. II. 7. They will not find fault with him for speaking plainly. Oh! never till we hear the Records of the Judgment shall we know how many souls have thus been brought to God!

(*Conclusion.*)

Is it not a blessed office! Can there be a higher, holier, more useful, nobler vocation? My Brethren, in this country we need Priests. Here & now, if ever. But we need good

ones only; priests trained to virtue & high morality in their Father's house, priests reared by a pious Mother's hand. Families in which low vices reign, cursing & blasphemy & fighting & intemperance, & gambling; where prayer is seldom heard & religious duties are neglected:— these are not the nurseries of good Priests; for it is hard to have a higher standard of morality & piety than that in which we have been reared. To whom then shall we appeal for recruits to the clergy? To you, Fathers & Mothers, whose children have been reared amidst prayers and tears, holy precepts & example, & unwearied solicitudes! You have reared them for God; give them to God, when he needs them most — now & here; now when the harvest is so great & the laborers are so few. Christian Mothers! will you be outdone by worldly women? — [Ex.: Mothers during this war: "*My Son! see there your country's flag! Take just a Mother's kiss, & then go do your duty!*"] So Christian Mothers, &c.—

And you, My Brethren, who have no children to give — give your prayers! Do you not wish for an active & zealous priesthood? Pray that we may be so. [*Ex.: The song, "Sogarth Aroon."*] Oh! if you love God; if you love the church; if you love the triumph of Christ's holy cause; if you love to hear of sinners converted to God, unbelievers brought into the fold; if you love your own souls — Pray for us!"

VIII.

ONE OF THE PAULIST FATHERS.

A Remarkable Cluster of Converts.

One day when Father Walworth was at the Redemptorist convent in Baltimore, he was accosted by a tall, erect young officer in the uniform of the regular army. His eyes were keen and dark, of the kind that could look both stern and gentle. At that moment, he was gazing with frank interest at the face and garb of the American Redemptorist before him, and at the large crucifix in his girdle. Then he spoke, saying he had come to see one of the fathers whom he named. He asked where and when he could be seen.

Father Walworth gave him this information and soon learned that their military visitor was George Deshon, Lieutenant Ordnance, U. S. A., who had come to apply for admission to the Congregation of St. Alphonsus. He had been recently received into the Catholic Church by the Jesuits, and wished to become a priest.

"But how is it, Lieutenant," said Father Walworth, whose propensity to get at bottom facts had long since, as we have seen, won him the title from Belgian comrades of *Brother Pourquoi,*—"how is it that the Jesuits did not keep you for their own novitiate, when once they had made you a Catholic? They would surely appreciate the educational advantages you had at West Point? Did you tell them you intended to become a priest?"

"Yes," was the answer, "and they were willing to receive me on trial as a novice. It is a fine order. I like them very much. But it is not the order for me."

"Why not?"

"Because the Jesuits teach. They have so many colleges they would put me to teaching the first thing. I have done some of that already at West Point, since I graduated. I want to be a priest,—not to teach students, but to preach the Gospel to the people; and that, as I understand it, is what you Redemptorists are doing all the time, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Father Walworth, "there is no doubt about that." And so this comrade and roommate of General Ulysses S. Grant decided to become a Redemptorist, being destined later to serve in his turn as Superior-General of the Paulists.

Father Hewit tells us in his Memoir of Rev. Francis A. Baker, of an eventful meeting of two other converts who were Paulists founders, in that very same convent of the Redemptorists at Baltimore. It was the day Father Baker resigned the Episcopal parish of St. Luke in that city and became a Catholic. These are Father Hewit's words: "After a long and consoling conversation with the Archbishop, he came over to St. Alphonsus' Church which is near the Cathedral, to see me. I was making a retreat that day (April 5, 1853) and was walking in the garden, when a message was sent me by the rector to go to the parlor to see Mr. Baker. As soon as he saw me, he said abruptly, 'I have come to be one of you.' I invited him inside the enclosure, and he fancying I misunderstood his

words to imply that he was ready to join our religious congregation, answered quickly, 'I do not mean that I wish to become a Redemptorist, but a Catholic.' 'I understand that,' I replied; 'let us go to the oratory and recite a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving.' We did so, and then walked in the garden together for a short time. The first time I ever saw an expression of real joyfulness in his countenance was then. He was always placid, but never, so far as I could see, joyous, before he became a Catholic. To my great surprise, he chose me as his confessor. I left the time of his reception to himself, and he chose Saturday, the 9th of April, which was the anniversary of the death of his brother Alfred. On Saturday morning, I said Mass in the little chapel of the Orphan Asylum of the Sisters of Charity. Father Hecker, who was present on account of the approaching mission, accompanied me to the chapel. After Mass, Mr. Baker made his profession, according to the old form, containing the full creed of Pius IV, and I received him into the bosom of the Church. No others were present besides the good sisters and their little children. * * * . April 17, he was confirmed in the Cathedral by Archbishop Kenrick, and received his first communion from his hand.

"The conversion of Mr. Baker made a great sensation in Baltimore, and wherever he was known."

He soon decided to become a Redemptorist and, in 1856, he and Father Deshon received directions to join the other three Americans in giving missions. Here then we have in united action the original band of Paulist founders, five converts trained under

the rule of St. Alphonsus. In the winter of 1856, before the old plantation days were disturbed by civil war, they were all to be seen together, preaching a great mission at the Savannah Cathedral. At that time, as Father Hewit informs us in his Memoir of Father Baker, the southern towns received the débris of foreign immigration, and were filled in winter by a floating population of northern laborers. Thus it happened that Savannah, that beautiful city of parks and homes, had suburbs crowded with drinking-shops, sailors' boarding-houses and dens of thieves and smugglers. The missionaries divided the city into five different districts each taking one. They visited all, even unto the most uncanny nooks and corners, announcing the mission, and gathering in the sinners.

Father Walworth has described to the author of these sketches a dram-shop scene in which he figured on this occasion. He had permission from the proprietor of a certain den of iniquity, won by persuasive words, to announce the preaching hours to its patrons. As he concluded a brief summary of what the exercises at the Cathedral would be and was giving an urgent invitation to those present to be on hand, a half-drunken fellow, with a wink at his pals who were following his lead, came threateningly toward him, using abusive words. Before their mischief had time to brew, the observant missioner stepped quickly to the bar and gave it a thump that made the glasses jump and jingle. Then he said in that clear ringing voice of his, as he faced the whole roomful and singled out with his keen eyes a brawny son of Erin: "I want to know if a Catholic priest has any friends here."

"Yes, Father, I'm one," said the young Irishman, doubling up his fist as he came forward and planted himself in front of the obtruder: "Stand off, you blackguard," he continued, "have you no respect for his Reverence?"

"And so am I," said another.

"And I," said a third, a hitherto silent observer who stood in the doorway. "I'm no Catholic, but I've seen a man die happier for having a priest by him. Now, sir, if you'll please to tell us a little more about it than I was able to hear while that uncivil fellow was interrupting, I'll see if I can't be there. I'd like to hear that sermon of yours."

The tide was turned. He had a respectful hearing as long as he chose to address them, and the majority promised to be at the Cathedral on the coming Sunday, for the opening of the mission.

As to the result of these painstaking efforts, Father Hewit adds: "I had a good opportunity to judge of its permanent fruits when two years afterward I returned there and went through the same quarters of the town where we had gone to drum up the people to the mission, in making a collection for the new congregation of St. Paul. Many of the poorest dwellings I found neat and orderly; the pious pictures blessed during the mission hanging upon the walls; the children clean and tidy; sometimes an old man sitting at the door reading the mission-book; the wives and mothers evidently cheerful and contented, the best sign that their husbands were sober and kind; the expressions of grateful remembrance of the mission, warm and frequent; the signs of moral improvement everywhere, and the church crowded on Sunday."

The missionaries then divided into two bands for the smaller parishes of the diocese. Father Walworth went to Macon, Columbus and Atlanta, he and his companion rejoining the other three at Charleston, where crowds gathered into the Cathedral to hear them. In a letter, December 31, 1856, to a Catholic paper in Charleston from a non-Catholic of Macon, it was said: "A number of Protestant gentlemen called upon Mr. Walworth yesterday, and urgently requested him to deliver one more sermon before his departure, which he consented to do this evening."

Thus the work of breaking down prejudice went ever on simultaneously with the gathering in of abandoned sinners. "In our judgment," wrote Father Elliott, in his Life of Father Hecker, "those men were a band of missionaries, the like of whom have not served the great cause among the English-speaking races these recent generations."

Meanwhile, Father Hecker had written two books, the "Questions of the Soul," and the "Aspirations of Nature," and Father Walworth had edited a prayer book in English, "The Mission Book," which was the one Father Hewitt saw in use at Savannah in 1858. Chancellor Walworth had received a letter from his elder son, dated June 20, 1853, in which he wrote: "I am now at New York, where I am come to superintend the publication of a book of prayer. This will keep me here some four or five weeks, if not longer. * * *. I was not able to see Eliza during her visit to Baltimore lately. Mr. Backus left a card at our house with his name and hers, but I was in the seminary giving a retreat to

the priests of the diocese, which kept me incessantly occupied during the whole day. I wrote him a note asking how long they would stay, but received answer that they were going the next morning. I would have visited them very gladly. I suppose mother told you all about the flying visit she made at Baltimore."

This was the stepmother, to whom he and his brother became much attached, and who afterward became a Catholic. But this conversion in the fireside circle did not take place till an entire page of birth and baptismal records of Catholic Walworths had been entered in a Sadlier's Douay Bible, the family record of which begins thus: "Mansfield T. Walworth, married to Ellen Hardin July 29th, 1852, by Rev. C. A. Walworth, C. S. S. R. at St. Peter's Church, Saratoga Springs, N. Y." A daughter of this marriage, a namesake and godchild of Father Walworth, christened Clara Teresa, was destined for the religious life. She entered the Order of the Sacred Heart, and in due time made her vows at the Kenwood novitiate near Albany, in the presence of her godfather and other relatives. The happiness and usefulness of this niece in her chosen vocation was in the coming years to be counted among the sunset joys of his life.

During his missionary career as Redemptorist and Paulist, in all about fifteen years, he occasionally visited Saratoga, but not often enough to suit his father's wishes. In one of his letters home, he thus excuses himself in a semi-humorous way:

MY DEAR FATHER — I must apologize for not answering immediately your very welcome letter. It found me, however, in the midst of a laborious retreat, which is just ended. I

not only know but feel that it is a long time since I have met friends so very dear to me as those who still cling about the old homestead, but you know something of my circumstances. You know how it is when a young man marries an old wife (mine is now eighteen centuries old, and far gone in her nineteenth.) It is hard to get out of leading strings. I have so much work on hand preparing for the fall campaign that I sometimes get discouraged thinking of it, especially when I consider the very little amount of intellectual steam I am able to turn on.

Father Walworth, as well as Father Baker, with his driving American energy, was already wearing away his strength more than he realized. "The average duration of a career of continuous missionary labor in Europe," wrote Father Hewit, "is only ten years." He was calling attention to the fact that Father Baker, a man of delicate temperament and unused in early life to hardships, had undergone eight years of this arduous work before he died. For many more years than that Father Walworth incessantly expended his energies in the same zealous way, but even his magnificent equipment of brain and muscle quivered at last under the long strain, and brain fever resulted. He, too, might have died, if the strong outreaching love of his equally energetic father had not sought him, enwrapped him so to speak when he was almost at the last gasp, and transplanted him to the invigorating air of far-famed Saratoga. There the precious invalid was slowly coaxed back into life and strength amid the comforts of a long-established home. After that he lived on to serve his native diocese of Albany as a parish priest, and his native State of New York as an outspoken, public-spirited citizen, even unto the

end of the nineteenth century. Thus he spent more than twice as many years as he had previously spent in the life of a missioner.

When his father went down to visit him in his illness, he found him at the original house of the Paulist Fathers in Fifty-ninth street. He lay in the rectory of what was then a raw, up-town New York parish. The region was indented here and there with neglected malarial pools. Its newly-opened streets were but partially graded and drained. They ended abruptly in a rocky, shantytown of squatters and goats. Close by were the unkempt southern confines of a newly planned park. Many laughed at its name, Central Park, for it was as far as it could well be from the center of the city. But these were reminded that, at least, it was in the middle of Manhattan Island. Now it is our turn to smile at the "pert criticisers" of those days, seeing how the city has outgrown its island. It takes but one short half-hour of our twentieth century to turn its 30,000 up-town children into this superb park for a glorious May-day frolic!

What were the Paulist Fathers trying to do a half century ago among those rocky suburbs? And how had they ceased to be Redemptorists? These questions, reasonable enough from those unfamiliar with our subject, may thus be briefly answered. They were trying, first of all, to do good, just as they had been all along in their priestly offices to mankind. They were also succeeding in their endeavors about as well as ever. They were laying the foundations of their magnificent temple of religion, since reared to the glory of God under the name of that prince of itinerant preachers, St. Paul the Apostle.

This task called out great and latent energies in George Deshon. Besides this they were all taking turns at missions in the English language, given with unabating fervor, in many States. At this apostolic labor Augustin Hewit, the "old iron-grey" of the missions, was often in the lead, with his Jonathan, Francis Baker, close by him. They were receiving converts all the while. These Paulists were also teaching the Catholics of America new ways in which the printing press could be used to spread the true faith. They were gathering zealous young disciples, American to the core. It was in these things above all that the genial heart of Isaac Hecker rejoiced. A tireless reader of men rather than books, a great lecturer and conversationalist, and at the same time a man of deep spiritual insight, he became the center of a constellation of bright minds. Among these, Tillottson, an accomplished child of the Hudson, who came to him by way of Newman's Oratory, Young the musician, and Searle, the astronomer, were, from their first appearance at St. Paul's, recognized as stars of the first magnitude. Light answered light intellectually, and fire kindled fire spiritually, till the world about them awoke to the fact that a new spiritual family had grown up among them. A new and unique influence was radiating abroad with increasing force from that plain little home-nest of the Paulist Fathers in Fifty-ninth street.

And what did Father Hecker hope to do with this new community? To convert the nation, neither more nor less, an enterprise truly American in its vastness. His associates were no less Ameri-

can in their conservative, law-abiding habits of life. All the strong national characteristics were from the first represented in force among them. All these early recruits were happy in having found the true faith, and anticipated greater happiness in spreading it.

How had the Paulist founders ceased to be Redemptorists? Here is the answer in a nutshell for chance readers. Others may secure fuller information from archives of the communities themselves. Our purpose plows not so deep. Father Hecker had started off to Rome in the summer of 1857 to convince the head of his order that a new house of English speaking Redemptorists was necessary in America. This was done with his innate impulsiveness and with truly American haste. When his "ship" was "on the sea" and his "bark" was "on the shore," so to speak, his generous brother promptly tossed him a purse full of gold. Father Hecker telegraphed at the last moment to Baltimore, where his Redemptorist comrades were giving a mission. These, if my memory serves rightly in reporting Father Walworth's verbal account of it, were the words of his telegram: "Provincial trembles, shall I go?" To friends familiar with his trend of thought and quick methods, these words were quite sufficient. In intervals between one mission exercise and another the three fathers, Walworth, Hewit and Deshon, put their heads together to read it over, and coincided in the opinion that the rule of St. Alphonsus permitted a direct appeal to their superior at Rome. Then in no less American haste they signed their names to an an-

swering telegram which consisted of the one word: "Go."

Father Hecker did go, at once. But there was no rapid transit at Rome in those days, as these Americans found out during several perplexing months that followed. The exceeding kindness of the Holy Father, nevertheless, and his paternal interest in every detail of their apostolic work, endeared him forever to their hearts. He, in his wisdom, found a way of uncoupling and switching off their particular car from the heavy, international through train of the Redemptorists, and allowing them to get up steam on their own account, whether individually or collectively, under the supervision of their American bishops. Many of these, in whose diocese they had labored, highly indorsed them, prominent among whom was James Roosevelt Bailey, afterwards Metropolitan of Baltimore. Besides, they found they had fast friends in Archbishop Hughes of New York, and in Cardinal Barnabo of the Propaganda at Rome. The decree that established the status of these five sacerdotal converts, so self-sacrificing in zeal, came to them after seven months of uncertainty. During that time the four in America, with unabated energy, gave missions under obedience to their immediate Redemptorist superiors, Father Walworth, meanwhile, as senior priest, leading the band. Fifteen "large and successful" missions are mentioned by Father Hewit as given during those months in the States of New Jersey, Delaware, Vermont and New York.* The

* For the names of the cities and parishes, see "Memoir of Rev. F. A. Baker," New York, Cath. Pub. Soc. Co., Ed. 1889, (Page 172).

decree so long expected was issued at last from a Roman Bureau, that of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. The words of this decree, translated from the Latin, are as follows:

Certain priests of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer in the United States of North America recently presented their most humble petition to our Most Holy Lord Pope, Pius IX, that in view of certain special reasons, he would grant that they might be withdrawn from the authority and jurisdiction of the Rector Major and be governed by a superior of their own, immediately subject to the Apostolic See, and according to the Rule approved by Benedict XIV, of holy memory. If, however, this should not be granted to them, they most humbly asked for dispensation from their vows in the said Congregation. After having carefully considered the matter, it appeared to His Holiness that a separation of this kind would be prejudicial to the unity of the Congregation and by no means accord with the Institute of St. Alphonsus, and therefore should not be permitted. Since, however, it was represented to His Holiness that the petitioners spare no labor in the prosecution of the holy missions, in the conversion of souls, and in the dissemination of Christian Doctrine, and are for this reason commended by many bishops, it seemed more expedient to His Holiness to withdraw them from the said Congregation, that they might apply themselves to the prosecution of the works of the sacred ministry under the direction of the local bishops. Wherefore His Holiness by the tenor of this decree, and by his Apostolic authority, does dispense from their simple vows and from that of permanence in the Congregation the said priests, viz.: Clarence Walworth, Augustine Hewit, George Deshon, and Francis Baker, together with the priest Isaac Hecker who has joined himself to their petition in respect to dispensation from the vows, and declares them to be dispensed and entirely released so that they no longer belong to the said Congregation. And His Holiness confidently trusts that under the direction and jurisdiction of the local bishops according to the prescription of the sacred Canons, the above mentioned priests will labor by work, example and word in the vineyard of the

Lord and give themselves with alacrity to the eternal salvation of souls, and promote with all their power the sanctification of their neighbors.

Given at Rome, in the office of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, the 6th day of March, 1858.

[L. S.] G. CARDINAL della GENGA, *Prefect.*
A. Archbishop of Philippi, *Secretary.*

The Paulists and Redemptorists have always been on friendly terms, as Father Hewit, when superior, officially stated.

Father Hecker, whilst in Rome, talked with the Holy Father about a name for the new congregation that might be started in America by the priests named in the above decree. He mentioned St. Paul, it seems, as a patron they would be glad to have, according at least to a current account of the conversation. Then Pope Pius IX told him of an order of preachers at Rome under that patronage which was already formed. Their church is near the scene of the saint's martyrdom and they are dedicated in honor of that event to *San Paoli Decapita,* St. Paul Beheaded! "Perhaps," suggested he, "the American fathers would like to join them." "Oh, no," exclaimed Father Hecker hastily, "that name, Holy Father, would never do in America! We must have St. Paul with his head on!"

"Bravo!" said the Pope, much entertained with his impulsiveness. "Have him with his head on if you prefer. You will be entirely free to settle such matters among yourselves, subject only to your own bishops. Begin your work, *figlio mio,* you have my blessing."

Thereupon Father Hecker proceeded to America, and soon became Superior of the Congregation of

St. Paul the Apostle, in the State of New York, presiding for many years thereafter over the community in Fifty-ninth street.

His activities there have attracted the attention of religious minds in two continents. Public comment on defective translations from a biography that unfolds his individual "inner life" in a masterful way promptly called forth Pope Leo's luminous letter on "Americanism." The writer of these lines read aloud to Father Walworth leisurely in the evenings, first that memorable biography of Isaac Hecker as it appeared from time to time in the pages of the *Catholic World,* and later the Pope's letter. The former was of very great interest to him. It was a never to be forgotten treat, also, to his amanuensis to have, *viva voce,* his running commentary on it. The latter gave him intense delight. *"Lumen de Cœlo!"* he exclaimed several times, in strong, sweet accents, during the reading of the Pope's words. Sentence after sentence was reread and marked, as for future use. That Encyclical was, indeed, a touching proof of the great love of Leo XIII for America.

Father Walworth's most frequent comment as he listened month after month to the many extracts from his old friend's journal was: "That's Hecker's Hecker!" Now and then, as the reading of the text proceeded, he said emphatically: "That's Elliott's Hecker!" He keenly relished Oliver Wendell Holmes' idea of six persons* being

* When the hungry boarder heard the "Autocrat" explain that in "John" there are "Thomas's John, John's John and the real John," he appropriated three peaches, saying: "Here, then, is just one apiece for me." None were left for Thomas or the Autocrat.

present whenever two are conversing, not forgetting the hungry boarder's application of it as to the peaches. These brief remarks of his intimated an opinion that "the real Hecker," in all his proportions, is yet to be shown when a fuller record shall be published of his many good deeds. Let us hope, as he did, for a sequel to the biography which will give us more in detail the multiform activities of this typical and therefore practical American. Then all America may read of him, not only as seer, author and preacher, but as founder, provider, attendant upon the sick, publisher, editor, lecturer and actual governor, as well as marvelous persuader, of men. "By their fruits ye shall know them," beyond all possibility of misunderstanding.

Father Walworth and Father Hecker together once enjoyed a lengthy conversation with Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was at Cambridge, whither they had gone for the purpose of preaching a mission. Father Walworth said afterward that Mr. Holmes made him think of his own description of "Little Boston" as he sat swinging his finger at them whilst he chatted with them. Later he had occasion to send Mr. Holmes two of his books as they appeared and received a gratifying letter each time in response. These were his volume of poems, "Andiatoracte," and the "Gentle Skeptic." He wrote the last-mentioned book while he was a Paulist, though he had gathered the geological material for it earlier, in company with his scientific friend, James Hall, who was for fifty years Geologist of the State of New York. At the time of his trip to Boston, Father Walworth was full of his subject,

which dealt with the foundation proofs of Christianity, and the so-called contradictions between the Bible and new science. In his "Gentle Skeptic," the author assumed the character of a country justice, with a theological bent, by the name of John Bird (this was a *nom de plume* he often used afterward in newspapers). From that point of view he discussed in his work science and religion, with a depth of thought and scope that was fully twenty-five years in advance of the popular mind as to the relations of those two subjects. No wonder that a man like Oliver Wendell Holmes listened with interest to what he had to say, as is shown by this letter:

To Rev. Clarence A. Walworth,
21 Charles st.
Boston, May 25th, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR — I have delayed thanking you for your kindness in sending me "The Gentle Skeptic" only because I did not know your address.

I have read a good deal of it, and without professing to be convinced, I own that the pleasant temper in which it is written at least secures it a fair hearing. I have a great deal to learn, I doubt not, about Catholicism, and as, even in my view your church has been the ark in which Christianity and civilization have preserved and still preserve many of their most precious treasures, I consider it a privilege to have made the acquaintance of yourself and your brother in service, Father Hecker. Please remember me to him and say to him how much I enjoyed the talks we had together, and how much edification I get from some of his short discourses, in the volume he was good enough to send me.

Believe me, my dear Sir,
Yours with great respect,
O. W. HOLMES.

Professor Agassiz, the naturalist, on one occasion spent the greater part of a morning with Father Walworth showing him the ethnological museum he was gathering, and learned from him St. Augustine's theory of the creation. He was surprised to hear that so early a writer had opposed the literal interpretation which ascribed it to six days exactly of a calendar week. Father Walworth was satisfied that Agassiz was no atheist or agnostic, but, on the contrary, held a firm belief in the Creator, and a reverent one. His studies had led him into a theory peculiar to himself, however, that conflicted with the unity of mankind as descended from one original Adam, and this became a stumbling block in the way of his faith in revelation.

What has been said recently of Father Hecker, in these lines from a New York daily, applies no less to Father Walworth: "He burned with the most intense desire to tell his countrymen that the Catholic Church gives them a flight to God a thousand times more direct than they ever dreamed of. They think the authority of the church will cramp their limbs. He was eager to explain to them that it sets them free, clears the mind of doubt, intensifies conviction into instinctive certitude and quickens the intellectual faculties into an activity whose force is unknown among those who are always inquiring for and never gaining the truth."

Like Father Hecker, too, he had a strong and abiding friendship for the great convert philosopher, Orestes Brownson. The last theological writings of Father Walworth were essays on "The Philosophy of the Supernatural," and whilst preparing them, Dr. Brownson's essay on that same subject was, at

his request, read to him several times. He considered it the choicest and ripest fruit of a powerful brain. Once Dr. Brownson asked him to criticise an article just composed that he read to him. Father Walworth, throwing his head back thoughtfully, did so. Then he looked at the doctor to find him tearing his manuscript into shreds. Without a word he tossed it into the waste-paper basket.

"Why, Dr. Brownson," said the other, "I am ashamed of you for such an exhibition of temper! You have destroyed a very fine thing, a paper that it has taken a vast deal of thought to prepare."

"I never could *bear criticism,*" said the doctor, vehemently. Then, after a moment's pause, he took up the fragments with the penitent simplicity of a child: "I cannot put these together. I will go write it all over again." And so he did, reading it once more to his merciless critic. Father Walworth would not allow him even the satisfaction of considering it as good as the first one. "It is valuable, Doctor, and should be printed in your quarterly. But in the rewriting you have lost some of its life and snap. I regret very much that you destroyed the original draft. Next time I shall know better how to take you."

"I was a fool," said the Doctor, "say no more about it. I ought to have known better."

This frank readiness to admit himself in the wrong was referred to by his friend as one of the fine traits in a noble character.

Small pictures of Orestes Brownson, of John Henry Newman and of T. Romeyn Beck, of the Albany Academy, hung in Father Walworth's room. When on his deathbed his thoughts were dwelling

with these honored friends, and their names, uttered with difficulty, yet tenderly, lingered on his lips. Dearly he loved them.

His correspondence with his friend, Isaac Hecker, largely about literary matters connected with Catholic publications, continued till the death of the latter, which occurred December 22, 1888. The second superior of the Paulists, another dear friend of his and a distant cousin, was Father Hewit, with whom he had been through thrilling scenes in the draft riots of 1863. Once when these two were in the street trying to quell the excitement, Father Hewit was clubbed to unconsciousness. His companion got him into a vacant house and obtained a doctor. It was sometime before they could leave it and, meanwhile, the two in charge of the patient witnessed some effective work by the city police force. Finally the mob was dispersed and a way opened for their return to Saint Paul's rectory. Seldom did Father Walworth, in his later years, go to New York city without spending some considerable portion of his time with members of the Fifty-ninth street community. After Father Hewit's death he received some details of his illness from Father Deshon, who, in his last letter, penned this brief but soldierly comment: "Like the old Roman he was he made no complaint." Father Deshon was soon called upon to take up the burdens of Father Hewit's office. On becoming the third superior of the Congregation of Saint Paul he wrote a letter to Father Walworth which shows both the strength of their friendship and the holiness that was its bond. These two reasons seem to warrant its publication here. The writer of these sketches was privileged

to open it and read it to the recipient, who had become too blind to decipher it himself, as he had likewise been to pen the one that called it forth. Such words passing between two such patriarchs, when first they stood apart as the only surviving founders of the original Paulist community, throw light on the motives of many and go to make up history.

Church of St. Paul the Apostle,
Paulist Fathers.
415 West Fifty-ninth St.,
New York, September 12, 1897.

Dear Father Walworth — Your letter came very opportunely and gave me much satisfaction. The election of Superior was of course a trying time. I really did not wish for the office but I was told by others whose judgment I valued, that I was the only possibility and in that point of view, I desired to be elected. If I had not been, I feel sure that I should not have grieved, but been thankful that in Divine Providence I had been released from responsibility.

As you say, we have not long to stay here and we should not only acquiesce but be glad to be disposed of as God wishes.

He is the judge of what is best for us. No matter what trouble and anxieties my other faculties have given me, God has hitherto kept my will firm, and in spite of shortcomings and deficiencies, I have but one object in view and that is God's will. I can honestly say with Job, "Though He slay me, I will trust Him." This is my disposition but I feel the need of grace every minute.

Be assured, my dear Father Walworth, that I love you very much, and we will pray for each other constantly and frequently. Every time we think of one another, it will be a lifting up of our souls to God for our spiritual welfare.

I think everything about this election has tended to an increase of love and harmony in our community.

Affectionately in Xt.,
GEORGE DESHON,
C. S. P.

A sermon suited to war times in New York city has been chosen to append to this chapter. It throws light on the development of Father Walworth's character through multiform activities of a priestly life, in the heart of the nineteenth century. It has thoughts, too, for our own time and points to a "star on a policeman's coat."

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

(*A Sermon Preached after the New York Riots.*)

Let every soul be subject to the powers above him; for there is no power but from God, and those that be are ordained of God." Rom. xiii, 1.

We have just passed, my dearest brethren, through a fearful crisis; such a one as, from time to time but, thank God, at rare intervals, arises to startle whole communities into a sense of imminent danger, as if some earthquake had burst under foot and threatened a common destruction to all. Nothing, so we are told by travelers, nothing can equal the terror impressed on the mind by the first experience of an earthquake. We are accustomed from early childhood to confide in the stability of the earth on which we tread. The water and the air we know to be unstable elements, but we trust the solid earth, and once our feet are planted on her strong rocky breast, we feel secure. It only needs the experience of an earthquake to destroy this faith. When one suddenly feels the earth rising and sinking and swaying to and fro beneath his feet, when he can no longer trust the very ground on which he stands, the illusion of a whole life is dissipated. All faith in the stability of nature vanishes, as if God had recalled the laws of his creation and the world were crumbling back again into chaos.

A shock like this has been felt among us. We always knew that there are places where life and property are not secure in the lonely road, on the wide prairie, in the dense forest, where the arm of the law cannot reach us to shield us. But that robbery and murder should prevail in the streets of this city of New York, in the open daylight, and at a thousand points at once, unresisted and seemingly irresistible — to feel

that any one who hated us, might come to burn our houses over our heads with impunity, or beat us to death upon the pavement,— this was something new and startling. We have always trusted in the law to protect us. The law was like a firm rock under our feet and on that we stood secure. But here was a power that rose above the law, a subterranean monster that struggled up from the caverns of the earth into the daylight, and setting its strong shoulders against the pillars of the law strove to bring down the whole fabric of society into ruins. We have seen the law powerless for a time before a triumphant mob, a passionate, unprincipled, reckless, merciless mob. It has been our first experience; may God spare us a second!

If the office of a preacher is a Divine one; if he speaks in the name of God; if he would not waste his words where they are not needed, but speak with a high and holy purpose, and to a practical end, giving meat, as the Psalmist says, of the providence of God, in due season "*in tempore opportuno;*" then is there no time like this, no fitter time, to speak of that obedience which every citizen owes to the laws of his country.

IT IS NECESSARY TO OBEY THE LAW. BOTH REASON AND RELIGION TEACH IT.

1. REASON TEACHES IT. A mingled party of Herodians and Pharisees came once to our Lord to consult him upon a disputed question. They said to him: "*Master, we know that Thou art a true speaker, and teachest the way of God in truth; neither carest thou for any man, for thou dost not regard the person of men. Tell us, therefore, what dost thou think? Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not?*" Our Lord in his answer makes a plain appeal to reason and common sense. "*Show me the tribute money,*" said He. Let me see the current coin with the government stamp. "*Whose image and inscription is this?*" In whose hands are the reins of government? To whom does it belong to make the laws? "*They say to him: Caesar's.*" Caesar is our ruler and lawmaker. Well! then "*Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.*"* If Caesar is your

* St. Matt. xxii. 16–22.

prince and lawgiver, then obey him and submit to his laws, and pay in your tribute for the support of his government. What is the meaning of any government, human or divine, unless they are to be obeyed?

Yes, my dear Brethren, reason teaches us to obey the law, for all we have on earth we owe to the protection of the laws, life, liberty, property, honor, and our freedom to worship God.

You owe your life to the protection of the laws. A man hates you with all the bitterness of his heart. He would plunge a dagger into your bosom if he dared. Why does he not? Perhaps he is stronger than you, or if not he might strike you unawares. Perhaps he has more friends to back his quarrel than you have. And yet you do not apprehend any danger. Why not? Because you know your enemy is afraid to attack you. What is he afraid of? Not of you. No; he is afraid of a little silver star on a policeman's coat. That star is the eye of the law which watches over you, to protect you and follows your footsteps, wherever you go. That eye is on your adversary also, and he is afraid of it. It says to him: "*He that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.*" Only strip that star from the policeman's breast, only tear out that leaf on which the law against murder is written, only let a successful mob rise and trample down the authority which wrote the law and armed the police — and your life is at the mercy of the first ruffian that assails it.

You owe your liberty to the protection of the law. You happen to be a Catholic, but the majority of your neighbors are not. Some of them are contented to follow their own light, and leave you to follow yours. But all are not so liberal. There are some who hate the sight of your church, and would be glad to see it in ruins. The sound of our bells in their ears are enough to make them howl. Why do they not gather and come in here to interrupt our worship, break down our altar and drive us home? The law protects us. There is about us this morning something which we cannot see, but which makes its presence felt; a mysterious influence shed around us which our enemies fear, and which makes our hearts secure. It is the shadow of a great eagle's wing outspread above us. It is the majesty of the law. Under the

protection of that mighty wing we worship God without fear. To the law, then, we owe liberty of conscience. Our enemies respect it, and shall not we respect it, too? To the law you owe the security of your property. The city is full of thieves, at least of those who will steal when they dare. No feeling of honor, or conscience, or religion restrains them from bursting into your house to plunder and pillage. Your wife and children are but a feeble guard when you are away, and even at night when you are home, you are as helpless as the rest, for your eyes are locked in sleep. Is there nothing there you value, nothing that it would grieve you to lose? How then can you sleep so securely! Are you not afraid to close your eyes, for fear you may awake again to find your drawers broken open, your money, your tools, your furniture gone, your house, perhaps, wrapped in flames? No; you are not afraid, for you know that you are protected. Your doors are barricaded, but not with stakes or stones; your windows are barred but not with iron. It is fear of the law that guards your house. While the majesty of the law is respected, so long your property is secure.

What do you not owe to the protection of the laws? Your honor, your reputation, the honor of your wives and daughters, are only secure against ruffians, because the law of your country protects you. And will you not honor the law? Or do you wish that the law shall restrain the passions of other men, and not yours also. Oh! beware how you teach men to resist the law! That arm of the government which you seek to paralyze by violence and revolt is the only security you have in the enjoyment of all your dearest rights. Do not rouse the passions of the people! There is cupidity enough and hatred enough and lust enough and folly enough in a mob to reach your home as well as others, to set fire to your roof and wash your floors with blood. There is a slumbering tiger in every community. If you have anything to lose, or anything to love, do not help to unchain him.

"*Show me the tribute money*" said the Lord. "*Whose image and inscription is this?*" What is it I see on this governmental coin? A liberty head, and an eagle. Ah! yes; my liberty, and all my safety, I owe to that eagle. While she hovers overhead, I sleep secure, and commit confidingly all I love to the shelter of her wings. While she holds those

wings extended in the pride of her power, liberty triumphs; when they droop, tyranny prevails; when she falls, then comes anarchy, misery and the abomination of desolation. Liberty! what is liberty? Is it the freedom of passion and disorder, the reign of the individual will and brute force? No, God forbid! It is the triumph of order, obedience and law. It is the submission of individual interests to the common good of all. It is protection afforded to the gentle and the feeble by restraints placed upon the brutal and the powerful. Liberty is the child of law and order. The true patrons of tyranny are those assassins who assail my liberty, by railing against the majesty of the law by which my rights are protected.

2. IT IS NECESSARY TO OBEY THE LAW, BECAUSE SUCH IS THE WILL OF GOD. In the ancient Hebrew code, God commanded that those who would not submit to the decree of the Judge of Israel should be put to death. Deut. xvii. 12. If resistance to the law were not a great sin, surely God would not have prescribed so severe a punishment for it. It would be cruel to visit a light offense with death. But in the New Testament the Christian Doctrine on this point is set forth in the clearest and most explicit terms. The law of obedience to civil authorities is laid down as a religious principle. The reason for it is given. The penalty is declared against the transgressor. And the quibbling reasons which rioters are wont to assign for their violence, and more cowardly transgressors for their evasions of the law, are anticipated and refuted. "*Let every soul be subject to the higher powers*," says the Apostle Paul. With what an emphasis this comes from the lips of the great apostle. Of all men, perhaps, in the Roman Empire, he had the least protection from the authorities of the government. His country was held as a tributary province. His religion was proscribed by law. His life was forfeited to the State for the offense of being a Christian. But he would not pervert the truth for any such considerations as these. He had a mission to speak in the name of God, and God's truth must be declared in its simplicity. "*Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.*" It is then a Divine law or precept. God commands it, and the good Christian, therefore, must obey the voice of God, by obeying the laws of his country.

The apostle, however, does not leave the matter here. There is a profound philosophy behind the precept, and he goes on to explain it to us. It does not need any revelation to teach us the religious necessity of obedience. There is an inherent reason in the very nature of the government. "*There is no power*," the Apostle tells us, "*but from God, and those that be are ordained of God.*" Rom. xiii. 1. In other words, there is no lawful government but such as derive their authority from God. All authority, wherever it exists, whether in the family, or the State, or in the Church, derives its sanction from God alone. The child is bound to obey its parent, only because God wills it, because that parent has authority from God. His right to command, and the child's duty to obey, are both derived from Heaven. It is natural law, you say. Ay, but what is natural law, but God's law? The authority of civil governments is derived from the same high source. It is nothing else than Divine authority committed to the agency of men. "*By me*," says Divine Wisdom, "*Kings reign; by me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice.*" Prov. viii. 15. There is no reason under Heaven, why I am bound to obey any law, either in the family, or in the State, or in the Church except that the right to command is given by God. "*For there is no power but from God*," says the Apostle, "*and those that be are ordained of God.*" No matter, therefore, whether the seat of authority is determined by popular election or by hereditary descent, its source is always from God. The magistrates in the civil government stand upon the same footing as the Priests in the Church; "*for they are the ministers of God, serving unto this purpose.*" A miserable Christian is he that will not obey the laws of his country.

I know what is the common argument used against rioters. You expose yourself to great danger, they tell you. You cannot succeed in the end. The force of the government is too strong. Your violence will recoil upon your own head. You will be shot down in the streets in the conflict; or, at least, afterward you will be dragged before the magistrates, and all you will gain by your resistance to the laws will be a death of shame, or a lonely cell in the prison.

These arguments are very good in their way, and in any other place than this I might use them too. But here,

standing in this church, and before God's altar, I feel called upon to take higher ground. It is not merely as a matter of policy and expediency, or for fear of getting into trouble, that we are bound to respect the laws. It is a solemn matter of conscience. "*Wherefore,*"— I borrow once more the language of St. Paul —"*wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but for conscience.*"

"I will not submit to this law," says the angry rioter, "and woe to them that try to enforce it! I will oppose it with all my power, and if they are able to put me down, why then I will bear the penalty." You will bear the penalty! And you know what the penalty is — the whole penalty? It is not merely confinement in the state prison. It is confinement in hell. It is not merely to expose yourself to the fire of a platoon of soldiers. There is danger of hell-fire. You need not take my word for it; I will give you the Apostle's: "*Therefore, he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation.*" Ah! then there is more to fear than the outraged government of your country. There is more to fear than a police force, or a company of soldiers, or a jury, or a judge, or a prison, or a gallows. The rioter must meet the indignation of an angry God. Oh! yes, there is a majesty in the Law. What is it? It is the majesty of God.

I do not know, my Brethren, how far the guilt of this late riot extends. I do not know how many, if any, of those before me are implicated in it. I thank God I do not recognize any. I am glad to believe that the most of you feel the same horror that I feel at the remembrance of these scenes of violence, these prostrate victims calling in vain for mercy, these burning houses, these shelterless orphans. It was an awful week. What mother but waited in terror until her boy came home at night! What wife but trembled at every knock on the door, for fear it might be a husband brought home in bloody garments! How many that dared not sleep at night! How many that awoke in the morning only to recommence a day of terrors! But let it pass, and God grant that the fearful reality may never come again! I am glad I say to believe — and I think I read it in your sad but confiding faces — that the most of you are innocent in this matter. But if there be any guilty ones here, oh! hang your heads

with shame! What have you done? Dishonored your names as citizens and as Christians. You have outraged the majesty of that law which protects you. You have risen in revolt against the government that shelters you. You have helped, perhaps, to shed innocent blood. You have dishonored the flag of your country. You have dishonored your faith, and your baptism. You have brought shame upon the cross that surmounts this altar where you worship, and that is carved on the headstones where your forefathers lie buried. Do penance then for the wrong you have done, for the violence you have encouraged, for the evil you have meditated. And let the sad memory of what is past remain in your minds as a salutary lesson for the future. And should these evil days return again — as I pray to God that they may not — should these disturbances be unhappily renewed; or if at any other time in years to come, should the standard of riot and revolt be upreared in our streets, then let us be found, my Brethren, with every citizen who loves his country and every Catholic who loves his faith, nobly rallying to resist the mob and to uphold the majesty of the Law.

IX.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH CONVERTS.

A Letter on the Trinity—Hecker, Newman, Hewit.

Father Walworth received many converts into the Catholic Church, and many received by others ascribed to him their conversion. One in the long list of his converts was Miss Martha Wallace of Pittsburg, Pa. For his relatives a special interest is attached to this conversion, from the fact that her sister afterwards married Father Walworth's nephew, Mr. Mansfield Davison. Miss Susan Davison wrote, in 1905, the following words to her paternal uncle, Charles, himself a recent convert to the Catholic Church (and chiefly through the same influence that moved so long ago the soul of Miss Davison's "Aunt Mattie"):

"Her name was Martha Wallace and she was converted by Uncle Clarence in Pittsburg, when he gave his mission with Father Hecker. Mother says she does not remember the exact year, but it was in the fifties. She died in 1859, having joined the Catholic Church a few years before. My aunt took the name Eulalia when she was baptised."

Some of his converts became zealous apostles of the faith. Most of them persevered and rejoiced at the sight of him. A few fell away. Several whom he won were married clergymen, who had to face the trying problem of finding a new means of livelihood for their families. In this last class

was a fellow student and Tractarian, one of those who wrote to him just as he was starting abroad for the novitiate. His heart prompted this clergyman to visit the friend of by-gone days during the time of a mission at Utica, N. Y. This was his greeting from the convert and missioner:

"Well, Whitcher, don't let us dodge the one great matter of which we are both thinking. Why are you not a Catholic long before this?"

"Sure enough," was the response, "that is the great question, and I don't know how to answer it."

"Ten long years of your life have passed away," said Father Walworth, "and still here you are looking one way and rowing the other. How can you do it? How can your conscience bear it?"

A little more urging and this subdued soul, from which much early life and fire had departed, promised to resign his charge of a church at Whitesboro and put himself shortly in the hands of Father McFarland, pastor of St. John's, Utica, for further instruction. This priest, who soon received Mr. Whitcher into the church, became afterwards the Bishop of Hartford, in Connecticut.

Many years later Father Walworth could still be found at the same apostolic task of gathering in converts whenever and wherever hungry souls came about him. And how many such there are! He was usually a very quiet but alert fisher of men, whether sitting on the bank or standing in the stream. It was an interesting surprise one day to his niece to find how at his tongue's end was the ancient and honorable science of angling, as he conversed in a railway train with a gentleman just starting for the Adirondacks with rod and reel. The

latter was delighted to find so responsive a companion for his journey. When Father Walworth took some of his last walks in Washington Park, Albany, he was too blind to read and too feeble to go far without resting on a bench. There he would sit on sunny afternoons fingering his rosary. After his eyes began to fail he was accustomed to say "fifteen decades" daily, by privilege from Rome secured for him by Bishop Wadhams, instead of reading the office from the breviary. Often some man, a convalescent or traveler, would sit down and talk to him. More than one convert was instructed by him for the sacraments in that peaceful park, under the great willows, as they rested together on a bench. It became a trysting place of his and theirs for that purpose.

The painstaking way in which he was willing to labor for a human soul not yet of the fold may well be shown here by some pages of correspondence. Following the four letters that group themselves about his own on the Trinity, given below, are a few others from his fellow converts of the priesthood. His correspondence with Father Hecker, in its refreshing and hearty *abandon,* is strongly characteristic of him and of their later intercourse, dealing much with his contributions to the Paulist publications. Part of the subject matter of this very Letter on the Trinity has already appeared in the *Catholic World* as far back as December, 1885, in an article entitled "The Trinity in Simple English." A perusal of the entire original letter will, we think, give an added interest to that article as well as to his later meditative poems, *"Gradus ad Trinitatem,"* showing how thought grows to maturity like a flower.

The letter, too, from Newman, printed in Father Walworth's final series of Reminiscences, will bear re-reading here, as coming from that master mind among English speaking converts to his reverent disciple. Finally, some last treasured lines from Father Hewit will complete our little packet of converts' letters.

From A. to Rev. Clarence Walworth, New York City.

O———, Vt., Feb. 21, 1864.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER — A friend of mine, Miss X,* has asked me to recommend a priest to her, that she may correspond with him about Catholic doctrines. She is quite a talented and cultivated woman; has been struggling with herself for years. She has corresponded with Bishop Hopkins of Burlington, Vt. The doctrine of the Trinity prevented her becoming an Episcopalian. I am sure she desires earnestly to be at peace with God. You already perceive that with your permission, I wish to recommend yourself. I know with all your cares, it would be a great *bother*. Your kind patience towards my griefs (for which you have my best thanks) gives me courage to ask so great a favor. Being an American and a Convert, I feel sure you will understand her needs. If you are so generous as to consent, please send me your proper address, which I cannot find. Hoping to be sometimes remembered in your prayers, especially before the altar, I am,

Your obedient child in Christ.

A.

From X. to the Same.

O———, Vt., March 4, 1864.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR.— Grateful for the very kind permission to address you, tendered through A., I will endeavor to narrow the present correspondence to a single but paramount consideration, The Trinity.

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* This letter X. stands for a name the author of these sketches does not feel at liberty to insert, without further information or full permission.

Many years a sad seeker for religious Truth, feeling deepest need of the external aid of a church to "keep me to heights which the soul is competent to gain," I have believed myself hopelessly debarred admission into any Trinitarian Church from the nature and *invincible* obstinacy of my ideas of the Trinity — ideas derived in childhood from a *literal* interpretation of the Scriptures — strengthened by years into (I believe) unchangeable conviction — ideas which I have always regarded as Unitarian; although, only in the works of E. H. Sears, Uni Divine, have I found a perfect exposition of them, and he is claimed by Trinitarians. Conversations with various Protestant Trinitarians, clergy and laity, have only the more hopelessly perplexed, from the want of harmony in their views or explanations, some regarding myself as Uni, others as Trinitarian.

In this embarrassment, I begged A to direct me to the wisest Catholic she knew, that such a one might decide whether my views could be sanctioned by a Trinitarian Church, as this must precede any serious consideration of Catholicism. Although intimate relations with several Romanists, an examination of their doctrines, and above all the purity of their lives, the loftiness of their aspirations and the depth of their Faith, have not only softened early prejudices, but have engendered a profound conviction that a corrupt Church could not bring forth such fruits of exceeding Charity, Humility, Holiness.

Conceiving that the present purpose will be better subserved by an attempted exposition of my own ideas than by the wisest instructions of yourself, you will kindly pardon a summing.

The Catholic creed I unreservedly but literally accept. I believe in one God, The Father, and in Jesus Christ, His only begotten Son — wholly *divine* by virtue of His sonship, as man born of humanity is human — as *distinct from* the Father as any human father and son, though *one* in essence and spirit far more intimately than is possible to humanity. *Equal* to the Father by a delegated power, the Father having committed all things into His hands; but that when he shall have subdued all things under Him, He also shall be subject to the Father. When or how in the remote eternities He was begotten, or how for our redemption He became man, I do

not seek to know. The love I bear the blessed Saviour is so wholly distinct from that exercised towards the Almighty Father, that to believe in their *absolute* oneness, would be an infinite bereavement, would be to take my Lord away.

The words, "God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost," are to my heart and my understanding utterly unintelligible (not to say absurd) and surely there are mysteries enough without receiving absurdities.

My conceptions of the Holy Spirit do not materially differ from those commonly received.

The words "Very God of Very God" would make that sublime prayer, "Father forgive them," utterly meaningless as if addressed to Himself.

With renewed thanks for your kindness, and entreaties that I may not be allowed to trouble you, and that you will consult your leisure in answering. Very respectfully,

X.

Please address as before A, O———, Vt.

LETTER ON THE TRINITY.

Rev. Clarence Walworth to X.

New York, March 11, 1864.

DEAR FRIEND — Returning to-day home after a week's absence, I find your letter upon my table, and hasten to answer it. I thank you for the confidence which you have put in me, although a stranger; for, although but an exposition of the state of your mind in regard to a single point, it is still a confidence,— and I feel that I am better acquainted with you after that short letter than with some others after a dozen interviews. I said in my reply to A's letter, that I wished first of all to know your exact standpoint. So far as the Trinity is concerned, you have given it to me as precisely, I suppose, as the same number of words could possibly give it; with at the same time an idea of the character of your intelligence which justifies me in going more deeply into this question than I had anticipated. The difficulty in your mind is a philosophical one, and although possibly you may not have studied philosophy, I feel confident that you will be able to comprehend a philosophical exposition of the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, at least when stripped of merely con-

ventional and technical terms. You certainly are not a Unitarian in any sense in which I would not have you so. You are a Trinitarian, that is to say, you believe enough to carry with it the entire Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, although at the same time, for want of a full analysis of your own thought, you state certain propositions which are contrary both to your own thought and to the Catholic doctrine.

To understand the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity, it is simply necessary to understand distinctly the difference between the words "*Essence*" (or its equivalent "substance") and "*Person*," or (to use a term which for intelligent minds is more accurate) "Subsistence." To understand the Scripture language upon this question, it is only necessary to bear in mind that our Lord Jesus Christ combines in his one single personality two different and distinct natures: that He is really God and really man, and capable of speaking in either character, while (through the defect simply of *our language* and the *feeble grasp of our intelligence*) no words which He could employ fairly represent Him *in both characters at once.* I will leave you, for the present at least, to make what use you may of this second suggestion; confining myself to an exposition of "Catholic philosophy" on this subject. The *Catholic doctrine or dogma* any catechism will give you. You will find the following exposition, but at far greater length, in a Sermon of Father Lacordaire's in his *Conferences a Notre Dame,* entitled "*La vie intime de Dieu,*" and also in different numbers of *Brownson's Review,* in particular, the No's for April, 1862, and July, 1863. Lacordaire is, however, much clearer and more easily intelligible. I have made extracts from both in a scrap-book of mine, which fortunately makes this present task quite easy. Please, dear young Lady, before reading farther, remember that we are speaking of a high and holy mystery, which we Christians, we Catholic Christians at least, receive upon simple faith on the strength of a divine revelation transmitted to us from the incarnate Son of God Himself, through that ancient and holy Church, which He Himself established. A mystery it must remain in spite of all my explanations. How can it be otherwise than a mystery, since there is question here of the intimate life of the eternal and unfathomable God? All I shall attempt to do is, to explain away all *seeming contradiction* to your

reason, for I acknowledge that your reason is to you a Divine gift, and it would be an attack upon the sacred rights in which you were created to ask you to believe what reason really and evidently *contradicts*. We Catholic priests are great dogmatizers I acknowledge, for we believe in holding rigidly to the ancient faith; we believe our reason to be limited, but we have no idea of abdicating it, and I should be sorry to see you abdicate yours. Happy shall I be, if I can lead your heart to embrace the true idea of God in Trinity, with permission of your reason! The steps by which I would propose to conduct your mind, not to the demonstration, nor even just now to any external proofs of the Trinity, but to an intelligent conception of our doctrine — these steps, I say, are three. 1. That the intimate life of God is necessarily a life of *interior relations*. 2. These relations are naturally *neither more nor less than three*. 3. These interior relations although *distinct in respect to each other* are all equally infinite, etc., and constitute one only Divine life. If, without appealing to Revelation, I am able to make this apparent, you will find your reason prepared for the revealed doctrine of the Trinity and a few words more will make the meaning of Sacred Scripture apparent also.

In this, we agree, do we not, that there is but one God. But by this we do not mean to say that God is unity, and *nothing else*. Simple unity, or unity without contents or interior relations, is a mere abstract idea. But God is no abstraction. He is not a being in the abstract, for that is no real being at all; but He is a real, living and, therefore, concrete Being, not indeed made up of parts, but yet consisting of interior relations. Abstract oneness, or a naked and empty unity, can never be the equivalent of God in a mind which believes in a real and living God. When the Unitarian says one, he still asks, *one what?* The answer is one God which implies even with him something more than unity. It implies unity with certain real and necessary contents which constitute a living or actual being. God is not a mere creature or theorem of the human mind, but one living and true God, existing in and of Himself prior to every created mind, whether human or angelic.

To be sure, God is one in a manner in which no other being is one. When, for instance, I say *one man*, the man I

speak of is a unit which supposes other units or other beings that I may call one in the same sense. God, however, is not one in the same sense of one out of a number. He is not a numeral but a supernumeral unit. His is an universal, all-embracing, all-sufficing unity. He is that One in whom "All things live and move and have being." This, however, must not lead us to the idea of God as a pantheistic abstraction or generalization wrought out of our own minds. He is a real, living, complete, independent and self-sufficing, as well as infinite and universal Being, including in himself intrinsically the principle of unity and that of multiplicity, of identity and diversity. For these principles are manifest in creation; but how could they exist in the creation, which is a faint image of God, except they existed primarily in the great Archetype? *If God were simply one and nothing more, an unity without interior relations, he would, therefore, be without life.*

The same supposition would destroy also the idea of Divine beauty. What is beauty but the result of order, and how can order exist without multiplicity? Where order reigns, its rule is between two or more terms, and it constitutes the relation of these to each other. Now infinite beauty is certainly an attribute of God. But where is it seated? Not in creation, for God was beautiful before creation had beginning, and the beauty of creation is but a faint, shadowy copy of his own infinite loveliness. The Divine beauty, therefore, must be sought for in the intimate life of God, that is, in the interior and necessary relations which subsist in his own being. The infinite order and harmony of these relations constitute that infinite beauty. Try to fix this in your mind, dear young Lady, that God is a concrete and not an abstract being — a Being that consists necessarily of interior and constituent relations, His unity constituted or made up of these relations. For my part, I cannot otherwise conceive of God as a living being. Can you?

If you have understood me thus far, then let me advance another step, but cautiously, for I fear you will find what is to come still deeper and more difficult; but the difficulty is not yet in the obscurity of the subject so much as in the concentration of thought which is required. I have just said that to find these necessary interior relations which consti-

tute the Divine unity, we must search for them in the intimate or interior life of God. *But the life of God consists essentially in His activity.* What is all life but activity? And the life of God, what but infinite activity? To say that God lives is to say that He acts. But action supposes movement, and movement supposes an aim or end, a goal, a term to which the living being aspires. Why do I move? It is *to do something.* To do is the motive of my action, and something done is the term, or result, or product of my activity. Productiveness is thus an essential and constituent quality of activity, and production is its final term. So then we are brought to this: A living being is necessarily an active being, and an active being is necessarily a productive being, and a productive being supposes the bringing forth of something which is the product of his activity. *Fertility or fecundity is thus a necessary law of life,* and it must be an attribute of God as a living being, or a necessity of his Divine life.

But this necessity in God is not satisfied by the creation of the world, nor can any creation satisfy it. Indeed no sound theologian holds that God was or can be under any necessity to create. And even if he were, no created things could ever be sufficient to satisfy this law of fecundity which we have seen to be an attribute of God, and, *therefore, infinite,* For the law of activity is that a being must produce in the proportion of its activity, and the life or activity of God being infinite, the result of that activity must be the production of something also infinite like itself. True, we can conceive of a production inferior to the being from which it emanates, but this will be accessory and incidental and not the principal act of life. Every being tends to produce in the plenitude of its faculties, because its tendency is to live the plenitude of its own life, and it attains to this natural term of its ambition only by producing out of the activity of its own life something equal to itself. *The life or activity, therefore, of a being is measured by its fecundity, and so must it be with God.*

It is so in man. The principle of fecundity or paternity in man is twofold, man being of a twofold nature, animal and spiritual. This first is satisfied by the production of natural born children like himself, and equal to himself. But as a spiritual being composed of intellect and will, the life of

man requires a higher and nobler generation to correspond to its activity. He must give birth to aspirations, and generate thoughts; these constitute his life as a spiritual being. These conceptions of his mind, and aspirations of his heart or will, are at once the productions of his soul and constitute its natural life. If those men who follow the lower instincts of their nature to the neglect — the comparative neglect at least — of the nobler instincts of the soul, if these men are necessarily miserable and unhappy, what does this prove except what I have already said, that every being tends to produce in the plenitude of its faculties, and that in every being the fullness of its life is measured by its fecundity. It would not be difficult to show how this law of fecundity, this law by which a being must reproduce of its own kind, extends to all creatures of every rank and order, even to inorganic things which possess a certain innate force of drawing and aggregating to themselves foreign substances to which they communicate their own vital energy. Life, activity, fecundity — these are characteristics of every created thing; are they not characteristics of the Creator? If the power to reproduce itself is a perfection in the creature, shall we not look for a corresponding perfection in the Creator, who is also the Archetype of all things? Is God alone childless? In other words, setting aside all thought of creation, and referring to God alone as he exists in Himself, as he existed before any creature came into being, is there not to be found in that very divine life itself the necessary and essential relationship of parent and child? Is not God in the truest sense of the word a *Father*, and in the like sense a *Son*, comprising or comprehending these two relationships — this one relationship, I should say — within the single circle of his own infinite life? If philosophy itself without Revelation indicates (and I think it does) a Divine sonship like this, then that Son must partake in all its fullness of the Divine life of the Father, and be what the Nicene Creed says of Him, "the *only* begotten Son of God," that is, Son in such a sense as we are not and no created thing can be, "born of the Father before all worlds," that is, eternal like the Father, being a constituent and necessary element of the godhead itself, "God of God — light of light — true God of true God — begotten, not made — *consubstantial* with the Father," or to use the expression of the Apostle

Paul, "the express image of his substance." If the Son of God, however, were "*equal to the Father*," as you say in your declaration of faith, "*by a delegated power*" only, and not by virture of his own inherent and eternal divinity, this would not give to the Deity even what philosophy requires, a concrete unity, an unity composed of interior relations, a truly interior life, a life of activity, and, therefore, as I have endeavored to show, of infinite and eternal fecundity. Neither — pardon me the digression — would it at all correspond to the language of Holy Scripture, in particular, the first chapter of the Hebrews where, although some of the expressions can only apply to our Lord after his incarnation, when already clothed in his human character (e. g. verse 9) yet He is also distinctly spoken of as the maker of the world, the heir of all things, the splendor of God's glory, the figure, character or express image of His substance, upholding all things by the word of his power, and superior to the Angels, not only in this that He is called Son, but because to that Son alone could be said: "Thy throne, *O God*, is for ever and ever."

I understand very well that I have not met your chief difficulty yet, although, as I trust, I have paved the way to it. Patience, dear young Lady, have patience in the starlight, by the grace of God we may yet see the morning break. Let us now return to our philosophy, and to those interior relations which, as we have seen, constitute the true unity, the essential life of God as a concrete and not an abstract being.

God, I have said, is inconceivable as living being, unless we conceive of Him as acting. To live is to act. God cannot be actual unless He acts, for without acting, He can be conceived only as potential, or as an inert, idle being, an unoccupied intelligence with a capacity to act. To conceive of Him so is to conceive of Him as existing prior to action, a slumbering deity, which could only find lodgment in the brain of a materialist. All action in God must be eternal and infinite. In Him is infinite and eternal power to act, in infinite and eternal exercise. To be eternally and infinitely living is to be eternally and infinitely acting, is to be all act. And, therefore, philosophers and theologians term God, in scholastic language, "most pure act." In other words, His interior or intimate life is not made up of a succession of acts (which would be to live in time); His whole life is but one

infinite and eternal act (which is to live in eternity). Let us now reverently endeavor to scrutinize this life-act of God. We may glean from it something to throw light upon the Trinity, for in truth that act *is* the Trinity.

God being spirit, His interior life consists in the eternal and infinite activity of His *intelligence and His will*, or (what in God is the same thing) His infinite self-consciousness and self-adhesion; and it is in these that we must seek for those interior relations which constitute His real, living and therefore concrete unity. Now, the intelligence to be actual must *express itself*, at least interiorly; and to be infinite it must have an infinite expression, and the same is to be said of the will. In God these two faculities, or life powers, are perfectly commensurate, equal and simultaneous, each infinite and each eternal, only that in logical *order* the intelligence is prior. In finite man, the priority of order supposes a priority of time. We first look and then love. Not so in the divinity, where all is infinite. Between the intelligence and the will of God there can be no priority of action in point of time; but still the logical precedence of order exists. It is in the eternal contemplation of His own goodness and beauty that His infinite will is eternally kindled into love. Therefore, in contemplating and studying the being of God in its interior relations, we commence naturally and logically with His intelligence. What follows I give you in the beautiful and expressive language of Father Lacordaire:

"God being a spirit, His first act, therefore, is to think. But His thought is not multiplex and successive like ours, born only to die, and dying to be born again. Ours is multiplex, because being finite we are not able to represent the objects presented to our intelligence except one by one. Our thought is perishable, because our ideas pressing one after the other, the second dethrones the first, and the third drives out the second. On the contrary in God, whose activity is infinite, the mind begets all at once a thought equal to itself, as vast as itself, one which represents it entirely; and there is no need of a second, because the first has exhausted all that can be known, that is to say, the abyss of the infinite. That one, absolute thought, first born and last born of the mind of God, remains eternally in His presence as an exact repre-

sentation of Himself, or to use the language of Holy Scripture, as His image, '*the splendor of his glory, and the express image of his substance.*' It is His Word, His interior word, as our thought is also our word inwardly spoken, or spoken to ourselves. But there is this difference: God's word is a perfect word which says all that can be said in one utterance, which is eternally spoken without repetition. This is the word to which St. John refers, when he opens thus his sublime gospel: '*In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.*' Does not the morning begin to break now, dear young Lady? Can you not catch a faint glimpse of those interior relations which constitute the true unity, that wondrous infinite movement which constitutes the true life of God? But we are not yet at the end of our journey. Let me quote a little further.

"In the same way that in man his thought is distinct from his mind without being separated from it, so in God, His thought or intimate Word is distinct without being separated from the divine mind which engenders it. The Word is *consubstantial* to the Father, according to the expression of the Council of Nice which is only the energetic expression of the truth. But here, as elsewhere, there is between God and man a great difference. In man his thought is distinct from his mind with an imperfect distinction, because it is finite, and has no subsistence of its own; in God, however, His thought is distinct from His mind with a perfect distinction, because it is infinite." That is to say, it goes so far as to assume a distinct subsistence, a personality, although never separating from the Divine essence, never quitting the circle of the Divine life, but resting eternally in the bosom of the eternal Father in the unity of the same godhead. "The mystery of unity in plurality never accomplishes itself in our intelligence, and this is the reason why we cannot live in ourselves and of ourselves alone. We seek outside of ourselves for the aliment of our lives. We must go abroad for our society, and seek there a thought which is not ourself, but only akin to us. But with God, it is otherwise. In Him plurality is as absolute as unity, and, therefore, His life is passed entirely within Himself in the ineffable interlocution of divine person with divine person, of the unborn Father with His eternally

begotten Son. God thinks, and in that thought He sees Himself as in another, but as in another who is so near to Him as to be only one substance with Himself. In contemplating His own thought, beholding His own image, listening to His own Word, He can say in the ecstasy of the first and most real of all paternities that word which David heard: '*Thou art my Son, to-day I have begotten thee.*' To-day! in this day which has no past, no present, no future; in this day which is the indivisible duration of changeless being, which is eternity."

But thus far we have contemplated only the divine *intelligence* and left untouched the divine *will.* The action of the divine will, however, is necessary to complete the divine life. And in considering this we shall see arise in the field of our vision another august form if I may so name it, the adorable third Person of the Holy Ghost. Let us listen once more to Father Lacordaire. There is a charm in his language that relieves the labor of the mind: "The generation of the Son is not the only divine act" (or rather, not the whole of that one great infinite act which constitutes the life of God.) "It does not consummate His fecundity, nor complete His felicity. No, for not even in ourselves is the generation of thought the term where our life stops. When we have thought, a second act is produced; we love. Thought in us is a look of the soul which draws its object within the soul; love, on the other hand, is a movement which draws us out of ourselves toward that object to unite ourselves to it, and it to us, thus accomplishing fully the mystery of relations, that is, the mystery of unity in plurality. Here is plurality; for love is at the same time distinct from the mind, and distinct from the thought. Here is unity too; for while it proceeds from one and the other, it is after all the same thing essentially with both. It proceeds from the mind of which it is the act, *and from the thought without which the mind would not see the object which it should love;* and yet it remains one with both thought and mind in the same life-circle, where we still find all three, ever distinct and ever inseparable."

It is the same thing in God, with that difference only which exists between the finite and the infinite.

"From that coeternal, mutual regard which is interchanged

between the Father and the Son, there is born a third term of relation, proceeding from both, really distinct from both, and elevated by virtue of its infinity even to a personality, and which is the Holy Ghost, that is to say the holy movement, the measureless and spotless movement of divine love. Thus, as in God the principle of intelligence is exhausted (that is, fulfilled or satisfied) by the generation of the Son, so love is exhausted in the production of the Holy Ghost, and by Him is completed the cycle of fecundity (productive activity) in the divine life."

What have we gained then, my dear young friend, by this philosophical analysis? We have found a Trinity or three necessary terms of relationship in the Divine life, all three belonging to it essentially, that is *consubstantial* with it, by the very necessity of its constitution as a concrete, active, productive, infinitely intelligent and moral life. I do not profess to have demonstrated *the Christian Trinity* by philosophical argument alone; but receiving by faith, as you and I do, the New Testament revelation, and finding there the account of a wondrous Person descending from Heaven to clothe Himself with humanity, who styles Himself the *Son of God*, and arrogates the incommunicable powers of divinity; who speaks nevertheless of another person, distinct from Himself in some respect, and yet after all one with Him, *the Father;* who tells us still of a third Person distinct from the Father and from Himself, because sent by one and both, and yet whose very name "*Holy Ghost,*" shows him to us as divine; who unites together the authority of all three in the great commission given to the Apostles (Matt. 28) — I say, when by faith we accept this account, then philosophy which is nothing else but the necessary law of human reason requires us to subscribe to the Catholic creed: "*I believe in God the Father Almighty — and in Jesus Christ His only Son, true God of true God, consubstantial with the Father; and in the Holy Ghost the Lord and life-giver;*" all three distinct from each other only in the interior pulsation of the divine life, but one with each other in the solidarity of the same divine and indivisible essence.

Pardon me, dear young Lady, for not taking up your difficulties in the same way in which you present them. It seemed

to me that your real difficulty was simply a philosophical one, and that if I could show you how God, although simple and indivisible in substance, is nevertheless multiplex or complex in the infinite movement of his interior life, that then your difficulty would disappear of itself. At all events I have made the experiment, and shall wait for your answer to see how I have succeeded. Do not become weary of the mental application which my argument requires, and yet read quietly and without anxiety. Time and repetition will make, I trust, all that seems at first difficult or obscure to become clear, for I am confident there is nothing in what I have written that an intelligent mind like yours cannot grasp. Or, if it should be necessary, I will endeavor at another time to approach this subject on a different side. In the meantime, I will pray earnestly that God may give you the grace to know Him with a clear unclouded faith, as He really is and has revealed Himself to us in His holy church, a sacred family of three Persons in the unity of one divine life.

With the most sincere respect and interest,

Yours truly,

CLARENCE WALWORTH.

MISS X——:

P. S.— The labor which I have bestowed upon this letter has given it some additional interest and value in my eyes, and I would be glad to retain a copy, but am absolutely unable to copy it engrossed as my time is. May I request that you will return it when you have done with it, or, if you think it worth the trouble, will send me a copy?

The original letter was eventually returned, and was used in preparing the article on the Trinity which appeared in course of time in *The Catholic World.*

X — to Rev. C. A. Walworth

W——, VT., *Apr.* 7th.

REV. & DEAR SIR — Your very kind letter having been retained by A to copy, you will pardon this tardiness in acknowledging and returning the same.

Its contents are so faithfully transcribed to memory, so cordially, gratefully and unconditionally accepted by mind and heart, that I have hardly need to retain a copy *for myself* and A's will suffice for reference to a dear friend, similarly benighted.

Admitting that the original manuscript has for me a pleasant value beyond any copy, I return it the more cheerfully in the hope that this "corruptible" manuscript may sometime put on "incorruptible" letter-press; so supplying in its clearness, conciseness and reasonableness a great desideratum to many an earnest, sorrowful seeker of the Truth.

The superior insight of my needs, coupled with the great precision of thought and felicity of expression, lifted me at once into your own thought, and sustained me there until conviction was rendered doubly sure. Just when I found my mind perplexed in the argument, came your kindly "Patience" — and the very moment I had said to myself "Light — Light" came the inquiry, "Is not the night breaking?"

From thankful joy in the assurance "You believe enough to carry with it the entire Catholic doctrine of the Trinity," I rose to the unconditional acceptance of "God in the Trinity with permission of my *reason*."

Nor am I conscious of any essential modification of my views; only, by a gracious providence you have revealed me more clearly to myself and have, I believe, forever "laid" some unquiet doubts, and strengthened into convictions many vague half-analyzed impressions.

For all this I am deeply grateful! I esteem it a Divine providence that I was finally directed to one so generous to labor for my good,— so wise and humble and patient to teach.

Doubtless many of my perplexities have arisen in the ignorance of many of the Protestant laity and clergy of the real doctrine of the Trinity, demanding of me the acceptance of such contradictions and absurdities as were not only disheartening but — well — exasperating, an outrage to reason and common sense.

Our Episcopal Bishop, to whom I once presented myself for confirmation, pronounced my views Unitarian, although quite willing to receive me into the Church.

I could not find it right to recite a Trini creed with Uni sentiments. In the journey so auspiciously commenced, I may again and again come to my Spiritual Guide, before the Goal is reached, with his kind permission — (of which, I am sure, I am already possessed.)

With supplications for your prayers and renewed assurances of the most grateful consideration,

Very respectfully,

X.

P. S.— Should a generous interest prompt to further communications, you will still please to address under cover to A.

Rev. A. Regnier, S. J., to the Same.

St. Joseph's Church,
Troy, *July* 21, 1866.

Dear Rev. Sir — The lady convert whom you were pleased to send to me came yesterday. She was introduced by one of the Sisters of St. Joseph, who had traveled with her from Saratoga. I have attended to this interesting and indeed most consoling case with great care and to the best of my ability. And thanks to your valuable information and excellent recommendations, I fondly hope to have been instrumental in realizing your kind and earnest wishes for the spiritual welfare of the good Lady. She arrived here at about 10 o'clock A. M., and half an hour after, she had gone through her confession. This first step, as might be expected, cost her a great deal. She was on the point of fainting when about to enter the Confessional, but she was quite relieved when this was over, and indeed appeared perfectly happy ever since. She made her abjuration and was baptised conditionally at 6 o'clock in the evening in the presence of a Lady friend who stood for her, and of two Sisters of St. Joseph, and also of two other ladies who happened to be in the church at the time. She went through the long ceremonies of the baptism of adults with remarkable fortitude, with the simplicity of a child, and with all the piety and fervor of primitive Christians. Finally I hear that she received Holy Communion this morning, at 6 o'clock in the Chapel of the Sisters. I send you all these details, for I know they will be as consoling to you as they were edifying to those who witnessed them here.

I was out this morning and could not see the lady before she left. She had kindly asked of me a card with my name on it. Would you be so kind as to forward the enclosed little picture to her? I have not her exact address and I cannot otherwise very well do it.

With many thanks for the pleasure which this occasion and your kind confidence have afforded me, I remain, dear Rev. Sir,

Most truly yours in Xt.,

A. REGNIER, S. J.

From Rev. E. Wadhams, to Rev. C. Walworth, Albany, N. Y.

ROME, ITALY, *Dec.* 22, 1865.

MY DEAR WALWORTH — Many, many years ago, I received letters from you written from Holland and England,* and still remember how I envied you because you were in Europe. Now I am at Rome, Italy, and about to address you a letter, not for the purpose of causing you to wish to be in my place or with me even; but to perform a duty that I ought to have done long ago, and one that will give me quite as much pleasure and even more, perhaps, than it will yourself.

Since I sailed from America, no day has passed in which you, Father Ludden and all connected with the house have not been in my mind, and always in my prayers.

The excitement attending the packing of my trunk and all the speeches you made me are remembered, and still I have not written to you, and that neglect I feel even more than I can tell, now that I make the first essay. Hereafter, I will have more patience with the remissness of travelers.

I am in Rome, and assisted at a solemn Pontifical Mass to-day at the Church of Santa Maria Cosmidene, on the occasion of the funeral of Cardinal Chaccio. The Mass was at 10 o'clock. The Holy Father and a large number of Cardinals were in attendance, the Holy Father assisting at the Mass and giving absolution at the end.

Our party had a place not more than ten feet from the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where the Pope knelt for sometime after entering the Church; so that I had a most ex-

* For those letters see "Reminiscences of Edgar P. Wadhams," by Rev. C. A. Walworth; Benziger Bros. 1893.

cellent view of him, and a still better one when he was seated on a temporary throne near the brilliant chapel in which the body of the deceased Cardinal lay. The pictures of the Pope which we have are very correct likenesses of him. His countenance is heavenly, his step firm and his voice as musical as ever. The Pope's Choir was in attendance, giving me an opportunity to hear the music of the "Dies Irae" and "Offertory" which is so remarkable and which pleases me more than I can tell.

In the afternoon, Father Everett and I took a walk along the Corso to the Piazza del Populo, passing the walls of Rome through what was the old Flaminian Gate, and then we went through the high grounds belonging to the Borghese Family and obtained our first view of the Dome of St. Peter's distant fully one mile and a half. We gazed a long time, as it stood the only object, save the walls of Rome and tall cypress trees in the foreground, between us and the blue Italian sky. I left Father Everett and looked and wondered.

Saturday.— The hours of to-day between 11 o'clock A. M. and 4 P. M. have been spent in and around St. Peter's. I have heard you say that you did not like the colonnade in front of it. I do not believe you would say so if you saw it, for no view that I have ever seen of it conveys an idea to the mind of the extent of space or ground it incloses. The front elevation of the Church would appear to greater advantage if the Vatican palace did not tower over it so much and crowd so near; that is all that may be said in the way of criticism.

Mr. Hooker, the American Banker, gave a musical party in the evening. The attendance was very large, chiefly Americans, and a delightful time we had of it.

Sunday.— Celebrated Mass at the Church of St. Charles Borromeo. *To-morrow* I go to the American College at 5:30 o'clock to celebrate my Masses; and I desire you especially to tell Mr. Morange that I shall do here, as I always did at home, viz.: offer my first Mass for *Him* and his family; and do not forget to remember me in the kindest terms to them all.

We dine with Dr. Chatard also to-morrow, after assisting at the Pope's Mass in St. Peter's at 10 o'clock.

And now, dear Walworth, I must close my very imperfect letter. Please remember me kindly to the Bishop and all

members of the House, to the Prestons, Austins, O'Callaghans, Traceys, Mr. Curtin and Connick and all friends. My address is in care of Messrs. "Mackey, Pakenham & Hooker," Bankers, Rome. * * * Pray for me and believe me.

Ever sincerely your friend,

E. P. WADHAMS.

From Father Hecker, to the Same.

NEW YORK, *April* 23, 1866.

DEAR FATHER WALWORTH — How comes on your "Tract?" The first one is out. The second, my own, will be out in a day or two. Several others are under way.

The tracts will be sold less than cost, and for the same price anywhere in the country. It is essentially a missionary enterprise. The support of it will come mainly from the income from memberships. At the same time, it will require a *general fund* to make up any deficit. I have been engaged since Easter in getting up this *general fund.* As the interest is equal everywhere, the same as in N. Y., I hope the same effort will be made everywhere as here. I have subscriptions to the amount, up to the present, of $9,500. My subscribers are divided into three classes: — 1st, Apostles, of which I have now 11 — 2nd, Disciples, of which there are 7— 3rd, Faithful, of which there are 18. The first are down for $500 — 2nd, $250 — 3rd, $100. In the latter are Abps. and priests mostly. There are others of smaller amounts.

The sympathy and co-operation and appreciation of the work has surprised me, and made my task light. Many of the 1st class men do not hesitate to say that it is the greatest undertaking started in the Church in this country.

The Abp. of Balt. will have it up before the Plenary Council in October. For the first time, I saw the other day, that in the council of /52 there was a decree made in favor of such an enterprise. He proposes now that every Bishop should appoint a clergyman to act as its agent in their dioceses, and take up its interests. I enclose his tract.

You will perceive that about 400 words make a page. Allowance should be made for heading and at the end. Your tract of 4pp. or 8pp. should be made accordingly.

We are well. Spencer and Dwyer are both here as novices;

and are both doing well. Hewit teaches Bodfish and Spencer theology & philosophy, & Young teaches Dwyer Latin. In July we take into the house, the students from Seton Hall. With Augustine Brady, this will make a band of six.

I will send you more tracts — as they appear.

Write me early about your own — and how many you will write — *I depend on your pen for many* — I think it is your gift. Faithfully yours,

I. T. HECKER.

From Father Hecker to the Same.

May 30, 1866.

Dear Father Walworth — I enclose two letters. One is I think from Dr. Newman, Hewit having just rec'd one in the same hand in thanks for F. Baker's life [i. e. the "Memoirs"].

Your subscriptions are on hand. How are they intended? As one year subscribers? Or shall we send to that amount of tracts now out? It is impossible to send each tract as it appears, since the postage would amount to more than the tracts or in any case be too expensive.

My intention is to make the book-stores in each place the Depot for Tracts — until the Bishops appoint an agent.

All this will be arranged in the Plenary Council in October next, when the subject will be brought up. Till then *patienza!* I will send you yours as you wish and direct.

The other letter enclosed — perhaps, is for you. If not — send it to Ballyhack — or the P. O. either!

Your tract is on hand, and read by me twice, parts more times. It is a snorter, and will make feathers fly!!! I am for publishing it, but not by the Tract Society. It is too big a cannon for us to fire in our infantile state. It would knock us over after it had gone off.

What I propose is to put it in the hands of the Temperance folks, and let them pub. & circulate. It will be more extensively circulated, and they will do it with *animo*. What say you? I will see that it is done.

Your pen is the one for Tracts. In the start every one is polarized, and looking out to find something to pitch into. Give us a couple of such as you know are needed as things now are.

No. 4 has been delayed for a wood-cut, and will be out to-day or to-morrow. No. 6 is in hands of the printers.

All are well. I am rejoiced and again rejoiced at Mrs. Walworth's conversion.* Faithfully yours,

I. T. HECKER.

Father Walworth had occasional letters from Father Hecker as well as frequent visits up to the time of the latter's death, which occurred December 22, 1888. As soon as he received, at Albany, the news of that sad event he went to New York and attended the burial of this beloved comrade of his long missionary career.

The following letter from Newman, enclosed with the above, seems to belong here, the original still resting in the same "folds" with Father Hecker's own, its companion in the mail from New York to Albany. Appleton had issued "*The Gentle Skeptic.*"

From John Henry Newman, to the Same.

THE ORATORY BM., *May* 16, 1866.

MY DEAR FR. WALWORTH — Though I have left your kind present of your volume so long unacknowledged, you must not suppose it to have been any want of gratitude to you, or any want of interest in its contents. It treats of one of the main religious difficulties of the day, and is a noble attempt to meet our needs — and you deserve the thanks of all Catholics for making it.

Then, why have I not written to you about it sooner? The reason has been that I am too much perplexed with your

* This convert was Sarah Ellen, second wife of Hon. Reuben H. Walworth. She was baptised at the Albany Cathedral, her sponsor being Rev. Theodore Noethen, Pastor of Holy Cross Church, Albany. When she returned to Saratoga and told her husband with some hesitation of her change of faith, he continued to look at his newspaper, saying curtly: "Well, well!" Then she added: "Now I will need a pew in St. Peter's Church." "Well, well!" said he, "get it;" adding after a pause,—"come to me for the price of it." Then he went on with his reading. She was a faithful Catholic till death. When too feeble to attend St. Peter's she had, in her widowhood, the privilege of Mass in her home, Father Walworth being the celebrant.

subject to be able to say anything upon it which will be worth saying, and I did not like to write without saying something. My perplexity arises out of the continually shifting condition of physical discoveries, and the indeterminateness of what is Catholic truth as regards their subject-matter, and what is not, in a province in which the Church has not laid down any definitions of faith. None but an infallible authority can separate Apostolical tradition from hereditary beliefs, and till this is done, we must be at sea how to think and how to speak.

You have opened the subject well and boldly — and, while a writer so acts, and submits all he says to the judgment of the Catholic Church, his writings *must* tend to edification. But I am much interested to get information as to the *matter of fact*, whether your volume has been taken up, whether it has made a disturbance, whether it has elicited any other works on the subject. You are more outspoken in America than we are here. I do not know enough of the state of science and the teaching of divines to know whether what you have said may be safely said — but, if I held it ever so much, I should not dare to say it,— first in consequence of the scandal that it would (needlessly) give here,— and next because I should be involved in a controversy, for which I have neither time nor relish nor strength.

A letter like this is a poor return for your kindness — but it will be enough, I think, to show why I have delayed my acknowledgments to you, on an occasion when you would naturally be desirous to receive as many criticisms upon your work as possible.

I am, my dear Father Walworth, most sincerely yours,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

A Last Letter from Father Hewit to the Same.

Church of St. Paul, the Apostle.
Paulist Fathers,
415 West Fifty-ninth Street,
NEW YORK, *Sept.* 3, 1894.

DEAR FATHER WALWORTH — A letter is one of those things which for a long time past has been such an unwilling task that I have made that a pretext for shirking it as much as possible. It would be very ungrateful, however, for me to

omit acknowledging your letter and expressing my thanks for it. The sequel to "The White City" will appear in November.

I am going back to Washington next week because I can do more good there than here, and not be any more uncomfortable.* We are about to found a new house in San Francisco.

I admire your fortitude and cheerfulness, and rejoice in all the good work you are still able to do. I send my kindest regards to your niece, and remain,

Your devoted brother in J. C.,
A. F. HEWIT.

Night Message, Western Union Telegraph Co.

NEW YORK, *July* 4, 1897.

To Rev. C. A. Walworth,

St. Mary's Church, Albany.

I announce death of Father Hewit at 9 o'clock to-night.
GEORGE DESHON.

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* Thus slightingly does he refer to his increasing and acute suffering from an incurable malady.

X.

PASTOR OF HIS FLOCK.

Thirty-four Years at St. Mary's, Albany — Notes of Sermons — A Poem on the Mass — Tribute of a Former Curate.

Little ones of Father Walworth's flock have grown up to manhood and womanhood, looking ever with loving reverence to their good pastor, and why not? He baptised them, instructed them, absolved them; broke to them the bread of angels and of God's Holy Word; gathered them into sodalities as "a hen gathereth her chickens;" laughed with them on the wedding day; sorrowed with them at the bedside of loved ones. The generation who "thus walked through his heart," month after month and year after year do not know him nor often think of him as hitherto shown in these sketches. Speak of him as the Tractarian, the Redemptorist or the Paulist — "Oh, yes;" they might say, "Father said something about that;" or, "Grandma remembers one of his mission sermons." But then they go on in praise of St. Mary's, the brick and stone church he built on the site of the first Catholic place of worship in Albany. It was only the second in the whole State of New York aside from transient Indian mission chapels of bark, on the banks of the Mohawk river and Onondaga lake.

"I love every stone in St. Mary's," wrote sweet Mary Cassidy, the daughter of Ambrose, a fair flower

of the parish, and truest of apostles there and in her home: intellectual, beautiful, loving and beloved. She was just then tearing herself away from dearest heart-ties to follow in the cloister at Kenwood the call of a Spouse who had said: "Every one that had left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands for My name's sake shall receive a hundred-fold." Her great-aunt, who was once chosen among the beauties of Albany to lead the dance with General Lafayette, could not have been more beautiful than she to look upon. In Mary's eyes, however, no heroes found favor but those of the spiritual combat. When she had finished her novitiate these words of the Psalmist came from her lips, as a winsome smile played there and she gave a quick upward glance of her happy eyes: *"One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."* Afterward, when the pastor lay dying, he heard that this darling of his flock was also suffering and near to death. They were able to pray for each other during long hours of pain, and so, united in spirit, they entered the Eternal Fold. Who dare say its inclosure is so opaque as to hide from them those of us who loved them, and especially when we talk of them near the old church door.

"Father Walworth used to say that we, each of us, own bricks in St. Mary's," declared a pious loiterer by its belfry tower. St. Gabriel, on its peak, was blowing his bronze trumpet to windward as usual, whilst fleecy cloudlets drifted across the sky. "And it is the honest truth; my father had a large family, but he put in enough money when it was building to buy us each at least one of them. It was hard

times, too, after that Civil War. But he said we would never be the poorer for it, nor have we."

"Is it old St. Mary's you're looking for?" says another, to a hesitating traveler, as he stands where four churches cluster. "You are at the very spot, and in good time. It is open in the afternoon from 5 o'clock till the Angelus rings. Come right in. You'll see the largest altar in the United States, with Saint Michael standing on the top of the arch. And there are more angels than you can count, besides. They are all around the inside! You knew the old pastor? Yes, he could preach, and none better. That light from the stained windows is fine, as you say, on the altar. But you should see it by electric light, when they are singing the *Tantum Ergo,* and on a bright morning. He planned it himself, with all that wood carving, gilded balls and nuts, roses for Rosa Mystica, and a circle in front for God Everlasting. The large crucifix on the dome of the tabernacle can be easily seen from the last pew back, and is the center of all, as it should be. Perhaps he was thinking of pine trees in a grove when he set those two clumps of columns to hold the great altar arch. St. Michael's foot, as you see, is on the gilded keystone block. That arch was made in four pieces, two in front and two behind, to make it thick and massive. He wanted strong lights and heavy shadows, he said. When those four pieces lay on the floor ready to be hoisted in place they reached all the way down the middle isle, from the sanctuary to the front door. The pastor was built on a large scale himself, and so was the altar."

"That's true," chimed in a member of the Altar

Society. "It takes seven yards of linen to make an altar cloth for it, and not every one can iron them as they should be. But that seems little enough to do when we look at the white embroidered edge of that deep scallop, done by hand, along the whole seven yards." "It was a Child of Mary who did that," spoke up a companion. "It was the same one who has given away so many little coats with capes to them for school children. I have heard that the family at home help her to sew on them. They have a pet name for her. She is called Peggy, the Boss. Happy are the people she bosses, for she never thinks of herself!" Such are snatches of the conversation one hears around the doorway of St. Mary's in coming and going.

On a second Sunday of the month exclamations like these were uttered: "Two hundred young men, with ribbons around their necks to hold a medal of the Blessed Virgin, and all marching up devoutly to communion! That's a sight that does one's heart good! How those young men sing! 'Lead, kindly light,' in chorus, with the sort of modulation they give to it, is fine. They seem to sing Faber's 'Sweet Sacrament' with their whole souls. But when, at the end, they chanted Father Walworth's translation of the '*Te Deum,*' that was the best of all! It was slow, majestic and yet full of energy. They must have been singing a long time together."

"Yes, the good pastor and his devoted assistants have been for a number of years working up that sodality. Faithful to communion and faithful at rehearsals! Plenty of *esprit de corps!*" Father Walworth never let go his hold either on them or

the choir or the Children of Mary. These last he formed to the custom of singing hymns daily at Mass in March and May, as well as on their communion Sundays. Every once in a while he had some hymn reprinted for them on slips, or he composed or translated one, consulting his organist for suitable music. People come from many parts of the city to hear the young men of the sodality when they sing vespers the Sunday following December the 8th, and again for the *Stabat Mater* in Holy Week. It was not his way to give ice cream and social entertainments, but they all knew right well he loved the singing, and he had a method of his own by which to keep them at it, for the glory of God. The Temperance Guild, also, had their special *Hymns, for Meeting and Parting;* those who heard his altar boys at their best in the *Dies Iræ* of the Requiem, and their plaintive chants between the Lenten Way of the Cross, or their glad Christmas and Easter carols, will feel their hearts thrill again at the recollection. If an altar boy failed to appear at the weekday Masses when appointed, he found next Sunday before High Mass that his pretty red cassock was in the pastor's library, and a personal interview in order before he could hope to don it again. "It is not the whole duty of an altar boy to show himself before his papa and mamma at a High Mass," he would say, and enough, besides, to bring the boy out in all kinds of weather. The writer once said to a former Saratoga pastor: "Your altar boys sing the same words between the Stations of the Cross that are used at St. Mary's in Albany." "That's where we learned them," said he, "I was down there to confession not long since

and staid over night in the city. I was surprised when I went to St. Mary's to see the crowd of people at 'the Stations' and how attentive they were. I watched the service carefully and decided your uncle had a capital way of conducting it. So I imitate his method as well as I can in a smaller parish. The people are carried along with the spirited responses and singing, and those short and beautiful meditations of St. Liguori. They forget how many times they are bending their knees, and that is saying a good deal for the old folks, of whom I am one."

The military Mass, that was so novel and impressive at St. Mary's in 1886, and which will be referred to later on, is not an uncommon service now on suitable occasions in the Albany diocese. Thus in ever-widening circles, the influence of individual effort goes on, and the good works of a good priest bear fruit unto edification. Father Walworth thought his own people were the best God ever made. "Why look at that Vincent de Paul man, he has been doing good, quietly, like an angel, for years," the pastor would say, "and when I look at that great Rosary Society, I wonder at the number of good, holy people even saints, right here in Albany."

Father Walworth was pastor of St. Mary's from 1866 to 1900. This was his second pastoral charge, St. Peter's, Troy, being the first. His rectorship of the Albany Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception lasted only during the absence in Europe of its permanent rector, Rev. Edgar P. Wadhams, his dear friend and fellow-convert. At St. Peter's parish, in Troy, he had worked hard, though not long, both organizing parochial activities and reforming

a horde of laborers in iron, attracted to that fast growing city by its newly-equipped foundries. He had been kept busy there by souls that were in peril from ignorance of their religion, and the machinations of secret societies. He had found a great lack of school opportunities in Troy which he remedied for his own parishioners by selecting a young Normal school graduate, who was still in the teens but bright and well trained, whom he set over other teachers, to open and manage a parish school. A very useful souvenir of this first pastorate was a chronometer watch, which he wore as long as his eyes were strong enough to read its face. A picture of St. Peter's Church is traced on the inside of the cover, and its inner gold case bears the following inscription: "Presented by the Congregation of St. Peter's Church, Troy, N. Y., to their beloved Pastor, Rev. C. A. Walworth, March 31, 1861."

With the breaking out of the Civil War came many changes. It was about that time Father Walworth, with renewed strength, returned to the life of a missioner among the Paulists. In New York he found regiments starting for the scenes of battle whom he would gladly have served as chaplain. Archbishop Hughes accorded him temporary duty of this sort among soldiers in camp on Staten Island. The Catholic volunteers made use of this chance, for many a last chance, to receive the sacraments. Their confessions were heard all night long by the light of a candle in a small tent. "Lights out!" said a voice shortly after "taps." Two observant eyes were bent on a soldier, kneeling, above whose head a priestly hand was raised; and the voice of command changed

to a gentler tone: "All right, sir." Next morning communion was given during Mass from an altar decked with "the stars and stripes," hastily improvised in the largest of the tents. Anti-riot duty among recent emigrants, as already mentioned, besides parochial and missionary work, filled up parts of the busy years that followed. Many converts, also, were received. Among letters of this period came one signed "W. C. Robinson, formerly Rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Scranton." It announced the resignation of his charge and asked for an appointment in order to receive advice in the matter of joining the Catholic Church. This gentleman was afterward for years a professor in the Yale Law School, and resigned that post to enter the faculty of the Catholic University at Washington. Previous to this letter he and Father Walworth had traveled together from Scranton to New York city, discussing church questions *en route* in a railway train.

Archbishop Hughes died during the war. His successor, who became the first of American cardinals, wrote the following lines, which, sufficiently for present purposes, will account for Father Walworth's reappearance in Albany and subsequent duties among the clergy of that diocese. On arrival he reported promptly at the Cathedral, serving as rector there while Father Wadhams visited Rome and Palestine. On the return of his friend to America he received from Bishop Conroy his appointment to St. Mary's.

Archbishop McCloskey to Rev. Clarence A. Walworth.

New York, *July* 31, 1865.

Rev. Dear Father Walworth — I ought to have made earlier acknowledgment of your kind favor of 17th inst., but I am sure that considering my multiplicity of duties and the *very hot weather*, you will hold me excused.

Much as I regret the loss not only to your former associates, but also to this city and diocese, which your departure from among us occasions, still I can find no fault either with the step which you have taken, or the motives by which it has been prompted. In quitting the Paulists your obedience naturally reverted to the diocese of Albany, which I congratulate on the accession, and where I hope you may be long spared to labor in the good cause.

Wishing you health and blessing, I remain, Reverend Sir,

Very sincerely,

Your friend and brother in Xt,

JOHN, ABP. OF NEW YORK.

The recipient of this letter seems to have reached the Albany diocese at a most opportune time, as the Bishop found him especially useful to him in helping two Tractarian students of St. Stephen's, Anandale, into the arms of the Catholic Church and the ranks of the priesthood. One of them, Father Dwyer, served many years as a Paulist, and the other, Father Spencer, became a Dominican prior.

When Father Walworth accepted the charge of St. Mary's, in Albany, the old second church of that parish (into which, as a boy of ten, he had once drawn a playmate to hear the vesper music), was crumbling slowly to decay. The roof was leaking in more than one place. A debt of $40,000 was hanging over it which had to be cleared away before he could even hope to plant his foot on financial *terra firma* with a view to improvements. Affairs, how-

ever, were in a very different shape in 1890, when increasing blindness made continuously necessary to him the services of an amanuensis and determined him to hand over the financial management of the parish to a newly constituted vice-rector, to whose care he confided his carefully kept record and treasurer's books. He had built a hundred thousand dollar church — but without the belfry,which has been since added — and he had done it, not in halcyon days, but in the hard times that followed a civil war. The work of teaching in the parish school was carried on by from five to eight teachers, either religious or lay people. He had usually two assistant priests. The choir music was of a high order. Employees were held to strict account. Revenues covered current expenses. The whole amount of parish debt remaining unpaid was $12,000. That amount of cash he afterward gave and bequeathed to St. Mary's parish from his own purse, over and above certain landed interests adjoining church properties, which he had bought on his own account in order to secure St. Mary's Church against possible undesirable neighbors. With the above-mentioned cash, ground was secured before he died for a new parish building to contain schoolrooms, with modern equipments, which his able vice-rector and successor in the pastorate has erected and zealously labored to clear of debt. It is known as Centennial Hall. The architectural design is pleasing and accords well with the church, winning the eye with its round arches. Whilst Father Walworth managed the finances schools were carried on in an ancient rectory which is now the convent of the school sisters of Notre

Dame in Pine street and in another dwelling-house that stands next to the front door of the church. These were adapted to school purposes, though not so built. His delay in erecting a schoolhouse was for reasons sufficient to his own mind and not from any lack of interest in the children. To him, with memories of log-cabin schools and college woodpiles that were never a stumbling-block to the learning of a Lincoln nor the culture of the poet-student Bryant, these solid brick, well-heated buildings seemed commodious enough for the primary and grammar schools of his parish, at least until the church debt was substantially cleared. He spared no pains in the selection of teachers, instructing them carefully as to his requirements. Yearly contracts for coal brought a generous supply to the church, the house and especially the school, for he was ever tender of the needs of the little ones. For their elders he took care to have a 7 o'clock Mass, when at all possible, even by great sacrifice. It was to be counted on, week days as well as Sundays. This he called the "Parish" or "Community" Mass. In cold winter weather he considered that the basement chapel, where he had reverently placed the altar of Cardinal McCloskey's first cathedral, afforded ample space for week-day congregations. "Those who can should come to the Mass daily," he would say, "at least throughout Lent and during the month of May." "No other devotion takes its place; but of course home duties and legitimate business or labor must not be neglected by those who have families to look after, or the aged or sick in their care. They must wait for the Sundays and holidays. I say not all,

but all who can." In Lent St. Augustine's "Steps of Our Saviour's Passion" was recited by priest and people after Mass, and in Advent the "Steps of Our Saviour's Childhood." There were usually communicants on the week days. Invariably, from pulpit, or platform on Sundays, most careful announcements were given out, one week in advance, to the different sodalities to prepare for their monthly communions. Practically the whole permanent congregation was gathered into some one or more of these sodalities. At intervals, both Paulist and Redemptorist missions were preached at St. Mary's by his request. "*Missions,*" he said, "*arouse* the faith and conscience; but *sodalities* are invaluable for forming virtuous *habits.* The sodalities are the life of my parish. The Word of God must be preached in season and out of season, the faith must be instilled, especially into the young, but above all, unfailing habits of virtue must be formed, and for this the monthly communion is most important." To give special conferences to the Children of Mary was ever a labor of love with him, nor were they weary in listening to him. He would come into the basement chapel on the afternoon of their communion day, in his declining years, with one hand thrust in the girdle of his overlapping cassock and a thick cane grasped in the other on which, at times, he leaned heavily. A small black skull cap, of silk or velvet, crowned his white locks, and he came a few steps down the aisle between the seats. He was in no hurry to begin, but seemed, if one may use the expression, to feel his way to his audience. He looked them over deliberately, whether or not he

could see them distinctly, and by the time he was ready to open his lips all eyes were upon him. It was something like the "Make ready; take aim; fire!" of the trained marksman. One began to feel at once that not a word would fall wide of its mark, and watching the play of thought over his expressive face, one began instinctively to wonder what was in his mind. These talks to his sodalists were simple, practical, with little of either rhetoric or history in them, and yet, withal, so elevating. The hearers felt that he was talking right into their souls, giving them something that would apply to every day and all day long, putting thoughts into their minds that, if they could only hold on to them, would make luminous with inward joy all the hum-drum of existence. Then all at once a ripple of girlish laughter would break over the motionless group as he pointed some suggestion with a witticism or an anecdote, quieting down to a sedate smile, perhaps, as it died out among the benches of older members. The pastor seemed always pleased to have these remain in the sodality, as well-seasoned timber for good works; and, safe ballast when carrying a heavy weight of sails to bring in a rich cargo to his treasury, when there was a church fair. He was very much averse to allowing young children, and especially little girls, to go about the city soliciting for church purposes. "They are the readiest to volunteer," he would say, "but for lack of discretion are likely to do more harm than good, both to themselves and the cause they are eager to advocate, from mere love of novelty."

The sodalists trained under Father Walworth to usefulness, in their devotion to home duties, in chari-

ties, sewing societies, care of the sick and destitute, instruction of children and in love of sacred music, are still witnessing in many parishes far and near to his wisdom and zeal. Some are dwelling by domestic firesides, some in religious communities; some preside over official homes; some are school teachers. Some, too, have become martyrs of industry in their brave efforts to support afflicted relatives.

One day he told the Children of Mary he wanted them to join a new society. "Everybody is starting new clubs: we have many; let me see, if I can name them." And he had at his tongue's end a rigamarole of grouped initials, beginning with the familiar Y. M. A. of old Albany. He rattled them off with a rapidity that was at first a surprise to his hearers, but soon they were convulsed with laughter as the combinations of letters became more and more absurd. With the ingenuity of an old sea captain telling yarns he led them quickly from plain truth to nonsense. Then he began to pique their curiosity about his new society till they were full of interest. At last, he said he had found a name for it, and the initials were M. Y. O. B. "It is of the greatest importance just at this time, and I want each and every one of you to do your very best to join it. The M. Y. O. B. society is sure to be a success if you do." Then he explained that M. Y. O. B. stands for the plain old words: "*Mind your own business,*" and the subject of his talk was: *Duty.* Those who heard it will often recall what he said on that subject when they see the headings with club letters in print.

Recollections of happy weddings solemnized in his parish church doubtless played through the Pastor's

thoughts as he wrote these lines of his joyous song of a village inn, taken from page 60 of his "Andiatorocte, and Other Poems:"

The landlord sits in his old arm-chair
Therein, therein;
And the blaze shines through his yellow hair
Therein.
There cometh Lawyer Bickerstith,
And the village doctor, and the smith.
Therein,
Full many a tale they spin.

* * * * * *

The landlord has a daughter fair
Therein, therein,
In ringlets falls her glossy hair
Therein.
* * *

* * * * * *

I see her at church on bended knee;
And well I know, she prays for me
Therein,
Sure, that can be no sin.

Our parish Church has a holy priest
Therein, therein;
When he sings the Mass he faces the east,
Therein.
On Sunday next, he will face the west
When Annie and I go up abreast,
Therein,
And carry our wedding ring.

So much for his care of the sheep and lambs who pastured near him in happiness or at least in peace of soul. But how about the lambkin that went astray! He once prepared a child for her First Communion,

carefully, as usual. The Pastor and his assistants sat outside the sanctuary rail when examination time came, after weeks of instruction given after school hours by them; and, one by one, the children of about twelve years of age came up to be catechised and passed on to a listmaker, or rejected and sent home, disappointed. This child managed to get through, but alas! she had a drunken mother who was a widow. Two years usually elapsed between First Communion and Confirmation, during which time attendance at Sunday school was required. Hundreds of girls were divided into classes under lay teachers, in the upper church. The boys, taught by laymen, filled the completely benched basement chapel and library; the younger ones only being under the instruction of ladies, in the smaller Lodge street school building. At that time there were no pews as yet in the north gallery of the church, but low steps upon which the boys sat during vespers, being marched there from two directions.

The great Christmas tree celebrations were in the church basement. All the presents were marked and graded as rewards for attendance and lessons. This laborious marking for many was done by their lay teachers who met in the rectory for that purpose. The second floor rooms resembled at such times a book and doll shop.

The unfortunate child of the intemperate widow gradually dropped out of the Sunday school and was no longer seen at Mass, when to the Pastor's dismay, he learned one day from talking with her neighbors that she was in the clutches of a foul hag of the city, a woman of commanding mien and some vestiges of

a queenly gipsy beauty. He noted down the address, secured all necessary information, saw for himself that the mother was little if at all short of a hopeless imbecile, and then made his plans forthwith. One of his parishioners chanced to be the Chief of Police. He received an unexpected call from Father Walworth, who had secured a closed carriage. "I want you to take a drive with me, Chief," he said; "I have nothing officially for you to do. There are not enough witnesses ready to testify in public, for that. But the moral effect of your badge will be useful to me for the next ten minutes or so."

"Certainly, Father Walworth," said he, heartily, "I am at your service." And he entered the carriage after the priest.

As they drove toward an unsavory neighborhood, he told the Chief of the girl, not yet sixteen, whom he hoped to place under better tutelage. He found he had a whole-souled second. The Chief approached the woman, quick-witted gypsy that she was, in the most formidable way, having once quietly secured admittance in the hallway for himself and the priest. It looked for a time as if they would get no further without an uproar. But their two heads were better than her one, and Father Walworth secured a two minutes' conversation with her victim whilst with an air of injured dignity she argued with the Chief. The wanderer was already disenchanted and sobbed bitterly at sight of her Pastor. "Do you want to leave this place?" said he; "it was hinted to me that you did."

"Oh, yes, Father, anywhere, anywhere but here," she said stifling her sobs. "But the baby! What shall I do? God help me!"

"Come with us," said he quickly, "there is a place for you and your baby in New York city. You may go with it to the Sisters. I'll pay your way. Bring it and get into that carriage."

Her face brightened. "The Sisters, the white caps! Oh, Father, you're good to me! But," she added with a look of terror, "I'm afraid."

"Of what?" said he.

"Of her," said she, pointing to the hag. "She'll never let me go, she'll kill me first. She frightens me so, if I don't mind her." And again she sobbed.

"Nonsense," said he, "that is the Chief of Police. She cannot keep you five minutes longer, if you know your own mind. Get the child and come!"

"No, she won't," said the older woman, turning toward her. "I forbid you"—

"Yes, she will," said the Chief with a grim smile, gripping the door knob as the slight figure darted by him into the hall and up the stairs. The other three were now in the front room. "Sit down, Madam," continued the official, "and rest yourself a moment, till we are ready to go." The baffled woman looked from one to the other of the determined faces before her and decided to obey the suggestion, resuming her air of injured dignity and only once opening her lips to mutter: "The girl is a fool, I am the best friend she ever had."

The others said nothing, but promptly followed the waif and her wee one into the carriage, and drove rapidly off. Their next stop was at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity.

"Sister Mary," said the Pastor, "can you keep this young mother and babe over night? As you know, there is as yet, in our city, no home for friendless infants. I will send them on an early train to-morrow to the nearest foundling asylum of your order."

"Yes, Reverend Father; I see she has no fear but that the Sisters will care for her." With head bent low, she had retired into the darkest corner of the hall.

"Good-night, Sister, I must arrange for her journey at once. I will see you again in the morning."

The next night found this wilted blossom of poor humanity safely housed in the tenderest of homes for such as she, the great New York Foundling Asylum, where there were new friends to be made, where she could receive regular employment as nurse, and be trained to industrious self-support.

The Pastor with a sigh of relief read of her welcome there, then he turned his thoughts again to the ninety and nine of the flock for whose benefit a sermon must be prepared. What wonder that the subject uppermost in his thoughts just then, over and above parental vigilance, was *Temperance,* his being a mind that went to bottom facts. "Be sober and watch brethren,"—you above all, fathers and mothers, 'for your enemy, the devil, goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour."

I do not know whether it was about this time or later that he entered the church one day, during Sunday school time and, to the surprise of all, called two of the older girls from their seats who were laughing and talking noisily. Speaking in a clear voice, he

told them they had been sufficiently warned; they continued to frequent forbidden haunts; their behavior on the public street should not be imitated by any child there present; and since they came to their classes not to learn better behavior from good companionship, but to dishonor God in His holy place and to spread among decent children disorder and contagion of evil speech, they no longer belonged to St. Mary's Sunday school. "You cannot right yourselves in a day," said he in substance, "only a long and severe penance can fit you for companionship with these children sent to me by their parents to be taught what is good, not evil. Go!" said he, "Go!" with an emphasis that turned some faces there as white as the cheeks of the culprits were red, whilst they, the two, passed down the aisle and out at the church door.

"It was awful!" said a teacher who described the scene, "I do not see how any one who heard him say that last word could ever forget it."

I have not heard what became of the girls. Other Sunday schools in the city were still open to them, and they may possibly have retrieved themselves at some of these. If the Pastor acted as on a later occasion after he had quietly dropped several from his parochial school of a mutinous tendency, who were found implicated in a theft, he saw and talked long with the parents. This gave him a chance to show them his intense desire to reform their wayward ones, which he claimed could be much better done whilst they were apart from other companions. In the latter case, he gently and patiently proved to the parents how much simpler and easier it would

have been for him to report the culprits to the police than to have taken the course he chose. He soon won them to co-operative measures. This last-mentioned affair, of a period long gone by and forgotten, was never even whispered beyond the knowledge of the priests, teachers and relatives of the young people concerned, who were never afterward known to commit a like offense.

Father Walworth taught the children a song of the Ten Commandments in rhyme, to the refrain of which, on his visits to the day school, he would beat time with his cane; and sometimes at its close, by his imitation of a bandmaster's movements, he got them into a gale of laughter, so they were sure to sing it for him with zest. Between each couplet came the words:

> **"These are the holy Commandments given**
> **To man on earth, by God in Heaven."**

The music was that of a measured and majestic march, suggesting the tread of an army. When sung as he taught it, by hundreds of young voices, it not only stirred the heart with the joy of music, but incited the soul to religious reverence.

When the Pastor delegated authority to subordinates, he left them much freedom for individual activities. "If a man tries to do everything himself in a large parish," he would say, "he gets much done to suit him, but much is also left undone. It is not well to *muzzle the ox that treads out the corn;*" and again, "in organizing a Sodality or a good work of any kind, begin with a few, a very choice few and *don't blow your horn.* Little by little, it will grow

like the mustard seed, like the Church, like the religious orders. In the Gospels, in the Lives of the Saints, you will find it so. Holy wisdom teaches us that really great works have humble beginnings. Next to St. Liguori, he admired St. Vincent De Paul. From him he learned another favorite maxim: "*Il ne faut pas s'enjamber sur la Providence.*" He was wont to translate it ruggedly, thus: "Do not lock legs with Providence," and then he would explain. "While you are planning, God is planning. You may have everything all cut and dried as to what you will do and rush ahead, to be tripped up by some unforeseen incident. Leave margins beside your text. Look to God, and act in conjunction, when the time comes, with events He is ordaining of which as yet you know nothing. *Leave margins every time. Do not lock legs with Providence.*" He always used a striking clock, and had a brief prayer for its stroke: "Grant, O my God, that I may love Thee, in time and in eternity!"

The men of the parish respected his wisdom and for the most part upheld him steadily and loyally in his plans. Some few were driven by his onslaughts upon liquor saloons to give up their seats and go elsewhere, but a greater number even from distant parts of the city came to pledge themselves in his presence to total abstinence for a year or such time as he should advise. It came to be said of him: "Father Walworth's pledge is a clincher." He administered it very solemnly and usually after more than one interview. It was carefully fitted to the particular case, as to details. More than once he had to say: "Go home, and come when you are sober." Perhaps

the man had come with his wife and taken a bit to screw up his courage. St. Mary's annual excursions in barges on the Hudson were great family affairs, the event of the season. No liquor was allowed. The people gave generous donations, bought tickets and then paid for the dinner, delighted if a large profit resulted. Parish rules were few but strict. Pews unpaid for after a reasonable time were locked up till relet. The trustees were laymen, well known in business or as in the case of Mr. Patrick McQuade, prominent in educational affairs, who went over his vouchers annually, and these covered all parish expenditures from one dollar in amount upward. If he and they were satisfied, he considered that the people should be, and did not publish details, sending his report promptly on to the Bishop. These trustees gave the greater part of three Sundays semi-annually to receiving and recording pew rents, seating themselves for that purpose at a table in or near the Sacristy. Near at hand was the baptistry. St. Mary's baptismal font in white marble is in strong contrast with the oak and black walnut pulpit and Communion rail, all designed in their massive simplicity by the pencil of Father Walworth, as his drawings show. The Blessed Virgin's altar, also of white marble and set in a deep recess on the other side of the church, was the gift of his friend and parishioner, Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, author of the Documentary and Colonial Histories of New York State. Mr. William Morange, who delighted to count himself as organist in reserve for old St. Mary's, was another great friend. He has well been called the Poet-Laureate of Albany. The conversa-

FATHER WALWORTH.

tion of these three was of a jovial and witty character. To know these congenial spirits and to meet them when in conjunction, for pure companionship, was to love them and to laugh. They sometimes took part in old-fashioned whist parties — of the sedate kind — at the Cassidy home in Chapel street, at the foot of Pine street, near Saint Mary's lady chapel. This pleasant home was a rendezvous for cultured Catholics of Albany, Burtsells, Caggers, Austins, Traceys, Worthingtons and others, and for those of the State when at the Capitol. It was one of the properties belonging to William Cassidy, his oldest sister, Miss Frances Cassidy, presiding there with gracious dignity through many years.

Relatives of Father Walworth from Saratoga when visiting Albany were also made welcome at that house. He had not been Pastor of St. Mary's Church very long when he was summoned suddenly to his old home at Saratoga. It was, alas, to witness the departure from earth of his honored and beloved father. Clarence held him in his arms while they recited together the Lord's Prayer, acts of faith, hope and charity and the Chancellor's favorite among the Psalms of King David: *Dominus regit me,* or as in English from the Hebrew: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." Then his breath failed him. He wanted no prayers at the last but those he could say with his son, the priest of God. Slowly and solemnly, the dying man recited the words of all these prayers, taking them up one by one as they came from the lips of Father Walworth. "In the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou art with me." In his will he made this son an equal

sharer with his brother and sisters in the family property. Besides, he had appointed Clarence, together with his son-in-law, Rev. Jonathan Trumball Backus, to act as executor of the estate. He made it quite clear, however, in the document, that he wished Father Walworth later to will the capital thus inherited to some one or more of the Chancellor's many descendants whom he might choose to favor. As was anticipated, Clarence selected as heirs his brother's children, who bore the family name and belonged to the Catholic Church. To this arrangement, their Protestant relatives were prompt to give a cheerful and generous assent. To assist in the education of these children and to foster their faith as far as pastoral duties permitted became to Father Walworth a labor of love and duty of honor to the wishes of his father. His correspondence with that father has already shown us how deeply he felt his indebtedness to him, and how heartfelt was his gratitude.

Whilst Pastor of St. Mary's, Father Walworth took up the cause of the poor in many a hard-fought civic contest. He was able also by thrifty use and care of his inherited income to give copiously and quietly to their needs. In his priestly household at St. Mary's Rectory there was tender consideration for industrious employees in times of sickness and need.

What shall be said of the long line of his assistant clergy? There were usually two of these at a time residing with him. Their intercourse seemed like that of a father with his sons. Their friends found a hospitable welcome at his board and when these young curates left him to become in their turn pastors, there was weeping and there was wailing

through the parish. Here are some of their names: Fathers Taney, Reilly, Kennedy, Brower, Maguire, McIncroe, McDonald, McDermott, Maney, Lanahan, Desautels (called by the people "Daisy" for short) and Craig. Another of the assistant priests was Father Casey, who was called from the parish to aid in the duties, and receive the dying blessing, of an aged relative of the diocesan clergy. Afterward came Father Judge from a course at the new Dunwoodie Seminary, to share, in his turn, the old parish burdens and the people's love. His parents had been married by Father Walworth when he was in charge of St. Peter's Church at Troy; and had received from him on that occasion a crucifix which is still treasured in the family. Father Judge was given, in God's providence, to be the comfort and the reverent consoler of the evening of a good pastor's life. He was the youngest and last of his curates, the Benjamin of many holy brethren. He rendered filial service to him on his last "Retreat," and from him Father Walworth received his last Communion. It was not his curate, however, but Rev. John J. Dillon, his Vice-Rector, the zealous first assistant of many long years, who gave him the last anointing. The heaviest responsibilities of the parish for a decade back had been borne by Father Dillon, under whose care the belfry was completed and the whole church renovated and adorned. He it was whom Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke eventually chose to succeed Father Walworth in the pastorate.

What has yet to be written in other chapters of this venerated pastor, whose charge extended over thirty-four years will dwell,—not upon details of parish

duty, but rather upon his recreations, his civic and literary career, and the fortitude developed by his loss of sight, which never lessened his industry. Before turning aside to these phases of his character however, it seems not amiss to describe here his last appearance as Pastor at a parochial funeral. This time a lamb of his flock had been sacrificed on the altar of his country, and the body was brought from its island grave to the door of old St. Mary's, where the nation's flag was floating from the belfry, and had been ever since her boys marched away to the Spanish War.

Slowly, gently, under the broad arch, they carried in the remains of Lieutenant Wansboro of the Seventh Infantry, U. S. A. He had graduated from the Brothers' Academy and from West Point. He was killed at El Caney, Cuba, in most gallant action, as reported by the British representative, Captain Lee. Albanians will long remember his funeral. Not so much of military splendor had been seen on a similar occasion in the city since the remains of General Grant were escorted to the Capitol to lie in state there in 1885; so said *The Argus* in its lengthy description of the organizations present. Rev. J. J. Dillon, Vice-Rector, was celebrant of the Mass. Father Walworth met the remains at the door and escorted them to the bier in front of the altar, whilst the military presented arms. It was a picturesque scene. Attendant upon the Pastor, who had not sight enough to walk unaided, was the negro volunteer, Lemuel Jackson, but recently discharged, with honor, from a man-of-war. Short and sturdy, in a marine uniform and leggings,

he trod near the tall priest, alert to care for him, his left arm draped with an ecclesiastical cloak. When the priest reached his accustomed seat near the altar Lemuel wrapped him in the folds of the cloak and went to station himself near a confessional by the vestry door during the Requiem Mass. In the course of his remarks Father Meegan, the preacher, said: "Surely I need not speak to you of Tom Wansboro. He was born and bred among so many of you. He was raised here in this parish, and the old church — mother of them all — honors him to-day and is herself honored in turn by the career of such a son. The venerable Pastor, grey-haired and enfeebled as he is, is in the sanctuary to-day to honor by his presence the young man who grew up under his care. * * * 'Second Lieutenant Wansboro of the Seventh Infantry, sir,' said the soldier who bore him from the field, 'and you will never see his better.'"

So to the very end, over and above all else, Father Walworth was Pastor of his flock, and right well they knew the sound of his voice. Nearly to his eightieth year he continued to preach in turn with his assistants every third Sunday.

He was a consultor of the diocese under three bishops, Bishop Conroy, Bishop McNeirny and the present Bishop of Albany.

The following words of his own, with which to conclude this chapter, are taken from Father Walworth's manuscripts and scrap-books. To these are added one letter which gives a glowing tribute to the graces of his pastorate. Its words are those of a disciple of his who attained rapid

promotion to ecclesiastical honors. The notes of a lecture given at St. Mary's, Albany, for sweet charity's sake, will come first. The second selection is a sermon preached at that same church to his own people in 1886, but also of general interest to all good Americans, its subject being "The Rights of Labor." It was more than up-to-date when preached and its echo of a mission sermon only goes to prove how ably he could throw the light of old truth on new needs. A non-Catholic fellow-citizen thanked him for this sermon. It had enabled him, he said, to complete in peace a building which a threatened strike would have left unfinished like the Tower of Babel. This was interesting though incidental news to the preacher, who proceeded to follow out his preconceived plan and put quite as much moral gunpowder into its sequel on "The Obligations of Property." This last was more particularly aimed at the consciences of the wealthy. Other selections follow, among them a parish protest against the laying of certain railway tracks and an unpublished poem, describing the daily parochial Mass. The poem was dictated April 5, 1898.

From Father Walworth's Memoranda

NOTES

FOR

A Lecture on St. Vincent of Paul.

I confess to a great love for St. Vincent of Paul. I feel for him an unbounded admiration. He is the model of a good priest — a good Religious — a good missionary — a good Catholic Christian. He was the Good Samaritan of his age, and an especial model for every Christian, who wishes to live a life of true piety and wise, practical charity. I say wise, practical charity, for St. Vincent was not a man of many words, or vast schemes, but a man of practical action. Now I call especial attention to this point, for we Americans are called an eminently practical nation, and if any of our Yankee brethren should have the good fortune, first to become a Catholic and afterward to become a saint, he would be very much such a saint, I imagine, as St. Vincent of Paul. I propose to you, therefore, to-night, St. Vincent of Paul as the great patron saint and model of practical Christian charity. Let me explain. A great deal of energy is wasted in scheming and that is the reason why, with so many willing minds, there is so little real good done, &c.

(Then proceed as in the old Lecture in the book until the place where the institution of the society by Ozanam and others is mentioned. Add some description of the Conference, here and their labors,— You see how simple and practical is all this. Here is no blowing of horns, &c., but practical work, &c.—

Conclusion.

We all, I trust, wish to serve God and our neighbor for God's sake. Let us do it as did Jesus Christ, the Good Samaritan, as did St. Vincent, as did these noble young men who founded this society, as do (I am proud to say it) the members of our own conference. (Urge young men to join it.) And, my brethren, I appeal to you all, let us all do good after

these good models. God does not need schemers, but honest, faithful workers. "*Whatever thy hand is able to do, do it with all thy might.*" Let us do the good that lies waiting for us at our doors, and leave it to Providence to make out our plans. One great duty lies at our doors this very moment, viz.: to provide for our own poor this winter. Ay! the cold weather is now coming on. Soon the bleak winds of December will pass over our city. In the cold tenements around us poor children will be huddling around the embers of a smouldering fire. They will hold up their frozen hands to their mothers and complain bitterly — Ah! yes, mothers and children both will hold their chill hands up to God and complain. Oh! let us give them no right to complain to God of us!— The brothers of St. Vincent will be going around to search them out and to help. The widow, the sick and the orphan will bless them. Oh! see that you have a right to share in this blessing!— The bell of the house door rings often in the day. It is the poor. They come often to me, but my hands are empty. I would the bell would ring sometimes for another purpose, to say: "*Here, Father Walworth, I have come to put this money in your hands for the poor this winter.*" Oh! your own little ones would sleep better in their cradles for it, your own fires would blaze more cheerily for it, for the prayers of the poor would bless the bread on the table, the fire on the hearth and the little ones in your cradle! A sweet voice would whisper in your conscience the words of blessing which Jesus Christ will pronounce in loud tones at the end of the world: "*Come ye blessed of my Father.*"

RIGHTS OF LABOR DEFINED.

(From *The Argus;* Monday Morning, Dec. 6, 1886.)

The masterly exposition of the labor question by Rev. Father Walworth which we present to our readers to-day sweeps away all the subtle sophistries and cunning misrepresentations which professional labor agitators have thrown around the subject. It is the clear reasoning, incisive logic, high-minded views, deep religious convictions of an eminent divine, a profound thinker and a holy man whose life has been spent in the service of religion, whose sole aim has been to do good and whose influence is widespread. * * * It will

tend to open the eyes of the wage-earners to an understanding of the real principles involved in the Henry George crusade against property and individual rights.

FATHER WALWORTH'S POWERFUL SERMON

At St. Mary's Yesterday.

"*For the Scripture saith: 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn;'* and '*The laboring man is worthy of his hire.'*" (1 Tim. v. 18.)

Perhaps there is no subject that more attracts public attention at this time than the rights of labor. Perhaps there is no subject which is so little understood and about which such vague and unsatisfactory theories are afloat. If these theories involved errors in political economy only, I would be silent and not introduce the subject into the pulpit. But it is not so. At the present time, religious and moral doctrine is assailed; and the preacher who is afraid to defend the faith of the Church and the morals of the community is a coward and unworthy to serve as a guide and leader in religion. These few words are all that I need offer as an apology for the subject I have chosen. The Archbishop of New York, like a true champion of the faith, has already sounded the alarm, and why should I hesitate to follow so illustrious a leader?

What are the rights of labor; that is to say what is meant by these words? It means the right of a man to acquire property by his labor, to use it freely, and to transmit it to his children. A man does not generally work because he loves to work. He works because he looks forward to the fruit of his labor; he expects, for instance, to get his wages, to use his wages, to spend his wages or to keep them as long as he likes until he gets ready to spend them; or, in fine, to spend a part of what he earns and lay up the rest for a rainy day. You see, in fact, my dear brethren, that there is no difference between the rights of labor, well understood, and the rights of property. What does the right of labor amount to, if it does not carry with it the right to own and the right to keep what one earns by his labor?

Another thing is also clear, namely, that labor does not mean merely hand labor, muscular labor, bodily labor, but also the labor of the mind. When the bricklayer comes to work for me, I see in him something more than a mere machine with arms and legs and nerves and muscles; I see a man with intelligence, experience and skill. Without this he would be of little use to me. And, moreover, possessing these qualities of intelligence and experience and skill, he has the right to charge for them, and I must expect to pay for them. It follows, therefore, that all men who work either with hands or with brains are laboring men in every sense in which labor has its rights.

THE LABORER BECOMES EMPLOYER.

Once more, suppose the laboring man, by his honest industry, to have acquired more than he needs to spend immediately. He is now at liberty to engage some other man to help him, to work for him, and he has the right to use the property which he has acquired to pay this other man. In this way, our laboring man becomes now an employer. Is this right? Or must he say that he is bound to divide his extra money with his neighbor without expecting work for it? Of course not; it is one of the rights of the laboring man to look forward to a happy time when he shall reap the rewards of his industry, when his labor will be less hard, when he with his family, with his wife and his children, "shall sit under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to make them afraid." What is the employer, then, if not the laboring man reaping at last the fruits of his industry, the reward of honest labor? It is true that sometimes a man or a woman has never labored hard to earn his bread. He lives on property which comes down to him by inheritance from his father. A widow lives comfortably upon means which she, herself, did not acquire. It came to her from her husband. Is not this right? Go home to your own house, look at your own wife; look into the faces of your little children. And then let Henry George come in and tell you that you have no right to work in order to give them a home after you are dead, or other means to live. How will that sound in your ears? Will you tolerate that doctrine?

And in fine, let it be well understood also that the rights of labor are not to be limited by any arithmetic. We cannot say that a man shall earn and lay up for himself and for his family so much and no more, one dollar and not two, one hundred and not two hundred, one hundred thousand and not two hundred thousand. To limit the honest ambition of industry at any point is a blockade to the business, the trade, the commerce of a country, and when these are stopped where is the chance to labor? The Socialist, therefore, is the natural mortal enemy of the laboring man. If he calls himself the friend, it is only because he is a demagogue and a humbug.

THE LABORER BECOMES LANDLORD.

Henry George and his followers will say that he wishes to make no change, except in the possession of land property. According to him, land does not belong to individual owners, but to all the people in common. It should not, therefore, be left to the individual owner to use as his own, or to manage for his own single profit. It should be in the hands of the government and so farmed out and so managed that its profits shall go for the common benefit of the people.

It is unnecessary for me to dissect the new terms invented to back up this old nonsense, such as "the social aggregate," "economic rent," etc. It is unnecessary because the foundation upon which it all rests is false. It is not true that all the land in a country is a "common estate." It is not true that the people are "tenants in common." It is the old heresy of socialism to say so. The great argument against all socialism applies to every crook and dodge of Henry George's new gospel. If you look at Blackstone, Kent and all the great jurists and statesmen, who are the time-honored exponents of the common sense of the nations, you will find that passing lightly over the fine-spun theories which seek to determine the origin of property, all maintain the right of a true individual ownership, and this they base upon a practical necessity. To carry out the contrary would be to discourage all industry and prostrate business. A man works in the hope of earning something. That something when earned becomes his property. He looks forward with hope not merely to bread and clothing, but to the possession of a home in the land, a house which shall be his own. To that home by and

by, he would add a garden, to that more land with an orchard and so on. On these hopes rest all industry and business. It is the basis of all civilized society. Henry George, if I understand him, would have us lease our land from the State and pay rent for it to the State. This rent is to be distributed by the officials of the State for the common benefit of the people. Look around and see our officials. See how they manage the money already in their hands. Put in their hands this additional treasure, this further opportunity to plunder the people who elect them — is it necessary to enlarge upon the consequences of a vast corruption fund like this?

HOW MINDS GET MUDDLED.

It may appear to some of you that I treat this subject differently from other orators and writers. So I do, and I can give you the reason for it. These orators and writers very often mix together two things which are very different. The rights of labor is one thing; the claims of the poor is another thing. They do, indeed, go together, often, but they must not be confounded together. The rights of labor belong to every man who labors whether rich or poor; the claims of poverty belong only to the poor man, and rest upon a different foundation. The rights of labor are founded upon justice; we claim them because they are ours, and in putting them forward we only demand our own. The claims of poverty are founded upon pity, love, charity. In urging them, we demand what belongs to another, but what, for God's love, he ought not to refuse us. Now, when the demagogue wishes to delude you, for his own purposes, he begins by muddying the water, by selecting some claim of poverty and using it as if it were a right and a right of justice. He says, for instance, to the poor man: "Why should this gentleman, who works behind his desk, go home to a turkey with oyster sauce and capers, and you go home to corned beef and cabbage and not too much of that?" Is it because he is a banker and you carry the hod? No, of course, that is not the reason. The reason is because he is rich, can afford it and you cannot. You will have a right to a turkey when you can earn enough to pay for it. When he loses his money, he will have a right to corned beef and cabbage and no more. He has no right to your corned beef and you have no right to his turkey.

So much for the question of rights. But at the same time, there is another question which our rich banker will have to answer at least to his God. He is bound not only by the ties of nature but also by his duty to God to love his neighbor and especially his poor neighbor. If he forgets to do that and to share what he has with the poor, God will damn him for it. He will not be damned for an invasion of the poor man's rights, but because he does not love his neighbor, and is insensible to his wants. I cannot dwell any further upon this particular point at this time. Next Sunday (please God) I purpose to preach upon the "*Obligations of Property.*" My subject to-day is the "*Rights of Labor*," and even when I confine myself to that alone, I shall not be able to say all I would.

You are all well aware, I suppose, that Henry George and some others put themselves forward at this time as special friends and guides of the laboring man. They present their theories with some degree of variety, but all belong to a general class, called Socialists or Communists. A Socialist is defined by Webster to be "one who advocates a community of property among all the citizens of a State." Mr. George belongs to a sub-class of these, called Agrarians, because they are especially in favor of a division of the land in like manner. Mr. George might deny, perhaps, that he is a Socialist. He makes a distinction between land and other property. It is possible that he has other property which he does not propose to divide.

You are also aware that the Archbishop of New York has declared these doctrines to be contrary to the teaching of the Church. The Church recognizes the right of property and ownership of land as derived from nature, and commands that it shall be held intact and inviolate by all; Henry George feels aggrieved by this opposition of the Church and questions the right of the Church to interfere in matters of this kind. Perhaps some others, perhaps some even among you, may ask: "Is not this a question of political economy? On what authority does the Church undertake to decide it?" The answer, my brethren, is easy. It is a question of religious morals. The Church is the great guardian of the Ten Commandments. She is guardian of that great Commandment

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.

What is stealing but taking away the property of another without his consent?

Where there is no property, there can be no stealing. If the Church may not say what property is, how in the name of common sense is she to say what stealing is? The point taken by Mr. Henry George is simply absurd. The Church has a right to condemn the doctrine of Henry George and to forbid her children to follow him. All the true children of the Church will obey her voice. Our Holy Father at Rome has done his duty. The Archbishop of New York has done his duty. The doctrine which the Archbishop has put forth is nothing new. It is the ancient, time-honored law of Christian morality. It is the standard to which wise lawyers and statesmen of every age have adhered. Let us not, at this late day, be led astray to our own destruction by a "Will-of-the-Wisp."

The sin then which is directly opposed to the rights of labor is the sin of theft. The industrious laborer does not ask to live by stealing. He asks only that which is due to the labor he does. It is the lazy man who is not content to earn what he claims, but seeks to take away the fruits of another man's labor.

And now let us inquire, practically, who are the real sinners against the rights of property, and consequently against the true rights of labor? I will not lose my time this morning in declaiming against the common and vulgar felons that we see in our police courts and through the bars of a jail window. Let the sneak thief and the highway robber and the midnight burglar pass for the present. Let us hold up that great Commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," before the eyes of some others who hold their heads higher. Come hither, extortioner. What right have you to take advantage of your neighbor's necessity, who must work for the smaller wages, or else starve? What right have you to force upon him a half-dollar when you know his work is worth a dollar, or one dollar when you know it is worth two, or five dollars when you know it is worth ten. I hold over your head the law of God, and I say to you, "Thou shalt not steal."

ST. ALBERT'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

Come hither, too, thou crafty cheat. Your neighbor, perhaps, is not only poor but simple, and you take advantage of his simplicity to defraud him of what he has laid up by his honest labor. But you say it is all right; he agreed to it; it was a contract. But I hold up before you, the law of God, which says, "Thou shalt not steal."

Come hither, dishonest debtor. You live, perhaps, in a fine house and ride in a carriage? But you can scarcely count your creditors who pass daily by your door, all hopeless to receive from you the fruits of their labor. Perhaps, they are too poor to sue you. They would get nothing if they were richer, for you have made over your property to your wife or your son or your brother or some one else, and you are ready to swear that you own nothing. You are a very respectable man, but in the eye of God you are a thief. In His name and in the Church's, I hold over your head the great law of the Decalogue which says, "Thou shalt not steal."

Come hither, thou walking delegate. You prowl about on the heels of the laboring man. A weary-eyed wife is waiting at home, surrounded by anxious little children. They wait for the husband and father to come back from work with his wages in his hand. You whisper in his ear that he shall not work. He trembles, but dares not disobey. How many mouths have you robbed of food; how many backs have you stripped of clothing by that one tyrannical word? In the name of God and of American liberty, I hold up before your eyes the great Commandment and say, "Thou shalt not steal."

Come hither, thou demagogue, thou prophet of the mob. You mislead the people with dishonest doctrines. You teach them to throw away the tools of honest labor that they may grasp the property of others. Driven by want and stimulated by covetousness, perhaps, they set fire to houses, perhaps, they shed the innocent blood of those who defend the law. Think you, your own hands are clean of blood? Think you, there is no one who will ever call you to account? The spirit of God tells us, by the mouth of his prophet, Daniel, that "They who instruct many to justice, shall shine like the stars for all eternity." (xii. 3.) What then, in the other world, will be the fate of those who instruct many to injustice? Look at the great Commandment. Look now, while the time is given you.

Though you may be unwilling to read it now, be sure you shall read it at another day in characters of fire, "Thou shalt not steal."

Who are these, that I see coming banded together in a multitude, marching under banners and filling the air with shouts? Are they so many that God does not see each one? Is the mischief they do so divided that each one will be held accountable only for a very little? Does falsehood become truth in the mouths of the many? Listen to what the Holy Book tells us in the twenty-third chapter of Exodus: "Thou shalt not receive the voice of a lie. Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do evil; neither shalt thou yield in judgment to the opinion of the majority to stray from the truth."

My dearest brethren, we have a better voice than Henry George's to listen to. It is the Church who speaks to us and it is God who speaks to us through the Church. To whom shall we listen? Shall we be guided by the principles of eternal wisdom? Shall we be guided by the Holy Book? Shall we be guided by the Holy Church? Shall we be guided by the Vicar of Christ? Shall we be guided by the warning voice of our Archbishop? Shall we follow the wisdom of so many ages of the past? Shall we maintain the rights of property and of labor? Or, shall we follow the teachings of these ambitious orators of the hour, and so seek to pull down in one mad freak of fanaticism the temple of Faith and the pillars of Freedom, only to perish ourselves in the ruins?

(*From the Albany Times, Sept.* 5, 1889.)

ST. MARY'S CHURCH SPEAKS FOR HERSELF.

A PROTEST

Against a proposed plan of the Albany Railway.

To all whom it may concern:

We, the pastor, clergy and committee of St. Mary's, having just learned that a scheme is on foot and just ripening into execution, to hem in our Church by railway tracks with all the noisy nuisances incident thereto, do hereby make this earnest appeal to our congregation. We call upon you to defend this ancient parish, established by your forefathers in the faith nearly a century ago. We call upon you, also, to protect the house of worship which you have so lately put up with many a prayer and many a sacrifice. We call upon you to rally around your clergy and the committee of your Church. We warn you that you will only secure yourselves against this invasion of your dearest rights by your own earnest and steadfast action, without relying on advocates, the wisdom of whose trade is to delude and betray.

C. A. Walworth, Rector.	J. A. Lanahan.
J. J. Dillon.	James Allen.
P. H. McQuade.	James Jones.
John McDermott.	J. J. Harrigan.

(*From the same newspaper.*)

"The Common Council meet to-night for the first time after the summer recess, and among the business that has been postponed and otherwise accumulated is action upon the petition of the Albany Railway Company for permission to erect poles, etc., to run their cars by electricity. A proposition to take the route off from State street between Broadway and Eagle is under consideration and meets much opposition as will be seen by the appeal from St. Mary's Church, printed in another column. The subject is one of much importance, and should be carefully as well as promptly considered."

(*From the daily local papers.*)

INDORSED BY THE BISHOP.

The following letter speaks for itself.

ALBANY, *September* 10, 1889.

DEAR FATHER WALWORTH — I approve the steps which the clergy and the committee of St. Mary's have already taken in defense of their Church and worship. My whole heart is with you in this crisis, and I trust that every Catholic in the city will give to us his heartiest and most active sympathy. The interest of all private rights and the interests of all worship are concerned. We cannot, however, expect much protection from outside, unless we make it clear that we are prepared to defend ourselves.

Very sincerely,

FRANCIS, *Bishop of Albany.*

Father Walworth promptly secured, by personal visitation, the signatures of neighboring property-owners to a remonstrance to the Mayor and Common Council, and attended the proceedings in the City Hall preliminary to the giving of the franchise. This prevented the laying of tracks on Pine and Chapel streets. The ones laid on Steuben street were shortly after removed. "The blessing of God is not on them so near St. Mary's door," said the people.

THE HOUR OF SACRIFICE.

(A hitherto unpublished poem on the daily Mass.)

BY REV. C. A. WALWORTH.

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice
That calls the loving soul to prayer;
Angels and men meet in mid-air,
And a low earth to Heaven, doth rise.

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice.
Sweet is the bell that floods the tower,
And makes the belfry, a sweet bower
Where branches bend and blossoms rise.

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice.
List to the clock; its measured tick
Says to the soul be quick, be quick,
Eternity sends this surprise.

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice.
Hark, hark! 'Tis the sweet lark sings;
Renew thy soul, take eagle's wings;
Borrow of both, my soul, and rise.

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice.
Christ calls you from the altar stone;
Ah, will you leave Him there alone,
To plead for you? Be wise, be wise!

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice.
What joy to enter at the door,
Though while our brows bend to the floor
Our joy contends with woeful sighs!

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice.
'Tis sweet to meet with Jesus there,
Where gathering angels fan the air
And all of Heaven doth sympathize.

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice,
Where spirits cluster wondering,
Where cherubs cling and seraphs sing,
And holy tears, the heart baptize.

Sweet is the hour of sacrifice
And sweet the secret, strong desire
That fills the soul with burning fire,
And holy Heaven with earth allies.

Such gratitude as is shown in the following letter to Father Walworth from the late vicar-general of the Syracuse diocese, wells forth from a noble heart and like the quality of mercy, "It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." It came in answer to a message that the pastor of St. Mary's sent through his amanuensis from a sick bed.

To Miss Ellen H. Walworth, Albany, N. Y.

ST. LUCY'S CHURCH,
PASTORAL RESIDENCE.

432 *Gifford St.*,
Syracuse, *December* 15, 1892.

Dear Miss Walworth — I hardly know how to fittingly express the feelings of affectionate veneration created in my mind by the kind remembrance of me, on the feast of St. Lucy, by your uncle.

Three of the happiest and most useful years of my life were spent with him. The ardent piety exemplified in his every act, the kind fatherly direction of my first years in the priesthood and the rich fund of knowledge which he possessed and from which I was daily acquiring, have been like lamps of brightness to my after years. In the performance of duty and in trials and troubles, the memory of what he would do under like circumstances has been my guide.

Please express to him the kindest feelings of affection of his friend and old assistant of over twenty years ago.

May God restore him to his health and leave him with us for many years.

Thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

JOHN J. KENNEDY.

XI.

TRAVELS AND INDIAN TRAILS.

Vacation Studies.

When Father Walworth had built St. Mary's Church and the people of the parish were enjoying the use of it,— when, too, the affairs of his father's estate were settled and his duties as executor at an end, he applied to the Bishop of Albany for a leave of absence. He wished to visit Rome and spend a year in travel abroad for health and recreation. This was cordially granted, and suitable letters were obtained to insure a welcome among European Catholics. I, who devote these pages to Father Walworth's memory, was the niece chosen to be the fortunate companion of his journey, being then but fourteen years of age. Our intercourse thus far had been chiefly on the croquet ground, at the dinner table or on such occasions as a drive with a family party to the Saratoga battleground or, with my sister, from the gate of Kenwood Convent to some point of interest in or near Albany.

A full account of that first journey with Father Walworth is given in a book that resulted from my home letters, and which is entitled "An Old World as Seen Through Young Eyes; or, Travels Around the World." * After this, whenever the busy priest had a brief summer vacation or the doctor advised change of air for him in the treacherous

* Published by D. & J. Sadlier, New York.

days of March, what more natural than for us two to get together and start off with a valise and a stout umbrella apiece? We were quite sure of a good time together, through rain and shine, whatever of ups and downs might be ahead of us. On such occasions the grey-haired pastor, when the tickets were bought and the train or boat began its motion, let these words of Byron, conned in college days, roll melodiously from his tongue:

> Once more upon the ocean!
> Yet once more!
> The angry waves bound 'neath me
> Like a steed that knows its rider.

There is little doubt that, as a boy, he had battled fiercely with the temptation "to run away to sea." His step-uncle, Mr. Cardell, wrote a story for boys called "Jack Halyard, the Sailor Boy," which he read with great zest. Father Walworth's knowledge both of navigation and of human nature was always sufficient to win him a respectful invitation from the captain of every ship on which we ever traveled to make ourselves at home in the pilot-house. Usually we were also permitted, when near shore, to follow our course daily by means of the captain's charts.

Sometimes most interesting events were taking place that the passengers on the quarter deck, with their heads bent over novels and papers, never suspected. One spring we put out to sea six times between the port of New York and that of St. Augustine in Florida. Rounding Cape Hatteras we kept in quiet water by passing between the shoals and the great lighthouse. It became very exciting as the

soundings were called off and we learned that our ship's keel "just didn't scrape the bottom." The captain who took us by that course was a Connecticut boy, who had slipped off through the apple orchard one day and was not heard of at home for several years. But the account he gave us of his hardships during these years would deter the average boy from doing likewise. He had been a pilot during the Civil War and knew every inch of the many sea-paths among the shoals between New York and Charleston. He and Father Walworth discovered they were cousins, at least genealogical cousins.

One day, between Capes Charles and May, this captain jerked the ship's gong like a crazy man, when, to the eyes of his passengers, all looked fair as a May morning, rattling off at the same time some very emphatic words. Ahead of us was a large ocean liner, headed in shore. In answer to our signal this steamship hove to and then swung around to come toward us. "What is it, captain?" whispered uncle in the pause that followed. "He's thirty miles out of his course. That's what it is! The Lord only knows how he got in here at all. He has probably mistaken that light for one near Cape Henlopen. Three minutes more and he'd have been aground." In plain view to the west was a stretch of land with its solitary skyward-pointing finger, There was nothing in sight to the east of us but water. It was only after seeing the "hen and chicken shoals" on the chart and learning how they and others stretch along, not only for miles up and down the coast, but far out into what appears, on a calm day, to be the open sea, that I understood what

the captain meant by being "in here." To be sure, a ship of that size in shallow water behind those shoals was in a trap, where even a squall might wreck her.

As she came alongside us the foreign captain asked what light that was abreast of us. "Fenwick's Island Light" answered our captain through his trumpet, and gave the other quickly his bearings. Meanwhile 300 passengers came swarming on the liner's deck, all alert with interest, if not fear. Both vessels were now at a standstill. Our captain had called out the course, how to get clear of the shoals and in toward Philadelphia. It was by falling into the path we were leaving, shown by the ruffled water in our wake, and was further indicated as he pointed out by a schooner, some distance behind us and nearer the shore, just turning to show a bend in the channel. Before his sentence was finished the foreigner suddenly steamed up and made off in the direction indicated without so much as a "Thank you."

"What's the matter with the fellow?" said our Yankee captain, mad as a hornet, swinging his great trumpet round and round to work off his feeling of indignation, "I've saved his ship for him; I've lost time to set him right; I've given him all the leeway he needed, and that's the way he treats me! Manners! A porpoise could teach him manners."

"Perhaps," suggested Father Walworth, "he feared some trouble among the passengers if they overheard enough of what you were telling him to be able to understand his blunder."

"No! It's the salvage," rejoined the still irate captain. "I was thinking of the danger of those

people when I spoke. But he knows very well I could, if I chose, put in a claim to salvage. He didn't want to answer any questions for fear I'd know too much about him. That's plain enough."

"He's making up for lost time," said Father Walworth.

"That he is," answered the captain, "and following the directions I gave him to a T."

When we neared our port the New York *Herald* was bought the very first thing and scanned eagerly for news of the great liner. Its arrival at Philadelphia was registered, and heartily glad we all were to read it. "That's all there'll ever be about it," said the captain, good-natured, and happy as a lark. We, also, had made good time through the shoals and distanced all rivals.

After reaching Florida, when we went to Mass at Palatka, Father Walworth noticed that the negro Catholics were assigned to a row of seats between the side aisle and the wall. In his conversation afterward with the local pastor I was surprised, listening, to learn how very great was his interest in the spiritual welfare of this dusky part of the congregation. How well he seemed to understand their special tastes and wants. Total absence of race prejudice and great love of the worthy poor were evidenced here, as ever, in his mental attitude. He had long since, on the missions, done his full share of work as a preacher in the black belt, and had profited by the lessons then learned.

When we were in Japan he was delighted to be served at Mass by little "Jap" altar boys with topknots. In China he took care to point out to me

the fine manly development of certain Chinese bearers of burdens, and noted the intellect, refinement and haughty pride in the faces of Chinese bankers. Truly, we were nothing but *western barbarians* from their point of view. The zeal and intellect of another St. Francis Xavier is still needed to conquer such paganism as theirs.

But of all races, aside from his own, the Indian, the American Indian, held for Father Walworth the highest interest. A few words are due here about our hunt for old Walworth farms near New London, and then the reader will be invited to tread with us some of the Indian trails of New York state. From the Hudson to Niagara Falls, and from their wampum beds by the sea to the woods and waters of Canada, we would have to track the Iroquois of the Five Nations, and con at least a hundred years of their history, if we would know in detail how Father Walworth was wont to take a vacation. He was never idle. What he called fun another might take for research.

Our ocean travel had ended with a dreamlike voyage to Bermuda and back. But one summer I joined my uncle for a trip to Connecticut. He said he wanted to visit the house where his father was born in Bozrah, and also the very first Walworth home in Groton.

"I don't know exactly where they are, but I think we can find out something more about them if we go there. Be sure and take our note-books, and also a sketch-book and pencils. You will see that I shall make friends with the oldest inhabitant. I count on you for the packing."

We started by the Boston and Albany Railroad, and after enjoying the beauties of Berkshire and lunching at a cosy table that came as suddenly between us and was as quickly provided with good things as the one seen by "Two Eyes" and "Three Eyes," we changed cars but once before arriving at the quaint old town of Norwich in Connecticut. Just where the Willimantic and the Yantic unite their waters to form the Thames, so well known to collegiate oarsmen, the streets of this hoary settlement climb the steep bank with many a freakish turn. And up we went in an omnibus to the Wauregan Hotel. We spent some time in the public library and there, on the county atlas, traced the chief roads through the township of Bozrah. Grandfather was born in Bozrah. Uncle called on an old lady who remembered him very well in his later days, but knew nothing of his birthplace. He was but four years old when his father, Benjamin, removed to Hoosic Falls in New York State. We had a country drive in Bozrah among the daisies and raspberries, past many an old orchard, and we questioned other old people, but without success. "It is somewhere within the circuit we have made," said uncle, after our drive. "I think it is that little brown house on the hill, where nobody lives." A year later he proved conclusively that this surmise was correct, and brought back with him one of its small attic windows, with four panes of glass, as a souvenir. More than one of his nephews had shown skill in the erection of rustic summer-houses in their home gardens. He intended it for some such structure or a boathouse. The farm from which Benjamin started

forth to seek his fortunes before the Revolution began, was more difficult to locate. We made three raids into Groton before uncle was satisfied as to all the details. First, we had but the boyish recollection of a friend, Paymaster Harris of the navy, to guide us. He remembered "a path across lots to Phila Walworth's." Phila was an old lady, bent like a hoop, who had lost all her beauty. Then we found the "Middleton" house and thought we had it, for a Walworth certainly married a Middleton. But these Middletons had all moved away to New York city. However, we corresponded with them and got some data for the Walworth Genealogy. I made sketches of everything in sight of that Middleton house that looked like ancient ruins. The most picturesque of these, with a crumbling wall, a well and some bewitching rose bushes, half wild and half tame, proved to be on the site of old Deacon Smith's house and garden. He, it seems, had borrowed some money of Benjamin's mother, the widow, who took care to state in her will that he had "promised to pay it in silver and not in continental money."

By this time, as the children were wont to say in their games, we were "getting warmer and warmer." I left one of my best kid gloves in a Groton cemetery, where there had once been a meeting-house, presided over by a Mr. Wightman, because I was so busy copying off the names and dates from Walworth headstones that I never thought of it again, at least until we were miles away, near the Chester-Walworth farm.

A new difficulty appeared. Walworths had lived on so many of the Groton farms that it was quite a

puzzle to untangle the connections, and besides, the first Walworth, the original William from England, had worked three different farms himself. There were giants, it seemed, in those days. But of the home in which he died and where his "three sons" — of course there were three — grew up to manhood, scarcely a vestige remained above the level of the meadow. The site of it was marked by a depression indicating its size; the spot was called the "chimney lot," because older people of the township remembered the ruins of a chimney there. It was not far from Deacon Smith's rose bushes, but no modern highway passes the site. It lies off in the fields near a copious spring, whose waters are traced on the county map till meeting others they flow through deep ravines to Fisher's Island Sound. That island, too, was visited, first in the little "Skipjack," a ferry from New London, and afterward by way of a large steamer from the eastern end of Long Island. Even the old records of Southold, an ancient settlement at the extreme eastern limit of our State of New York, had to be investigated, too, to see if, perchance, they might throw light on the pioneers of the neighboring islands. But no. The records of Groton in Connecticut were a richer mine for our purpose. We spent a long time copying them in the old Avery house, where an Avery married a Walworth two centuries before, and where a fair Avery maiden pointed out to us the heavy beams hewed out in 1656, corresponding partly to what is now called the washboard of a room. These beams made broad, low seats upon which the Pequot Indians were accustomed to squat

when visiting the pioneers. A part of the second story of that Avery house projected over the first. A new railroad was built near it soon after our visit. A spark from an engine set it afire, and the pretty old locust tree that overshadowed it only served to add fuel to the flames. The family have since marked its site by a stone tablet. The sweet old garden that we saw is now a mere mass of weeds. The county clerk must henceforth be sought out elsewhere by those who wish to find the old safe full of rescued documents.

But not for all the pleasures of Palm Beach, nor those of the northern racetracks and country clubs, would the genealogist and his niece have exchanged their summer hunt for the homes of ancestors, their interviews with the oldest inhabitants of New London county and the consequent crop of budding friendships for new-found cousins.

In Historic Warpaths.

Father Walworth's interest in the Indians began even before he was old enough to read. He not only read and reread the novels of James Fennimore Cooper while his eyesight lasted, but when that was gone he had them read aloud to him, though he had to hold up an ear-trumpet to catch the sound.

When he was but six years old he discovered that a strange pedestrian, who slept one night on the piazza of his Saratoga home, had disappeared, leaving behind him a packet with a good shirt and some other useful articles. Running to ask his mother what to do with them, she said to keep them awhile, and if not called for he could give them

to whoever he thought had most need for them. The child bore this in mind. One cool day a scantily clad red man came noiselessly toward him, with the usual forest tread, one step directly ahead of the last, making, from habit, as few foot-tracks as possible. Calling to the Indian to wait, with a gesture as expressive as the word, he ran indoors and reappeared with the bundle, which he thrust toward him with a happy smile.

"Umph!" quoth the Indian, with a quiet, steady glance at the boy, and without more ado, took up the even tenor of his gait, bearing the gift with him.

"What did the man say?" asked his mother.

"He just said: 'Umph!' but I think he will use that shirt."

"I hope so," said she, doubtfully. "It would do him no good to sell it for drink."

The incident was forgotten. Six months later, in the springtime, the same silent red man appeared, seeking the boy. In his hand he held a beautiful bow, of well-seasoned wood, and a good supply of fine arrows, just the proper size for Clarence to handle with success. No boy of his age in Saratoga had so choice an equipment. It was a proud day for him. He himself had believed in the gratitude of the Indian, and here was its proof in the loud and unmistakable language of a thoughtful deed. If ever any one said in his presence: "There is no good Indian but a dead Indian," he was stopped short off with a denial of the fact. He always insisted that Cooper's Indian heroes were not overdrawn, but truly represented their race. He admitted that there might be "digger Indians" that were not like New York Indians, but so, too, there

were white men that he would not care to have presented as types of the race. In consequence of his predilection for the red men he was one of the priests chosen to be postulators of the cause of canonization of Kateri Tekakwitha, the "Lily of the Mohawks." He also gave to the author of this work every opportunity to prepare her biography, which was published in 1890, after five years of careful research.* Some account of journeys with Father Walworth during those five years, gathered from notebooks and diaries, will show why he changed his old refrain, "Once more upon the ocean," to a new one, with which he gleefully began many a brief summer jaunt. Hereafter it was, "Once more upon the warpath, yet once more!"

"It's a fine thing to have a hobby, Nelly," he would say, "if you don't go too far with it and make yourself a bore. As for me, I have several."

"Geology heads the list," said I, remembering the Saratoga county quarries and the fossils we brought from Schoharie valley.

"Yes, but just now it is Indians. Our good friend, Father Kennedy, of St. Lucy's, invites us to visit with him the Onondaga Reservation, and I want you to go with me to the Mohawk valley to find out all we can about Caughnawaga. I know a young priest there, Father O'Brien — he sings, by the way, like a lark. He has lately been made pastor of St. Cecilia's, a little church Father Lowery has built in the old Mohawk country. The Lily of the Mohawks lived there, or thereabouts, and I want, if possible, to locate the spot. Father O'Brien says

* "The Life and Times of Kateri Tekakwitha," may be obtained from the author at Albany, N. Y.

they have found Indian graves lately on the Sand Flats at Fonda. He has a sister who has come on from Oswego to keep house for him. She plays well on the organ and has her own piano. It is lonely for her yet; he says he will be very glad if I bring you with me. He will drive us all around the neighborhood. I know a gentleman belonging to the Cayuga County Historical Society; he is locating old Indian villages. He is said to be the best authority in the State on that subject, and he has promised me to join us there some fine day. His name is General Clark."

So the ball was set a-rolling, but when the game was ended it was no snowman, but an out and out heroine of the red race that appeared as a result, with *data* sufficient for an actual biography, instead of the historical romance I had first projected. It was a learned Jesuit, to whom I was introduced at Kenwood Convent, who informed me of the wealth of manuscripts to be found at the *College de St. Marie* at Montreal. In the study of these Mr. John Gilmary Shea also lent his aid. To meet and talk with these historians on their own favorite topics was a new and inspiring experience.

The following extracts from my note-book will show in detail how we came and went, time and again, on the old warpaths of New York State:

Syracuse, *June* 25, 1883.

Last Saturday we drove over to the Indian Reservation, up Onondaga Valley past an old building on a hill to the left where there was once a fort and, past a great quarry. We saw wagon loads of Indians, and here and there a log cabin, before we reached the village and council house. There we

talked first with some young squaws and children, then with an Indian storekeeper and his wife, and afterward with Pierce, who invited us into his cottage, and told us he had only been there nine years. LeFort, it seems, a son of the old Abram LeFort, was a finely educated man, and former President. The squaw at the store (a Methodist) had told us to see Pierce because he could "talk white language" better than her husband. Pierce's father was a Seneca, his mother an Onondaga. He spoke both languages. They are quite different. The pike, strawberry and green corn dances are to thank God for these gifts. An old castle is further north, down the valley. Three hundred Onondagas still hold their own. Smallpox and diphtheria have made havoc in times past. A very old Onondaga is Aunt Dinah. Her step-daughter,—Aweykga-a,—is otherwise known as Ida Webster. We came home over Onondaga Hill, and took tea with my convent schoolmate, Ada Fyler (Mrs. Ryan). She described a green corn dance she had seen on the Reservation years ago. The Indians wore all their finery with paint and feathers, and moved around a pole adorned with gay colors. They raised a great dust.. Then the rain came and drove them into their long, low wooden council house. Ada told us too, of a great chief who was buried near St. Agnes' Cemetery on Onondaga Hill, in a knoll. Our talk about the storm that put an end to the corn dance brought out two very expressive Onondaga words, *i. e.: Baim wawa*, which means "sound of thunder;" and *Oc-hees-taw*, "the lightning." The Indians speak of thunder itself as *Ec-soot-a-haut*. This word means, literally, "the grandfather of the power of the Great Spirit." We found in a book, Clark's "Onondaga," pp. 124–5, a detailed account of certain famous wampum belts held by the Onondagas and their explanation, these being the Constitution as well as the chief historic documents, so to speak, of the "League of the Five Nations of Iroquois."

When Mr. Clark saw the belts they were in a curious ancient bag, made of the finest shreds of elm bark, like softest flax; the capacity of the bag exceeded a bushel, and it was said to be as old as the league itself. The tubes or beads of wampum are red, dark blue, pale blue, black and white. They are of conch shell, five-eighths of an inch long, as

large as a small pipe stem, and hollow; strung and woven with sinews of deer and bark. This famous bag of wampum was, he says, looked upon as a sacred treasure and preserved with great care by the elected "Keeper of the Wampum."

After visiting the "Jesuit Spring" at Salina where Chamonot preached in 1656 in St. Mary's, a bark chapel, I copied Judge Geddes' survey of 1797, showing the position of parapets, gates and palisades of the old works there on the bank of Onondaga Lake. Then we were ready to familiarize ourselves with the story of the Oneida Stone, which was removed from its ancient site in the Oneida country to the cemetery at Utica. After that we sought once more the Mohawk country. Here the notes were continued thus:

At the Snell House, Fonda,
July 20, 1883.

Drove this morning with Uncle, Father O'Brien and Mr. Yeardon, schoolmaster at Fonda, across the Kayadutta creek and along under the brow of the hill up the Mohawk Valley a short distance to a road turning up the hill toward Abram Reese's house. Before reaching it we turned into some fields to the right near a wood belonging to Dominie Frothingham. A very short drive on the elevated plateau then brought us to the steep bank of the Kayadutta creek, where the sand has been dug out for building purposes. In this excavation were found very recently several whole skeletons and a variety of beads, also a rusty pair of scissors. Some of the bones were lying near a lower jaw bone with teeth, etc., which Uncle brought away and gave to Mr. Yeardon, who has the first skull they found. Less than half way down the bank to the creek is a charming spring issuing from the roots of an old crooked tree, from which we drank.* There

* This was Tekakwitha's Spring. I made a sketch of it as it then appeared for her biography. The spring was used later for business purposes and its beauty marred.

is a large one near by, partially filled in, and a third around the wooded point up stream. On the high ground extending from the latter point to the sand bank, according to Mr. Veeder, whom we met as we drove down toward his farm-house, were the (earthen) remains resembling streets of a village seen by his father. In the wood near there the marks of an axe were seen in the inside of a tree which, said Mr. Veeder, must have been made according to Mr. Clark's calculation about the time Jogues visited the Mohawk towns. Mr. Clark was at Fort Plain and located the towns near Fort Hunter about a year ago. When questioned further he told us Mr. Clark had not been to the Veeder Farm for ten years. Mr. Veeder found arrow heads in the field across the road from his house. We called on his sister, then stopped at the yellow house of the older Mr. Veeder. We saw the old beads and scissors that had been dug up — (Uncle got three of those beads, to be fastened to his gutta-percha watch chain as a souvenir). The site of the block house was shown to us where the first liberty pole was planted. Then we drove down by the old Douw place and that of Major Jellis Fonda, and read on a tombstone the date 1772. The site of the old bridge and store was pointed out to us and "coffin rock" in the Mohawk river. This last indicates where to look for rapids. The name Caughnawaga that clings to the eastern end of Fonda, and was the name of the first railroad station at that point on the New York Central Railroad, means "At the Rapids." The Mohawks used it there and carried it with them to their home by the great rapid of the St. Lawrence river near Montreal.

After crossing the modern bridge we drove up the Mohawk on the south side and then back, to dinner.

It was when shooting the great rapid of the St. Lawrence river on our way from Caughnawaga in Canada to Montreal that we met and conversed with Mr. Hale of Philadelphia, author of the Iroquois "Book of Rites." Extracts from this work, indicating that Hiawatha's Great Peace, *i. e.*, the League of

the Five Nations, was established about 1450, A. D., fill up another page of the note-book of our Indian travels. These *data* are wedged in between copious extracts from Dutch records of Albany and French manuscripts at Montreal, together with addresses of Frenchmen and Indians whom we visited, to obtain information; also, records of interviews like the following:

Hotel Dieu, Montreal.

Sœur la Daunersière has been fifty-three years in this house. She knew M. Marcoux. She has a relic of Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, and a quaint little colored picture of her from which I made a tracing. She remembered that a larger relic, a vertebra, in a beautiful relic case which she worked in 1843, was placed in the small niche covered with glass that indents the tall cross of Tekakwitha at the Sault St. Louis.

The cross has since been renewed, being only of wood; and, at its base, a substantial stone sarcophagus has been placed, marking Tekakwitha's burial place. When the Indians moved their village westward nearer to La-Chine they also bore her bones with them, thus testifying their affection; yielding, however, one vertebra, to remain near the original grave. Later, they permitted their curé to present Father Walworth with a part of a bone from the arm, to take back with him to the old Mohawk country where she is also beloved. This is deposited at Kenwood Convent, on a fine carved oaken bracket. It was designed by Mr. Charles Lang, the same artist who visited Caughnawaga in his company, on one occasion, to secure artistic memoranda for a portrait of Tekakwitha.

Again, from the note-book:

June, 1885.

During the fall of 1884, I recopied Chauchetiere's manuscript,— keeping one copy myself and sending one to Uncle, who forwarded it to Mr. John Gilmary Shea. This was received by the latter during my absence in Europe, February to June, 1885. Within a week after my return I started to the Mohawk Valley with Uncle to meet General Clark, who kindly waited to take the trip with me.

Ten acres at Auriesville now belong to the Jesuits, including the spot where Réné Goupil was killed.

Tuesday, June 16.

After a noon dinner General Clark, Uncle and I drove from Fonda by the south bank of the Mohawk to Auries creek. We ascended a very steep hill and saw corn pits, also Indian graves near modern ones, and by mounting the fence had a glimpse of the river valley and a grain field in the foreground, covering a village site — (1659). We descended the ridge by an Indian trail, passed through Auriesville and across the ravines to Ossernenon's site.

We entered by the north approach where Isaac Jogues' head, posted on the palisade, was exhibited to the crowd in as bloody a manner as was that of Sir Thomas More on London Bridge. All that appeared to our eyes was an open field, the blue sky and a broad outlook over the Mohawk Valley.

General Clark told us he had measured the distance to the Schoharie creek, and this was the only spot in the Mohawk Valley corresponding exactly with Father Jogues' own description of the scene of his captivity and Réné Goupil's death. The Jesuits did well to buy it, and we hope soon to see it marked in some way to easily distinguish it.

This has since been done by the erection of the shrine, the chapel and the Calvary.

On June 17, 1885, as the note-book shows, we were at Canajoharie, or "The Pot that Washes Itself." We saw the cataract by taking a pathless walk

over pine needles, "where moccasins would have been better than shoes." Mohawk Castle sites too numerous to mention here, considering the length and sound of their names, were duly visited by our little party. But enough has already been here quoted from our diaries and note-books to give some idea of how Father Walworth spent his vacations. He was always consciously or unconsciously gathering and imparting information.

This being so, his interest in the project of a Catholic Summer School at his own beautiful birthplace, Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain, goes without saying. Together, and with our cousins of that place, we heard Father Searle lecture there, before the association had a roof of its own. And together, after a ramble in the dim dawn from Hotel Champlain, on the Bluffs, through woodland paths, we two knelt on the top floor of its first administration building near a very new rocking chair and bureau, there to hear the first Mass that was ever said on the Summer School grounds. We saw in passing through the halls to the stairway of that building a crude but tidy restaurant, and a baby carriage or two on the main floor. We mounted promptly to the improvised chapel. Once there the bowed heads in the hall and room, together with the deep recollection of the celebrant, were to us ready indications that the Star of Faith shone brightly there with far-reaching rays. It gave a new charm to beautiful nature at a favored spot. It seemed indeed a hallowed Bethlehem of beginnings. There by the broad lake, among the quiet hills with hopeful thoughts

and congenial friends, we may well close this record of our travels.

But there, too, as well as in the Mohawk Valley Tekakwitha's canoe had passed, and echoes of old Indian history lingered. The pros and cons of her canonization, and that of certain "black gowns" who taught the Huron-Iroquois, were discussed in shady nooks. And, therefore, as appropriate letters have been appended to other chapters one has been found that seems to belong to this, as it is about the Iroquois Virgin. It will be well to bear in mind whilst reading it, that her canonization, together with that of Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., and his companion, Réné Goupil, was desired by the bishops of the United States when assembled in their "Third Plenary Council" at Baltimore. In token of this they drafted and sent to Rome from that city a formal request that the preliminary steps be taken. To this request of the bishops was annexed a quaint and interesting petition in several Indian languages, signed by Catholic Indians residing on various "reservations." When he accompanied his bishop to Baltimore, as theologian, at the time of the council, Father Walworth had it much at heart that Tekakwitha's name should receive its due share of attention. He was active in bringing it forward. Because, as he expressed it, the two martyrs of the Mohawk mission, Isaac Jogues and Réné Goupil, would surely not be overlooked, for they belonged, as priest and *donné* to the great Society of Jesus, so influential to urge their cause not only at Baltimore but at Rome. Besides, Tekakwitha, if canonized,

would be our first native North American saint. Hence, the following:

From Rev. T. Harel, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Montreal, to Rev. C. A. Walworth.

EVECHE, MONTREAL, 29th *October*, 1884.

REV. SIR — His lordship, the R. C. Bishop of Montreal, has given me communication of your letter of the 16th instant, concerning the practical steps to be taken in the cause of the Beatification of Catherine Tegakwita. I was so busy all these last days that I could not spare a moment to give such an answer.

1. There is no necessity of a *Postulatum* at the present time, as the Process or Processes to be made belong to the Bishop or Bishops of Albany or Montreal, inasmuch as the Process is made in Montreal only, or in both Dioceses,— But though it is not necessary, that *Postulatum* or Postulary Letter, (Littora Postulatoria) signed, if it could be, by all the Bishops at Baltimore would help in the future, after the *Processus coram ordinarii seu informationis* is sent to the Holy See, accompanied with as many Postulatorial Letters as possible signed by Bishops, Priests, members of Communities and laymen. If you think proper to have that Postulatorial signed by the Bishops at Baltimore, it has to be written in Latin, addressed to the Holy Father, and expose that the serv't of God has died in the diocese of Montreal *cum magna fama sanctitatis*, and express the wish that the Holy Father proceed to her cause of Beatification, on account of the virtue which she practiced, etc., etc.

2. The first thing to be done is the election of a *Postulator* of the cause with the agreement of the two Bishops, Montreal and Albany. The Postulator would collect all the documents and traditions concerning the serv't of God, give the "articles" of interrogation, select the witnesses whom he judged proper, and introduce the cause to the Tribunal of the Bishops, *Ordinarii locorum.*

3. The cause being introduced, the Bishop would form his Tribunal and then the cause would proceed regularly.

There is a question to be decided in the case — either the

Processus coram Ordinario has to take place in Montreal only, or in Montreal and in Albany. My opinion is that the servant of God having died in the Diocese of Montreal, her cause must take place there, but that witnesses could be had from Albany, and if the witnesses of Albany could not come to Montreal, the Bishop of Albany would examine them on the same *articles* and same "*Interrogatoria*," *servatis servandis*, etc.

It would require a volume to give all the information in the matter. I am always ready to help you, if you find it proper, as much as possible.

Yours truly,

T. HAREL, *Pst.*

Chancellor.

Rev. Father Walworth, *St. Mary's Church, Albany, N. Y.*

XII.

WIELDING THE TEMPERANCE SLEDGE-HAMMER.

Clippings from Local and Other Newspapers.

Few have thought more deeply about Temperance or worked more earnestly in its cause than Father Walworth. Few have dealt heavier blows than he to the liquor traffic from his own pulpit at St. Mary's, or cornered it more successfully in Committee rooms of the New York Legislature. Thoughtful men in his city and State still speak of him as a great moral power for order and sobriety; and this, not alone in his immediate vicinity, but wherever his spoken or printed word has reached, whether the utterance came from him simply as a man or, as a citizen or, as a priest.

Yet Father Walworth himself was never a total abstainer. He founded a Total Abstinence Guild in his parish. He wrote songs for it. He gave the Total Abstinence pledge to many. For some men he considered it a necessity to abstain from intoxicants. Others, he thought, gave a most commendable example by so doing. But when enthusiasts tried to force the pledge on all, or made unpractical pleas for prohibition of all trade in liquors by State legislation, he quietly reminded them that temperance, not prohibition or total abstinence, is one of the four cardinal virtues, ranking with justice, fortitude and

prudence. To be able to use at will, without abuse, both meat and drink, and all the faculties and gifts granted by God to man, is indeed a great fundamental virtue.

But men who possess that virtue, who can use intoxicants without abuse and care not to take the pledge, should, he thought, make their influence felt toward sobriety. He rallied them to his aid by strong persuasive words when some great temperance measure was pending. He brought the subject before them with unremitting energy. He sought out the roots and causes of anti-temperance movements, and brought forward the best aims and credentials of those active on the other side. Then, to the substantial men of the community, he would say: "On which side will you throw your influence? Do not those of us who are striving to check the liquor trade stand for law, order and decency? For God, duty and religion? For the good of home and State and country?" And so by one plea or another, he won them to sign a protest, or appear at a mass-meeting or a legislative hearing. So well known did he become in this cause, that the active officers sometimes of a Catholic, sometimes of a Protestant Temperance Society, would telegraph him from New York city that an important measure on a certain day would be argued before a committee at the Capitol. They would urge him to be there and to speak. Whenever it was possible, he appeared, surprising the newer members of the Legislature by his knowledge not only of the question in hand, but of the Excise Laws in general and in particular. He usually won their

respect by his wise and courteous reasoning, when he did not awe them by some eloquent and unexpected appeal to their individual consciences as men in responsible positions, accountable to God for their legislative action. If the time was not propitious for aggressive measures, at least he was ever on the alert and gave frequent warnings to the public of what the liquor sellers were about. Thus he took up the useful but thankless duty of watch-dog for temperance sake over the excise legislation of New York State, and was true to it for long years till he died. It will be enough for present purposes to give some extracts from his scrap-books of newspaper clippings. They will show him not only in this capacity of sounding the alarm but again as occasions came on, with true American freedom of speech dealing blow after blow of heavy argumentative reasoning; or, betimes, busy enough with the thrust and parry of repartee in fencing bouts of ridicule; and most of this occurring during the brief legislative months at Albany. First of all, however, by way of introduction to the clippings that deal with the general question of temperance reform, it will be well for us to read over his *Tract* "No. 10," intended to better the individual sinner. It was first printed by the Catholic Publication Society in New York, and sold at fifty cents a hundred for wide distribution by lecturers and temperance societies. It will put in a proper frame of mind to read further those of us whose thoughts have been for some time diverted from this subject of Temperance.

No. 10

What is to be Done in Such a Case?

PART FIRST.

John Egan's Picture, by Himself.

You don't understand how I can behave so! I suppose you don't. I don't understand it myself. Look here, my friends, it is all very well to cry "shame!" and turn up your noses; but here is the question, "What is to be done in such a case?" Tell me that.

That's my house, sir. One story and two rooms. A front door that shuts with a latch, and a back door on one hinge, that stays where it is put without a latch. That's my wife, sir. A good-looking woman, sir, and a handy one to work when she's well. You don't like that black ring about her eye! It was a present from her husband, sir, last Saturday night. She sold her wedding-ring long ago, to buy bread. She gets this kind of japanned jewelry from me, now and then, to remind her that she is my wife.

There are my children, sir. What do you think of them? Dirty! Of course they are. Why shouldn't they be? It's their native land, sir, and they don't like to part with it. I see you don't like the pattern of their clothes. What would you have? The biggest boy has no pantaloons to be sure; but he has a coat on big enough for three. His brother, Tim there, took the pantaloons. What's Tim crying for? It's a way he has. He's crying for something to eat, I suppose. I should cry for the same reason, except that I'm put to it worse for the want of something to drink.

You don't like to hear me laugh, eh? You think I talk too lightly, do you, considering the ruin that lies around me? Well, perhaps I do. But, my God sir, what would you have? If I were to follow my feelings, sir, I shouldn't trouble any one with my laughing. If I were to listen to the devil that whispers so often in my ear, I should soon be lying cold and quiet at the bottom of the river. Why, man alive!

you don't know how often I've stood looking from the dock by the river-side upon the quiet water that seemed to call me to come and lie down in its bosom, and be at rest. If it weren't for the little I remember of my catechism, and the fear of Hell that still clings to me, I shouldn't be sitting here a terror to myself, and a show to my neighbors, and a shame to my family. God help them! And God help me!

I don't need preaching, sir. Nobody need tell me how bad I am. I know it all better than any one can tell me. I ought to be ashamed of myself! Of course I ought. And do you think I am not? My friend, let me whisper it in your ear, *that's what is killing me!* I am so low down in my own estimation, that I am ready to die with the disgrace. It's only when I have a little whisky in me that I feel like a man again.

Now, my highly moral and religious friend, you have a picture of me drawn by myself. If you can make a better, do it. If not, don't stand there, pouring misery into a bucket that's already full, but tell me something I don't know already. Tell me what is to be done in such a case?

PART SECOND.

John Egan's Remedy, by a Friend.

I think I understand your case, John. And I think I know what ought to be done.

I. In the first place, don't be discouraged. The devil will whisper a great many foolish lies in your ear. He will tell you that there is no hope for you; that it is useless to try to help yourself; that your character is all gone, and nobody will ever respect you or trust you again. These are all lies. Many a man before you that has been as far gone in intemperance as yourself has broken loose from his bad habits, and taken his rightful place in society again; perhaps got to the top of the heap. You can do the same thing. Bright days are before you, if you will only make the right effort.

II. In the second place, begin with a strong resolution, and make it before God. Don't take any oaths, or make any vows. Oaths and vows are very extraordinary things, and ought not to be made lightly, or without great caution. But

do this. Go into some room alone by yourself, or into the church, and there upon your knees promise God to set about reforming yourself with all your power, and ask His grace to guide and help you. There also, on your knees, make a firm promise not to touch or taste the least drop of intoxicating drink, of any kind, until you have spoken to the priest, and arranged matters with him. Don't go to the priest while there is the least sign of liquor upon you. Wait until your head is as clear and cool as a glass of fresh spring water. And in the meanwhile wash your face, comb your hair, clean your shoes, and make yourself look and feel as much as possible like a respectable man. There is a great deal in brushing up the outside, although of course that's not the principal thing.

III. Then go to the priest's house, ring the bell and ask for him. Don't make any long speeches, but tell him the state of the case at once. Let him know that, if he approves of it, you are ready to take the total abstinence pledge for one year, five years, ten years, or for so long a period as he may advise, and that once taken, nothing on earth shall ever make you break it. This done, ask when it will be convenient for him to hear your confession, and prepare you for Holy Communion.

IV. It is important now to get your soul into a state of grace. Begin at once to prepare for a good confession. This means, of course, not only to tell the sins you have committed, but to come before God and His priest with a true hearty sorrow for your sins, and a firm determination to avoid all kinds of sin, and to commence at once a holy life. Coming in this way, the priest's absolution pronounced over your head will be a real pardon from God. After this you need not be afraid to receive the Holy Communion. This holy food will give you strength from Heaven to resist temptation, and keep your soul in grace. I would advise you to come once every month to confession and communion, until you become thoroughly confirmed in your new life and good habits.

V. In order now to insure your perseverance, you need above all, these three things — prayer, industry, and great watchfulness against temptation and the occasions of sin.

Pray.— Pray at least every morning and evening. I do not say, make long prayers, but pray! And after saying your usual prayers, add this: "My God! I offer my pledge to Thee! I firmly resolve once more to keep it to the end. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Be Industrious. Idleness is the parent of many vices, and especially it is the father of drunkenness. Besides, remember that you owe it to your family and your friends to make up for the lost time.

Avoid the grog-shop and other occasions of sin. Be careful of your companions. If your company won't suit them unless you drink with them — why then, the sooner you separate the better. Don't make any false excuses for not drinking. Tell them plainly and openly that you have taken the pledge, and would rather die than break it.

Keep away from the places where liquor is sold. There's danger there. People get together in these places to chat and talk, and that makes attraction for a man in the evening when his work is over. I know it does, but that is an attraction which you must resist. How much better to spend your evenings at home! How happy you would make your wife by doing this, and what a benefit it would be to your children! Ah! there is no place like home for true happiness, when love lights the fire and spreads the board. The first society that God made was the Family, and He gave it His blessing.

There, John, I have answered your question. I have given you my very best advice. What will you do with it?

CONVERSION OF JOHN TOBY.

How a Woman's Kindness Saved Him. Rev. C. A. Walworth's Temperance Story.

(*From the* DAILY PRESS AND KNICKERBOCKER, *Albany, March* 5, 1878.)

"The History of John Toby's Conversion, with His Views on Temperance, the Liquor Trade and the Excise Law," a lecture delivered by Rev. C. A. Walworth last Sunday evening, has been issued in pamphlet form by the Albany News Company, and is in general demand. The story is founded upon fact, is graphically told, is full of humor and capital hits on the topic it deals with, and will be a serviceable temperance tale.

The hero, John Toby, introduced as a "smart, active, good-looking, talented, young Irishman," starts off in life under favorable auspices; but by frequenting the Hon. Michael Magreedy's grocery too much, brings the blight of intemperance upon his family peace, impoverishes himself and destroys his good looks.

Hon. Michael Magreedy, "blessed Michael, the dark angel," as John Toby dubs him, kept a respectable place, where no drunken man without money was allowed to be noisy. At Magreedy's, John Toby meets, among others, O'Gammon, described as "a second-rate lawyer, a prominent politician and a member of assembly. He was what is called a rising young man; a man of good reputation; a patriot so far as his country could be of use to him; a conscientious politician so far as his party would permit him to be; and a consistent Christian so far as religion chimed in with his prospects and did not interfere with the satisfactory buttering of his bread. In addition to all these virtues he had taken the pledge of total abstinence and was a member of a temperance society."

As a religious man, he was a Christian and followed his conscience; as a citizen he was a party man and always voted in the interests of his friends.

With this political Christian and Christian politician, John Toby has occasional arguments, which show among other

things that Mr. O'G. makes a serious mistake in defending his course in the Legislature as a representative of the liquor interest, and in attempting to justify it by alleging that his allegiance to his constituency excuses him for voting contrary to the dictates of sound morality.

Now, in John Toby's village a "temperance society had been started by a priest deeply interested in the cause."

The story refers to the different notions priests have in these matters. "Some give pledges in one way and some in another. Some favor societies while others prefer to manage everything of the kind in the pulpit and in the confessional." But whatever the peculiar treatment may be, whenever a wise and zealous priest takes hold of the question, he makes it move.

Mrs. Averill, an excellent lady, induces John to take the pledge, awakens his self-respect and restores him by kindness and encouragement — not alone verbal, but pecuniary.* The manner in which it is done gives a pleasant termination to the story. The idea of a story upon the platform is a taking one, and when the tale, however simple the plot, is nicely told, it is a most effective way of grafting an idea upon the public mind.

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* As the story runs, Mrs. Averill has a sudden desire for a well, and persuades her husband to hire John Toby to dig it. This incident is founded on a fact in the life of Father Walworth's mother. She had a well dug, aiding thereby the reform of a Saratoga tippler.

HONORS TO ASSEMBLYMAN KEEGAN.

He is Made an Honorary Member of St. Mary's Guild, and Presented with Regalia.

(*From the* ALBANY EVENING TIMES, *April* 12, 1878.)

An informal entertainment was given last evening to the Hon. John Keegan of the Assembly, at 41 Chapel street, where he had been invited to meet the executive committee of St. Mary's Temperance Guild. In the course of the evening Father Walworth read the following complimentary address, in the form of a letter:

St. Mary's Church,
ALBANY, *April* 8, 1878.

To the Hon. John Keegan:

DEAR SIR — Yesterday evening at a regular meeting of St. Mary's Temperance Guild, the following resolutions were unanimously and enthusiastically adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this society can never forget the vote cast on the 7th of March, 1878, against the "Daly excise bill," by the Hon. John Keegan, member of the Assembly for Queens county; and especially the noble words which accompanied that vote, when he said:

"I have no doubt that the people who sent me here are in favor of more liberal liquor laws; but respect for the oath which I took on the first Tuesday of January demands that I shall now cast a vote which will undoubtedly consign me to political oblivion. I believe this to be a question between God and the devil, between Hell and Heaven, and I vote — *No.*"

Resolved, That a man who can thus deliberately renounce his hopes of political preferment in obedience to his conscience, and who so truly loves the best happiness of his constituents, is, according to our conviction, a hero. We hold him to be an honor to his native land, as well as to this country which reared him, and the true model of a Christian statesman and patriot; and if the consequence of such grandeur of soul is to exclude him from our State and national councils, we bewail the low standard of public morals.

Resolved, That as a token of our admiration and esteem, the said John Keegan be declared and hereby is constituted, an honorary senior member of this guild; and that he be presented with the suitable regalia representing that grade of membership; and furthermore, that this testimonial is not intended by us to entail any sort of obligation upon that honorable gentleman, beyond his acceptance of this, our homage of respect.

On behalf of the society which we represent, and upon our own part, we feel honored, dear Sir, to subscribe ourselves.

CLARENCE A. WALWORTH,
Director.
JAMES J. FRANKLIN,
Regent.
EDWARD JUDGE,
Vice-Regent.
THOMAS CAVANAUGH,
Marshal.
CHARLES MCAULAY,
Financial Clerk.
OWEN KELLY,
Treasurer.
WILLIAM TAAFE,
Secretary.

A handsome box containing the regalia of the society, with the badge worn by members of the senior grade, was then presented. Mr. Keegan responded in a very happy manner, and with great feeling. Two hours were spent in social enjoyment before the pleasant party broke up.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

(From the Troy *Press*, May 29, 1882.)

The State convention of the Metropolitan Total Abstinence Union of New York convened at the City Hall this morning. The body was called to order by James F. Wilkinson of Albany, president of the union. Fifty-six societies are represented by three delegates each. The union has powerful organizations in New York, Newburgh, Yonkers, Poughkeepsie, Hudson, Albany, Saugerties, Rondout, Rochester, Utica, Syracuse,

Buffalo, Auburn, Oswego, Troy and other places. After the call of the roll the delegates visited St. Mary's Church, where Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Havermans. The members of the convention after Mass returned to the City Hall, about 11 o'clock. After being called to order, Rev. Clarence A. Walworth of Albany presented the following resolutions which were adopted without a dissenting vote:

Resolved, 1st, That the object of this union is not merely to provide for the safety or the perfection of its own members, but also to "oppose and uproot the baneful vice of drunkenness," * by the "systematic application of every available means, religious or otherwise."

2d, That the sale of intoxicating drinks upon the Lord's Day is not only a violation of the laws of the State and the precepts of the Church, but also a fruitful source of intemperance; and that we are bound in the very nature of this union to oppose it, and to seek by every available means to uproot it.

3d, That "in view of the curse of drunkenness which lies like a blight upon this generation," it is right and necessary to surround the sale of intoxicating drinks by salutary restraints of law, and that it is the especial vocation of temperance men and the duty of all good citizens to sustain such laws and encourage their enforcement.

Father Walworth's Remarks.

Father Walworth prefaced his resolutions by showing the necessity of having in every organization definite aims and objects. Special efforts should be made to produce practical results, by an accepted plan of operations. He then explained the scope and bearing of each resolution in detail, bringing to bear illustrations derived from long experience. His explanation of the third resolution was lengthy and forcible, displaying an accurate and extensive knowledge of the Excise Laws which were adopted in 1857 by the Legislature of New York State. Father Walworth's ability to expound the laws of the

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* The words in quotation marks are those of Pope Leo XIII., Bp. O'Connor, S. J., and Cardinal Manning.

State will not be questioned by any one familiar with his early life and his intercourse with Chancellor Walworth. In conclusion, Father Walworth urged the necessity of enforcing existing laws in the State of New York before wasting energy in the attempt to make new laws. The enemies of the temperance cause have greater opportunities to pervert new laws and to confuse the public mind. The old are good, have been tested and fortified by competent legal interpretations, and if vigorously applied would be productive of excellent results.

The Weekly Union of New York, June 10, 1882, gives the wording of an Address to the Catholics of the State of New York, formulated at the above meeting of the C. T. A. Union at Troy and signed by the following temperance advocates there present: Rev. Thos. McMillan, C. S. P., Rev. J. J. Brennan, J. W. O'Brien, A. Patton, W. T. Keene and J. H. Smith.

THE EXCISE QUESTION.

(From the *Argus*, March 3, 1883.)

A meeting of the Senate Committee on Cities and Villages was held on Thursday afternoon, and a hearing given to a delegation of clergymen of Albany, who appeared in opposition to the sweeping amendment of the "Excise Laws" contained in the act recently passed through the Assembly.

The Rev. Dr. Battershall of St. Peter's opened the question, first introducing to the committee the Rev. Wm. S. Smart of the First Congregational Church, Rev. Henry M. King, of the Emanuel Baptist Church, Father Walworth, of St. Mary's and Rev. James H. Ecob, of the Second Presbyterian Church. These gentlemen all addressed the committee in the order named. * * *

Father Walworth spoke at considerable length. He said that although not a member of the clerical committee, he was very glad to appear upon their invitation. * * * He declared that the Excise Laws of 1857, as they stood in their original symmetry, constituted a wise, beautiful and thorough

system. * * * Although, unfortunately, they had been injured by amendments, and although they had been and still were too generally evaded, they had not lost all their excellence nor could they be considered as entirely inoperative. This he based not only upon his own experience, but upon the fact of the constant effort made by liquor traders to ruin the law by amendments or by repeal. He repudiated the idea that the Legislature should legislate chiefly for the interests of the trade, but rather in the interests of the people, and in pity and mercy for the millions suffering through the trade, and whose numbers and whose woes were always increased by every extension of the so-called liquor interest.

He gave a short history also, of the Excise Laws, to show that the complications of the law, as it stands, had not grown out of defects in the law, but to meet the wishes of violators of the law, and the perjuries of government officials. He agreed with those who had preceded him in demanding that the law should be left without further mutilation until necessity for it should be done away with, by some strong substitute of greater simplicity and still more effective to suppress intemperance, such as the high licenses already proposed. * * *

Senator McCarthy remarked, as the reverend gentlemen retired, that manifestly political questions had no place in their arguments or their thoughts.

RESTRAINT, NOT PROHIBITION.

An Opinion on Local Option.

In "An Answer to Neal Dow" printed in *The Catholic World,* and beginning with the text of Governor Dow's Letter to the editor of that magazine, dated at "Portland, Maine, September 27, 1883," Father Walworth writes, as follows:

The earnest and sincere advocates of sobriety, good order and happiness in society must unite wherever they can. We cannot afford to treat each other as foes, and thus play into the hands of the common enemy.

This great question in New York State is fast approaching to a crisis. Late events have done much to reveal the animus and tyranny of the liquor-trade. It is munificent in its bribes, unbounded in its exactions, and in its dominion as merciless as Fate.

> "The patient Daemon sits
> With roses and a shroud;
> He has his way, and deals his gifts —
> But ours is not allowed."

Never before were its janissaries so bold and unscrupulous, and never before did its slaves so feel the lash. But its dominion must soon come to a close. The Commonwealth is awaking to the danger. The cause is not now a cause of temperance societies. The people feel a fatal drain which flutters the common heart. They demand that something shall be done; and they demand a something that shall be effectual. What shall it be?

This question is a political one, but not in any sense of party politics. It is not a question of religion, though it has a religious side on which men must face their consciences and square themselves with the eternal principles of morality. Men of all religious denominations and men who belong to none can join heartily in combined effort to procure good laws for the suppression of intemperance. * * *

Most Catholics, I think, share the reluctance felt by so many others to a total prohibition of the sale. A restraint upon natural liberty so absolute and unsparing, although not beyond the *altum dominium* which pertains to the State, cannot be wise until its necessity as a last resort becomes evident. * * * Expedients less trenchant are not yet all exhausted.

Whatever measure may be adopted, it may be made secure and permanent in its fundamental policy by a constitutional provision. Experience shows that any code provided by one Legislature is soon rescinded or fatally mutilated by another. In New York State this is certain. The great body of the people are engaged in their own private affairs, and cannot be roused to action every year on questions affecting the general welfare.

'Tis the day of the chattel,
Web to weave, and corn to grind;
Things are in the saddle,
And ride mankind.

The liquor-dealers, however, when grinding their own corn, are always face to face with this question. Their private interest is always at stake. Whatever diminishes drinking diminishes their gains and commands their constant attention. They are banded together in a league which sits continually, deliberates secretly, acts quickly, ostracizes mercilessly. Those in the trade (and such there are) who would willingly reconcile it with their consciences, who would gladly see it restricted to fewer and more respectable hands, are made to play their part in the ring under the vigilance of eyes whose jealousy they dare not awaken. * * * It marks tradesmen with a ban and forbids to trade with them. It has a common purse, which can be drawn upon at short notice and used secretly. * * * How readily this trade can undo in a single session what the people, rising in their might, had decreed and meant to establish forever! * * * Is it wonderful that so many call for a constitutional provision? * * *

We must not look to the civil law to do all the work. Other forces, moral and religious, must carry the reformation farther. * * *

"Local option" leaves the front gates of Hell open. It abandons New York city and Brooklyn and all the large

cities to the tender mercies of the great moral monster. * * * Let every citizen take his conscience in his hand when he goes to the polls. Let him ask himself if this cause does not lift itself high above every question of party politics. Let him see that he helps into office no hireling of the trade, nor any one that cannot be counted on to sustain wholesome laws restraining it. And, finally, let not the friends of sobriety lose courage from past failures or mistakes. To use the old rhyme which Sir Walter Scott so delighted in:

"If it isna weel bobbit
Weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
If it isna weel bobbit,
Wee'll bob it again."

THE HIGH LICENSE BILL.

INTERESTING HEARING BEFORE THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

(From the Albany *Times*, Feb. 26, 1886.)

Conflicting Views on the Subject — Lawyers, Ministers, Prohibitionists and Brewers Express Their Sentiments.

The first hearing of this session of the Legislature on the High License Bill was held by the Excise Committee at the Assembly Chamber, last evening. * * * Among those present were Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, Robert Graham, Austin Abbott, Gen. Wager Swayne of New York, Rev. George Muller, H. Clay Bascom, Father Walworth, Rev. Dr. Battershall, Rev. Mr. Kenyon, Rev. Mr. Fulcher, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Howell, Fred H. Wheeler, Aaron Veeder, Assemblymen Erwin and O'Brien, Henry Clausen of New York; Mayor Fitzgerald of Troy; William N. Outhout, Henry Bartholomew and Moses Hayes, of Rochester. * * *

Father Walworth said he had been requested to speak on the subject because, as he was a Catholic priest, he would be supposed to represent that Church. He did not claim to do that, and did not feel entitled to represent the views of Catholics. That Church, however, had spoken with authority to her children on this subject. Here he read the following extract from the pastoral letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States in the Third Plenary Council at Baltimore in 1884:

"There is one way of profaning the Lord's Day which is so prolific of evil results that we consider it our duty to utter against it a special condemnation. This is the practice of selling beer or other liquors on Sunday, or of frequenting places where they are sold. This practice tends more than any other to turn the day of the Lord into a day of dissipation — to use it as an occasion for breeding intemperance. While we hope that Sunday laws on this point will not be relaxed but even more rigidly enforced, we implore all Catholics, for the love of God and of country, never to take part in such Sunday traffic, nor to patronize or countenance it. And we not only direct the attention of all pastors to the repression of this abuse, but we also call upon them to induce all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic, and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

In *The Voice* of New York, March 4, 1886, the conclusion of this same speech of Father Walworth is thus reported:

Speaking of the argument often used, that moral suasion is what is needed and not legal restriction, he said: "Who is it that needs more persuasion on the evils of intemperance and the necessity for abstinence from all intoxicating liquor? Is it the drunkard?" Then raising his hands toward Heaven, and in a very effective manner, he continued, "O my God! if I could show the crowds of men and women that come to my home for assistance on account of this drink devil! I am sure you would not think they needed to be persuaded! Every man of them wishes the accursed traffic was in the bottom of the ocean. They are weak, gentlemen, they cannot resist the fearful appetites and passions which are fastened upon them, while the temptations and pitfalls are upon every hand, and they are looking hopefully to you to lend them the strong arm of the law to succor them from a hell upon earth and a fearful eternity."

He then refuted very emphatically the statement of Howard Crosby that beer and wine were drinks that should be encouraged. I could but notice and study (adds the correspond-

ent) the faces of Dr. Crosby and Robert Graham, as they saw their pet theories and arguments so ruthlessly demolished by a speaker introduced by themselves to support their own bill. * * * Mr. Bascom was followed by Prof. Cook of Potsdam. Among the beer speakers was a very small man, with a very small head, a retreating forehead, a very long nose, with a large pair of glasses on the extreme end of the same, and a squeaky voice and broken dialect. His most important and philosophical statement was:

"Mr. Cheerman, dese demperance beeples are crazy. Dey tinks dey can shtop de visky bizness. It vould be shust as zensible to make a law vat vould make ebery von of dem demperance mans drink, vedder he vanted to or not, as to make a law vat says, 'no pody shall have a schooner of larger ven he vants one.'" * * *

The hearing was adjourned at 10.30 until some future date. I am told the committee having in charge the bill to submit the amendment to the people have privately decided to report the bill favorably, and that the plan is to *pass it in the Assembly and kill it in the Senate.* * * * Meanwhile the thinking men in the State are slowly getting their eyes open, and a great political revolution is inevitable in the near future.

This last-quoted report is signed, Fred H. Wheeler. The bill referred to was drafted by Mr. Austin Abbott.

A NEW ERA.

(From the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, March 6, 1887.)

Father Walworth at the High Mass in St. Mary's Church, at Albany, N. Y., on Sunday morning, delivered the following discourse upon the subject of the Law and Order League:

"*By me kings reign and law-givers decree justice.*" Prov. vii. 16.

DEAR BRETHREN — All good citizens acknowledge the authority of law. We Christian men have stronger reasons than any to acknowledge and obey it, for we recognize the principle that all law derives its authority from the will of God. It is our religion above all that teaches us to be the friends and

supporters of law and order. I have a special reason for addressing you on this subject this morning. To my mind, the past week has been a memorable one for Albany. It has been made memorable by the assembling, at the City Hall, of the delegates of the National Law and Order League in annual convention. I am no prophet; but yet the picture of these gentlemen assembled at the City Hall last Monday and Tuesday stands fixed in my mind like a prophetic vision of the future. In their wise deliberations and in their quiet but resolute faces I see the coming triumph of law and order in our beloved country. I mean the triumph of the country over the greatest foe of law and order, viz.: Over the lawless liquor traffic. * * *

The temperance cause hitherto has excluded from its ranks a large number of citizens whose co-operation is absolutely necessary to chastise the liquor sellers into good order. * * * The motto has been "no moderate drinkers need apply." * * * But now, my dear brethren, a new era has dawned on the temperance cause. A new army is advancing. We hear the well-regulated tread of steady feet. It is the advance of the Law and Order League. Business is to be done, and men of business are coming to do it. Laws are to be enforced, and men are coming who know the laws and know how to enforce them. * * * All men of all classes, all religions, all professions, all occupations, all modes of thought and all habits of life, who love law and order are expected and cordially invited to take part in the movement. * * * The intention of the league is "to secure by all proper ways the enforcement of existing laws, relating to the liquor traffic." * * * The Law and Order League has a peculiar and special work before it which can only be done and done well by laying aside all that is peculiar in religious or social life and making the league a unit of strength, its exercises such as to exclude none, and its halls of meeting such that every good citizen can feel at home when there.

The Rev. Father concluded his sermon by urging the members of his congregation to join the league and hand in their names as subscribing members of the Albany branch.*

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* Many of those formerly active, in the old "Law and Order League," are continuing their patriotic work under another name in the newer organizations for "Municipal Reform."

SUNDAY TRAFFIC.

(From *The Catholic Review*, a weekly newspaper, March 15, 1891.)

The Excise Committee of the Assembly on Thursday, March 5th, gave a hearing (if hearing it may be called) on the Schaff bill which, amongst other abominations, opens the Sunday to liquor selling from one o'clock in the afternoon until midnight. * * * When Father Walworth's turn came to speak, he said that under the ruling of the committee (to which he and Mr. Chapman had objected as unfair) he could not pretend to offer an argument, but had only time enough to enter a protest against the bill, which he would do in compliance with a letter of request from the secretary of the Excise Association. * * * In the course of his remarks, he said: "The liquor dealers wield a great power. * * * Their strength lies in the fact that the two great political parties in the State are so nearly equal that the balance of power is often in their hands. This false cry for freedom of the liquor business and for personal liberty does not come from the people of New York. * * * In the name of the true people who are your constituents, in the name of all the friends of quiet worship in the church and of rest in the household, in the name of God and of conscience, I here enter this protest against the Schaff bill and all similar bills. I trust that our protest will reach the Assembly. * * *"

(From the Albany *Evening Journal*, March 16, 1891.)

The Rev. Father Walworth, of old St. Mary's, delivered one of his characteristically strong sermons yesterday at the morning service. It was caused by the refusal of the Democratic leaders in the Assembly to receive a petition from the Roman Catholic clergy of the State against the Schaff Excise Bill, which action has caused the greatest indignation throughout the State. Father Walworth took for his text: "*Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day.*"

BIG EXCISE HEARING.

(From the *Argus*, February 12, 1892.)

The Assembly chamber was crowded yesterday afternoon at the hearing, on the excise bill. * * * Judge Arnoux said there were representatives of various societies present, and he

did not think they could all present their objections this afternoon. They would ask for a further hearing, therefore. He said that an eminent Catholic clergyman, Rev. Father Walworth of Albany, notwithstanding his physical infirmities, had consented to be present, and he asked that he be heard first.

His speech on this occasion was widely reported. Here is a brief notice of it:

The Albany correspondent of the Brooklyn *Eagle* gives a graphic account of Father Walworth's appearance at the hearing against the liquor dealers' excise bill, in the following words:

There was a dramatic scene in the Assembly Chamber on Thursday afternoon during the progress of the hearing on the liquor dealers' excise bill. It was when Father Walworth, pastor of the oldest Catholic Church in Albany, declared his allegiance to truth as the stronger force in the world. His appearance is that of the ideal priest. He is tall and straight and graceful. His pale face is intellectual and stern in repose, but it became gentle at times as he spoke. The bald spot on his head was covered with a close-fitting velvet skull cap, from which his silver hair projected as a halo. After saying that there were many men in public life who kept watch of the various forces and allied themselves with the stronger force, and that many thought that the liquor party was stronger than any other, he said that he was reminded of the legend of St. Christopher who made a vow to serve the strongest master and allied himself with the devil. While traveling in company with the devil one day, they approached a crucifix and the devil quaked with fear and told Christopher that it represented the King of Glory. As a result Christopher decided to serve the King of Glory, who was stronger than the devil. * * * Here the venerable priest raised himself to his full height and said:

"Like St. Christopher, in early youth I made a vow to serve the stronger, to serve the King of Glory. If the power which the advocates of this bill represent is the stronger power, then all my life has been a failure. But I don't believe it.

I believe that truth and right always win the last battle." Then with his voice quivering with scorn, he demanded: "Who is the King of Glory which these men serve? Is it King Billy McGlory, the prince of dive keepers? Do they think that he and his kind are the stronger force?" Later in the hearing Excise Commissioner William J. Andrews, of New York, in defending the Sunday opening clause of the bill, said that in Europe both priests and people visited the beer gardens on Sunday afternoon after service and drank in public; and remarked that the Church was evidently in favor of such practices there. The priest turned on him with his face flushed with indignation at such an imputation, and demanded:

"Do you find any such thing in the canons of the Catholic Church? That is the place to look for them. They say that it is a disgrace."

Father Walworth is a picturesque figure, and he had closer attention while he spoke than was accorded to any one else.

FATHER WALWORTH PAYS HIS COMPLIMENTS TO CROKER & CO.

(From the Albany *Evening Journal*, Feb. 22, 1892.)

* * * Father Walworth said that he had come from a sick-bed to speak to his congregation in warning against the monster that was in their midst — an infamous monster with four heads and forty thousand horns. The terrible heads of the monster are the four leaders of Tammany Hall and the horns are the liquor sellers numbered by their statistics.

The Catholic clergy appealed to the legislators last year and their appeal was rejected. * * * The clergy would not attempt another petition to the Assembly. They would appeal to the people of the State — would appeal to them, for the love and honor of the Most High, to rescue themselves and their Legislature from out of the hands and influence of bad men, to remove the influence of Tammany Hall — that blot of iniquity on the escutcheon of the Democracy of New York State.

When Democrats of New York had gathered to the ratification meeting got up by Tammany Hall —

O, where was Cleveland then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.

The platform as now adopted by Tammany leaders was miserably defective and misleading; it was an outrage.

On the Excise Laws, he said, there should be no repeal whatever, unless it be to increase the restrictions without changing the language of our time-honored statutes.

On the ballot question, he said that no man who sold liquor or enlisted in any capacity in the liquor interest should be voted for.

Speaking of the sale of liquors on Sundays, he said that there should be no sale of liquor on the Lord's Day; not even for a minute, night or day. Let the thirsty go thirsty from Saturday to Monday in God's name. They had done it before and could do it again.

The Tammany Hall delegation were in Albany at the time. Mr. Croker himself, unknown to the pastor, was in the church listening to these words. At the church door, he was asked by a member of the congregation what he thought of the preaching, and was heard to exclaim, as he slowly shook his head: *"Well! that sermon takes the cake!"*

The next year, Father Walworth contributed the following article to a local newspaper:

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

(From the Albany *Knickerbocker*, Oct. 9, 1893.)

Editors Press: * * * I wish to call the attention of my fellow citizens, especially the attention of those who like myself are Democrats, to the platform adopted by the Democratic convention at Saratoga which closed its strange proceedings yesterday. I pass by all other questions as being for the present moment of lesser importance than this one great moral and religious matter.

The Democratic platform just adopted at Saratoga expects me and all other friends of temperance in the Democratic party to swallow the following monstrous lie. After justly glorifying the said party of the State now in power for several reforms which it had inaugurated and carried out, it mentions the following as one:

"It has placed on the statute-books a new Excise Law, revising and consolidating previous confused and conflicting statutes — a measure intelligently and equitably framed, carefully regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, prescribing just fees for licenses, and preserving all needed restrictions for the maintenance of order and the good of society."

I deny that it has made the statutes less confused and conflicting than they were before. * * * I deny that it carefully regulates the sale of intoxicating liquors. I deny that it prescribes just fees for licenses. It simply provides very low fees for licentious traffic, traffic on Sundays, traffic to keep young people out late at night in unhealthy exercise and with dangerous companions filled with drink. It takes away the right from officers of the law to become witnesses capable of proving the unlawful sales. It takes away from unfortunate wives and husbands the power of prosecuting saloon-keepers * * * for destroying the family peace. I deny that the present Excise Law preserves all needed restrictions for the maintenance of order and the good of society. It is, on the contrary, the chief promoter of riots and disorder. It adds penury and incarceration to the misery and disgrace of the poor.

I leave to my Protestant fellow citizens the task of saying what their churches think of this hypocritical plank in the platform. My eyes, now almost blinded, only allow me and that with difficulty, to follow what the church, which I believe in and follow with loving trust, thinks and says of all this fol-de-rol.

The Columbian Catholic Congress of the United States assembled in Chicago last month adopted a platform containing as its ninth resolution several wise and salutary provisions regarding the cause of temperance. For brevity's sake, we give only the following:

"We favor the enactment of appropriate legislation to restrict and regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors; and emphasizing the admonition of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, *We urge Catholics everywhere to get out and keep out of the saloon business.*"

In attendance at this Catholic Congress, amidst a vast crowd of clergymen and laymen, were present, Monsignor Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate of our Holy Father, Leo XIII; Cardinal Gibbons, who opened the congress, had been obliged by other duties to leave; our own Archbishop, Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan of New York, was there; as also Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul and a crowd of other prelates and distinguished priests and laymen, too numerous to mention. * * * Others will do as their judgment and conscience may direct. For my part to whatever extent I may support the State ticket, I will never consent to give my vote for any legislator, common councilman or any judicial officer who will not publicly discard this plank in the platform and promise to give his vote and influence against it, if elected.

C. A. WALWORTH.

The above clipping was the last one on the subject of Temperance which Father Walworth pasted into his scrap-book. His long fight against the liquor interests in New York State was drawing to a close. His clarion voice had filled the Assembly Chamber for the last time. The twilight of old age was upon him. Had the Democratic leaders given better heed to his warnings and others like his, though less boldly spoken, they might have been longer at the helm. Less discredit would have fallen on the good old party of the plain people in the great Empire State, which in our day, like Virginia of old, has proved herself to be a nursing mother of Presidents.

XIII.

A CITIZEN OF NO MEAN CITY.

The Albany Bi-Centennial—The American Sunday—Letters of Officials.

The Christmas *Argus* for the year 1903 contained these words from the pen of Rev. J. J. Lynch, S. T. L., wherein appears with crystaline clearness a prevailing local opinion as to the citizenship of one who had been three years dead:

"Father Walworth, that earnest, tireless worker in the cause of total abstinence, is still lovingly remembered in Albany where his civic activity brought him into friendly relations with many good men who were not of his belief, but whose esteem and affection he won without yielding one jot or tittle of his whole principle, which rested on the firm rock of Catholic faith, thus surmounting the barriers of prejudice and bigotry."

The first clergyman at Fort Orange, Dominie Megapolensis, had befriended the Jesuit priest, Isaac Jogues, whose dangerous work of converting savages brought him into the Mohawk and Hudson valleys in 1642; and, on equally firm planks of friendship at the same spot, have stood the moral leaders of New York's Capital City during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Thereby, their power for good has been much strengthened. Her citizens gener-

ally will not deny that the personality and patriotism of Father Walworth, together with his love of local history, had a generous share in cementing that friendship.

When their talented Mayor, John Boyd Thacher, afterward prominent at the Chicago World's Fair, and who has not ceased to add to his store of historical knowledge, determined in 1886 to celebrate the Bi-Centennial of Albany's City Charter, Father Walworth went heart and soul into the project. Both were fond of Indian lore, and determined that the aborigines should be represented at the celebration; and so they were. Invitations were sent to Mohawk Indians, and as Father Walworth already knew a number of them he was promised a cordial welcome to as many as he should persuade to appear. Chief Joseph Skye of Caughnawaga, P. Q., agreed to bring with him a score or more of his tribe, including singers skillful in Iroquois music, from the old Mission settlement near the Great Rapid of the St. Lawrence river. Others were expected to come from the St. Regis Reservation in New York State. These Mohawks had not, like those at Brantford, sided against us in the Revolutionary War. In the War of 1812, St. Regis had furnished us with staunch defenders on the side of the United States. The far earlier friendship of the Dutch burghers and Mohawks was still remembered by these civilized and now thoroughly Christian descendants of those most warlike people of the famous Five Nations of Iroquois. It was at Albany, then Fort Orange, that they had first secured better weapons than arrows; there in the early days abundance of powder and shot

could be had for beaver skins, as well as beads, scissors and blankets. Since the children of Corlaer, descendants of all the Vans that first settled Rensselaerwyck, were celebrating those far-back days and wanted their presence "in full feather," they consented to come in their richest garments of red, yellow and purple, displaying besides all the glory of their Indian ornaments. Head gear of turkey feathers, wampum belts and beadwork, all their gaily woven tokens of rank and treasures long laid by, were brought to light and worn for this occasion. On Friday afternoon, July 18, 1886, Father Walworth, a member of the reception committee, met Chief Joseph Skye at the Albany railway station, where a vast crowd had gathered. Seated beside the Chief in a carriage, with both civic and military escorts, and to the sound of martial music he drove with him to the City Hall, to be greeted by the Mayor. The pastor of historic St. Mary's was just then a proud and happy man. He saw by the way they were received that these Indians would be a notable feature of the week's celebration. He knew the character of the Chief, and was assured by him that this carefully selected band of Catholic Mohawks would bring no discredit on their faith or their nation. The gracious speech of the Mayor to Chief Joseph Skye was responded to in Iroquois, and was made known to the citizens through an interpreter. Thus had that same lingual and musical utterance — born of the murmuring, rustling forests — been put into Dutch for the Albany traders two hundred years before. In 1686, but few beyond their teens had yet learned to speak the English of Governor Dongan, the signer

of the document that made Peter Schuyler Mayor. It made him first in the longest line of Mayors that have upheld the chartered rights of any city within the bounds of the United States. The freedom of this ancient city was formally given to the Mohawks, as to other guests, in 1886, and they were escorted in procession to the different city gates. These were temporary structures erected to recall the time when the burghers protected themselves with a wall of stockadoes, its openings being few and far between. This ceremony of throwing open the gates of the city so pleased the citizens at the time of the Bi-Centennial that it has since become customary on joyful civic occasions. The procession of Indian guests with their escort was formed at the railway station in the following order: Police, under command of Sergeant Kavanagh, Albany City Band, Jackson Corps, city officials of the public reception committee in a carriage, Mohawk Indians afoot, Father Walworth and Chief Joseph Skye and Angus George in a carriage; last, but not least, in picturesque effect and glow of colors, sixteen squaws in carriages were easily to be counted in the slow ascent of State street. They proceeded in line of march thus to the City Hall where they entered the Common Council Chamber. Here the guests were introduced to the Mayor by the Rector of St. Mary's Church. What follows is from the *Argus* of July 13, 1886:

Father Walworth's Address.

Mr. Mayor: I have the pleasure of presenting to Your Honor and to the authorities of this city this delegation from the village of Caughnawaga which, as you know, is situated at the great fall near the city of Montreal. They are what

we call Iroquois, or as they call themselves, Konochioni. They are mostly of Mohawk blood, or to use the name they prefer, they are Kanienga-Kaka or the people of the Flint. They come here by your invitation and at the request of the city officials to partake of your hospitality, and I am sure that not only Your Honor and the city authorities, but all the citizens are glad to see them and extend to them the hospitalities of the city.

Reply of the Mayor.

To these words Mayor Thacher responded as follows: Chiefs, many moons ago, almost more than you can count with the beads upon your wampum belt, your fathers gave a hospitable welcome and the hand of friendship to our fathers as they landed on these shores. It is now our turn to greet you and give you our welcome. Then we were few in numbers, while you were like the leaves of the forest. Then we were weak, while you were strong, and with that weapon, the tomahawk, so dreaded by the whites, you could easily have destroyed us. Instead of that you passed us the pipe of peace and bade us be your friends. We can do no less now than to call you friends, extend to you the hospitalities of our city, and assign you an important part in our festivities. Chiefs, we are in the enjoyment of a form of government which is as peculiar as it is strong and enduring. It is a single nation, made up of many States, bound together by one indissoluble tie. This idea of a union was foreshadowed by your own confederation of the Five Nations. The truth that in union strength is found was not taught you by white men — was not revealed to you by the men of Europe. Long before a white man visited these shores — before this place was settled — the great league of the Iroquois was established. What a power it made the Five Nations!

And what a history you have withal! Your poet sings your legendary myths and tells in strange cadence of the marvellous bird which destroyed Hiawatha's only daughter. Your people repeat still the national tale of Ta-oun-ye-wa-tha and his birch-bark canoe as they floated down the Mohawk to the Canienga town; and our people tell the story — and shall tell it until virtue ceases to be interesting to our kind and we grow weary of constancy and truth — the story of

Indian faith and fidelity. Our ancestors found in your people a race with whom a promise was kept with all the exaction of necessity and with whom constancy to a plighted word was as imperative as destiny.

Among all the memories of the past revived by your visit here, there is nothing more satisfactory to us, nothing which speaks more clearly of the pleasant relations which existed between your people and ours in the middle of the seventeenth century, than the fact that in all our dealing with you, in all our acquisitions of land we robbed you of nothing but paid for what we got, and with the purchase we obtained what gold and silver could not buy and what was of infinitely more value to us, the confidence and friendship of the Indians.

Therefore, your presence here now and the knowledge that you will tarry with us during our celebration and join with us in our ceremonies is a source of congratulation with our people, and I speak for all of them when I declare again, that you are very, very welcome.

Father Walworth then said: Mr. Mayor, the Chief, Joseph Skye, is desirous of making a reply to Your Honor in the Iroquois tongue. It was interpreted by L. M. Jocks:

Speech of the Chief.

Your Honor — This gentleman wishes to express his thanks to you for your invitation and to assist as far as he can in your arrangements for the celebration. When we arrived in the city and saw the people gathered around to see us and as we witnessed the decorations we supposed that Indians and white people are to meet as friends. I now wish to accommodate you all I can. Your Honor, I cannot reply to everything you have said, as I do not understand English as well as I do our Indian. As we know, the State of New York has been bought by your ancestors, but the money must have been received by the Indians of St. Regis and other tribes, for the Caughnawagas did not get it, so I must not refer to this any further, Your Honor.

The address was greeted with loud applause.

The City Band favored the audience with a selection of music. Then followed a song by several of the delegation in the Indian language.

After Father Walworth had presented the visitors individually to Mayor Thacher, they were escorted to the Avenue House on Washington avenue, their headquarters during their stay.*

[These Indians arrived Saturday afternoon and on the next day, Sunday, Bi-Centennial week opened formally at St. Mary's Church with a military mass, the first of its kind in Albany. The Jackson Corps assisted in their gorgeous uniforms. The Indian choir occupied that part of the sanctuary which extends in front of the lady-chapel. The front pews were reserved for the Mayor and other city officials. The hour for this mass had been finally agreed upon in a conversation by telephone between Mayor Thacher at Albany and Father Walworth off at Middleburgh in the Schoharie Valley. Thither he had gone for a brief rest, and it was there that he dictated to the writer of these sketches the notes for his Bi-Centennial sermon. Before it is here given as reported at the time in the local papers, some descriptive details of the scene in Saint Mary's Church on that eventful Bi-Centennial Sunday, gathered from the accounts of eye-witnesses, may be of interest. They will give to the pastor's historic discourse its appropriate setting.]

Long before the usual hour for High Mass, the streets near the old church were thronged with a dense mass of humanity, all eager to gain admission. Careful preparations had been made for the care of this vast multitude, so the best of order prevailed whilst the greatest possible number were admitted within the building. Those possessing cards of admission entered first, a squad of policemen looking after their interests. They came early and were comfortably seated before the arrival of the officials and the Indians, who entered to the music of a brilliant march played by the organist.

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* Names of the Indian Party as registered at the Avenue House: Chief Joseph Skye, Francis Skye, Mary Skye, Chief Angus George, Joseph Murray, Big Joe, M. Peflere, Jos. Foster, Jos. Delisle, Moses Dealow, L. M. Jocks, John Steacy, Peter Canton, Joseph Diabow, Mrs. Diabow, Paul Laronde, Mrs. Laronde and Jack, Miss Martin, Miss Jocks, Miss Jacobs, Miss Burns, Mrs. Jocks, Mrs. Delisle, Mrs. Jamieson, Mrs. French and daughter, Mrs. Diorme, Mrs. Marrion, Mich'l Larfa, Mrs. Garlow.

The decorations and ceremonies were well described by the Albany *Express* of the next day in these words:

Extending from the porch arch was a pole bearing the American standard. Upon entering the church the first attractive feature that greeted the eye was the grand altar, the Corinthian arch with its fluted columns reaching at least twenty feet in height. At the keystone was a spread eagle in gold and a circle of small American flags. Two immense national flags were gracefully draped to either side in the form of curtains. About the main floor were grouped the distinctive banners of the various societies and sodalities of the church. About the galleries were American colors and tri-colored rosettes. The rail of the organ loft was flanked by large American flags and a frame containing the municipal coat of arms.

At 10.30 the old bell that calls the devout to worship rang out its peal and shortly after, the procession entered the sacred edifice. The order was as follows: His Honor the Mayor, John Boyd Thacher, Committee of the Common Council, Committee of the Committee of Twenty-five, city officials, Caughnawaga Indians, in Indian costume, boys singing "Holy God We Praise Thy Name," Fathers Lanahan and Dillon; after these, the crossbearer and acolytes, clergy, visiting and resident, Rt. Rev. Bishop Wadhams of Ogdensburgh. Previous to the grand entry the Albany Jackson Corps, Major Jas. MacFarlane commanding, had entered and presented arms as the procession passed. After the clergy had reached the altar the military passed up the middle aisle and formed in front across the church immediately behind the rails. The Indians passed to the right and occupied seats inside the rails near the altar of St. Mary. Then was begun the solemn grand pontifical High Mass.

The following clergy officiated: Celebrant, Rt. Rev. Bishop Wadhams; assistant priest, Very Rev. Father Ludden, administrator; deacons of honor, Rev. Fathers Burke and Duffy; deacon of the mass, Rev. Father Kennedy, of Syracuse; subdeacon of the mass, Rev. Father Sherry, of Ogdensburgh dio-

cese; masters of ceremonies, Rev. Fathers Dillon and Lanahan of St. Mary's. The visiting clergy were as follows: Albany, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Hanlon, Pidgeon, Byron, Burke, Merns, Terry, Chuciarini, Toolan, Peyton; West Troy, Sheehan; Johnstown, McDermott; Waterville, McDonald.

The sight that presented itself to the eye was at once imposing and impressive, long to be remembered. The candelabra of the sacred altar, with the radiant lights, the magnificent vestments of the priests, the barbaric habiliments of the Indians, the scarlet uniforms of the soldiery, and the presence of the dignitaries of the municipality, lent a significance and importance to the scene that carried with it a sense of grandeur and solemnity appropriate to such a momentous occasion. Calmly proceeded the chanting of the Mass by the reverend bishop. During the service the sweet voice of Father Kennedy fell upon the delighted ears of the assembled multitude, and the soldiery at the appropriate places changed and rechanged the manual of arms.

Rev. Father Walworth preached the sermon. In the sacred robes of his office, and venerable in his bearing, this thoroughly lovable and "grand old man" presented a most impressive appearance. Protestants and Catholics alike looked up to him as one of those men of God who, by his Christian life and burning zeal in the cause of God and man, had exemplified all those sterling qualities that go to make up a conscientious and perfect clergyman.

The *Argus,* of the same date, continues thus:

A magnificent musical programme was rendered during the service by the choir of the church, under the direction of Professor Peter Schneider, assisted by Parlati's orchestra. The manner in which the choir of sixty voices rendered the difficult music selected for the occasion reflected great credit not only upon them, but upon their conductor, Mr. John Cassidy, and Professor Schneider. The solo parts were excellently sung by Mrs. Peter Schneider and Miss Lyons, sopranos; Miss Jennie T. Gilligan, alto; Mr. J. T. V. McCrone, tenor, and Mr. John J. Cassidy, basso. At the offertory Hummel's grand "*Alma Virgo,*" soprano obligato and chorus, was rendered

with fine effect. At the elevation of the host, the rolling of the drum and sound of the cornet, blending with the strains of the organ, produced a most pleasing harmony.

The Jackson Corps, during the ceremony, went through appropriate evolutions. At the reading of the Gospel they presented arms, as they did also at the entrance of Father Walworth, and the prayer for inspiration. After the reading of the text they gave the military salute, and at the singing of the *Te Deum* the corps uncovered their heads. The only time when they were seated was during the sermon, when arms were stacked.

BI-CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

By Rev. C. A. Walworth.

(*From the* Albany Evening Journal, July 19, 1886.)

"*Remember the days of old; consider all the generations. Ask thy father and he will show thee, thy elders and they will tell thee.*" Deut. xxxii. 6.

Monsignor, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers, Gentlemen of the Magistracy, the Common Council and Commonalty of Albany, Beloved Brethren of the Laity: Two hundred and forty-four years ago was an eventful time in the history of Albany, and especially in the religious history of Albany. In that year two remarkable men clasped friendly hands just outside the gate of old Fort Orange. The one was clad in the usual costume of a gentleman of the period, the old-fashioned three-cornered cocked hat, the ample vest and cut-away coat, trunk hose and silver-buckled shoes. The other wore a tattered cassock. His face was pale with signs of recent suffering. He had lost several fingers, which had been bitten off from his hands in captivity. He was still a captive and carefully watched by his Indian tormentors. The first of these two men was the celebrated Dominie Megapolensis, the first minister of the Dutch Reformed Church in Albany, who had just arrived from Holland. The other was the noble martyr of the Catholic Church, Father Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit missionary

REV. C. A. WALWORTH, L.L.D.

whom the Indians had brought with them a captive from the bloody terrace of Ossernenon. There several of his companions lay bathed in their blood, and amongst them that lovely Christian saint and first martyr of the mission, the young Réné Goupil. Would you like to see the spot where they suffered? It lies in the angle formed by the junction of the Schoharie creek with the Mohawk river. You have only to take the cars on the West Shore Railroad, stop at the station of Auriesville and mount the hill just behind it. The field was bought last year by the Society of Jesus. A rude oratory stands there now, surmounted by a cross.

I trust that before long we shall see there a convent and a convent church. At the time we speak of the severed fingers of Father Jogues lay mingled with its dust. Four years later when he returned to the bloody field of his mission the savage Mohawks took his life also. His head, severed from the body, was mounted upon one of the palisades of the Indian fort or castle, and made to face northward toward Canada, from which he came. His body was thrown into the Mohawk and wafted on by the stream toward Albany. We shall never find it on earth, but I trust that many of us will see it again in the glory of Heaven.

But let us return to the gate of Fort Orange and to the door of Dominie Megapolensis, where he and his Jesuit friend are clasping hands together and speaking together in the Latin tongue. Both were learned men, both were good men, and both were friendly one to the other.

These two clergymen, both Christians, but representing beliefs and worships widely differing, came here the same year and established themselves in the Mohawk country. The one followed trade hither, the other came before trade. Neither stayed here long; the one retired soon to New York city, the other retired soon to eternity. But this is the moral to which I wish to bring your minds: When those two good men joined hands, there was no bigotry in that grasp. There was great variance in their faith. Each one held strong convictions which neither one would have consented to part with even to please the best friend on earth. As they differed from each other in these convictions, both could not be in all things right. There may have existed prejudice in one mind

or the other. But adherence to truth is not bigotry; adherence to error is not bigotry; prejudice is not bigotry. Bigotry is something more than a firm judgment or a false judgment. It is a dark, gloomy and evil passion in the heart, which can find no charity for those who differ from us, which can conceive no good motive in those who oppose us, which is always ready to believe a lie when applied to those who do not agree with us. When we see these two great and good men clasping hands together, so strongly differing in religious convictions, but so full of mutual love and sympathy, it is both beautiful and sublime. Let us all lay it well to heart.

It is a pleasant thing to remember that, just forty years later, as if in return for the charity and hospitality given by Albany to this suffering Catholic captive, a Catholic king in England and a Catholic governor of New York gave to Albany that happy parchment which made it a chartered city.

The first French colony was established at Quebec in 1608. The city of Montreal was at first only a hospital founded in the wilderness by the Sœurs Hospitalières. Its stockade was building at the time when Father Jogues and his companions were captured near by and brought to the Mohawk Valley, namely, in the year 1642. That same year, as I have already said, its first Dutch minister arrived in Albany from Holland.

Another Catholic missionary, Father Bressani, following in the footsteps of Father Jogues, was horribly tortured by the same Indians, and passed through Albany in 1644. Father Jogues returned with his mutilated fingers to the Mohawks in 1646, and was then and there martyred. Father Poncet, Father Le Moyne, Fathers Fremin, Bruyas and Pierron, all passed through Albany on their way to and from the Indian castles on the Mohawk, a ground then already known as "The Mission of Martyrs." As early as 1667 a permanent chapel was established at Tionnontogen, now Spraker's Basin, and bore the name of St. Mary's. We find another existing at the sand flats near Fonda, called St. Peter's, as early at least as 1669, under the care of Father Boniface. Here, in 1676, the holy Indian maiden, Tegakwita, was baptised by Father James de Lamberville. In that year and about the same time, the famous Indian warrior Kryn, "Conquerer of the Delawares," led a large band of converts to the new Caughnawaga, already

established at the great fall near Montreal. That Catholic colony exists there still — you see its representatives before you. This was an eventful period for the Catholic faith in the State of New York. Missions and mission chapels were erected among all the five nations of the Iroquois. Numerous conversions were made, and, also, many martyrs suffered, both Frenchmen and Indian converts. This glorious period lasted from 1642 to 1684. The suppression of the missions was brought about, I grieve to say, not so much by the animosity of the savages against the faith as by the deadly spirit of covetous trade. Religion has no enemy more powerful or more cruel than the lust for money. The Holland Dutch of Albany and New York on the one side and the French of Canada on the other struggled together to secure the trade in Indian furs, and the work of the missionaries who sought to secure souls for God was crushed between the two. And I am, furthermore, sorry to say that a Catholic governor of New York and a Catholic governor of Canada were the principal agents in this unholy work of destruction. There are ambitious Catholic politicians of our day equally unworthy of the name they bear, engaged in work as unholy and as mischievous to their religion. They might learn a lesson by studying that weakly Christianity which flickered in the souls of Dongan and DeNonville.

Few know the large number of Indian converts brought into the faith and of martyrs dying for the faith during this eventful period. However, let it be distinctly understood and well remembered that the work of these missionaries did not perish. Let those who think so visit the present Indian reservation at Caughnawaga, about twenty miles from Montreal. There a population of thirteen hundred, all Catholic Indians, mostly of Mohawk blood, still reside, and attend mass at their ancient Catholic church. Some of them you see here to-day. The priest who is their chaplain occupies the same apartments once occupied by Charlevoix, the historian of New France, who lived at that early period and was companion of the missionaries that we have named. Other villages of the same character are also found in Canada. Does this look like wasted work?

Let us now pass over a period of one more century. In 1684, Father Jean de Lamberville, the last of that devoted band of Catholic missionaries, whose fruitful labor among the Indian tribes of New York we have so briefly catalogued, departed for Canada amidst the regrets and lamentations of the Onondaga chiefs, who escorted him in safety to their borders. It was French treachery that made his departure necessary, but the Onondaga sages knew that the good man had no share in it. In 1784 no trace was left of the rude chapels which had been erected among the Indians of New York in the previous century. There were Catholics among the inhabitants of Albany, but without a church. Now and then the occasional visit of a priest enabled them to kneel at the holy sacrifice, celebrated in its simplest form in some private dwelling-house. Their increasing numbers soon made it necessary to erect a church and have a permanent priest. In 1796 a meeting of these was held in the house of James Robichaud and the Catholics of Albany were formally incorporated into a parish, as appears by the records in the office of our county clerk. The children of these founders may still be pointed out among the worshippers of St. Mary's and the other churches of Albany. In 1797 the corner-stone of a church was laid and in 1798 the building was completed. The old inscription stones commemorating these events are still preserved in the walls of this present edifice, and the inscriptions are as legible as ever. The red seed which fell upon the soil of Albany from the mutilated fingers of Father Jogues sprouted again 150 years later, and this parish of St. Mary's still remains the earliest tree. Here still it stands, the central point of a stately grove, which extends over the whole country formerly covered by Iroquois lodges and the camps of their hunting grounds. Long may that noble old tree flourish, its branches far extended and its trunk deep rooted in the soil. Long may her people gather to worship at this shrine, earnest in their faith, devout in their worship, abounding in good works, gentle in their bearing toward all, but never tame to surrender that glory which belongs to their God.

Another leap of fifty years brings us to another memorable period. In 1846 Albany was erected into an Episcopal see; St. Mary's became a cathedral church, presided over by the Rt. Rev. John McCloskey, afterward known as Cardinal McCloskey, first ecclesiastic raised to that dignity on this continent. Tokens of that cathedral building and of Cardinal McCloskey's ministration in it may still be seen in the basement chapel, underneath this floor. There is the same altar at which he officiated, with its altar stone, the same tabernacle, the same candlesticks, so familiar to his eyes. We have here present a witness to all this in the beloved and venerable prelate who officiates this morning. You know him well. He was your pastor in the days I speak of. It is but a little while ago that the good cardinal departed to his reward. *Requiescat in pace.*

A shorter transit now brings us to a period in the history of St. Mary's crowded with memorable events of which we are nearly all of us witnesses. In the spring of the year 1867, an arduous task became necessary and was begun. The second St. Mary's, erected in 1828, a building prematurely old and ready to fall, was taken down and the building of this present church commenced. The charge of superintending this arduous task fell upon a man who was also broken by labors and prematurely old. Only one thing could make his task possible, and that was the love, confidence and the generosity of St. Mary's congregation. If this new and last church has been completed, or nearly so, it is because that love, that confidence and that generosity have never failed. Glad am I on an occasion so memorable as this, in the presence of so many strangers, assembled in dear old St. Mary's, to offer this tribute to you, my dear brethren, who have stood by me during the past twenty years so faithful and so strong.

And now let me be silent and let this present spectacle speak. What is it we see before us to-day? What does this temple say? What voices come to us from its pillars and its arches, from its organ and its altar, and from this unusual concourse of worshippers? Here are chiefs and braves and women representatives of the Kanienga-haka, and other Iroquois who once peopled these valleys and hills, which to-day

we occupy. Although now Christians and Catholics, they may be taken to represent that heathenism and darkness of superstition which once reigned here. But now they are one with us, in the same holy faith, and the same great hopes for eternity. They have among them those who know how to chant the same solemn canticles of the church in honor of the same Lord and Saviour. Welcome, dear brothers of the Konochioni! Your fathers were once our most dangerous foes. We hail you now as among our dearest friends! Welcome to our city; welcome to our church. That faithful martyr, Isaac Jogues, is father to you and father to us. Young Réné Goupil, whose undiscovered body still lies in the bed of the torrent at the foot of the hill of Ossernenon, is brother to us all, and Catherine Tegakwita, the sweet Lily of the Mohawks, is our little sister.

What unaccustomed faces are these that occupy this morning so many of our front pews? They are something more than fellow citizens. They are the civil authorities of our city. They have come here on this Bi-Centennial Sunday to recognize God and honor religion. They have come here expressly and publicly to acknowledge that all authority upon earth rests upon the higher authority of Heaven, and that Albany, ancient Albany, is a religious and Christian city. They, too, are heartily welcome. And who are these that we have seen standing in our midst in military attire, with their arms in their hands, and helmeted like soldiers ready for action? They, together with the chiefs and patrolmen of the police represent law, order and obedience to duty; and, that the truest love of country is that which has its source in the love of God. They, too, are welcome. And now let us turn our thoughts directly to the altar. It represents to us the authority of God, the claims of God, God's protection, God's love, God's mercy, the foundation of all our hopes in God. O may the dear Son of God, who shed His blood for us upon the cross, give His blessing now to our beloved country; to the State of New York, to the city of Albany, to the parish of St. Mary's; inflame our hearts with the deepest gratitude for His past favors and with well-founded hopes of His future protection and of final salvation.

At the conclusion of the mass Father Walworth announced that the *Te Deum* would be sung in English in thanksgiving for the blessings bestowed on the city during its two hundred years of existence. He stood on the platform of the altar and in a commanding tone with a telling gesture, he lifted both arms as he said: "In token of your gratitude to God during the singing of this hymn, let *all stand, and all sing.*" The grand old hymn sung by the entire multitude rang through the building in loudest tones, led by the organ and orchestra. The multitude then withdrew and Albany's first military mass was over.

The Bi-Centennial celebration throughout the entire week in its many manifestations, as in its opening hours just depicted, was a very successful municipal event well worth the study of less ancient cities and towns. It stimulated public spirit and the study of local history as well as a wholesome love of God, home and country. The public asking of Heaven's blessing on the city by each and all Christian denominations, and the sublime chanting of Thanksgiving anthems on Sunday for two hundred years of civic rights and privileges, doubtless had its effect through the entire week. The ribaldry and debauchery that have marred other municipal celebrations, here and there, that were less wisely planned and conducted were on this occasion held in check by a prevailing sentiment of cheerful gratitude and honest pride.

Only a few notable results of the celebration can here be touched upon. One was the marking with bronze tablets of so many historic sites about the

city that little was left to be done in that way by the numerous patriotic societies that sprang into existence toward the close of the nineteenth century. Another result was the growth and equipment of the Albany Historical and Art Society. Another was a remarkable Historical Pageant at Harmanus Bleecker Hall during the week beginning December 3, 1894, in which the whole city participated and lived over again, in costume, by means of living pictures, its long and eventful history. The Rev. W. W. Battershall, D. D., has well described it in these few words: "It was a unique entertainment in its most characteristic features, the tableaux from local colonial history, possible only in this ancient town." The profits of it went to the Historical and Art Society. Even the printed program of this pageant entitled "The History of Albany in Ten Acts," from the press of the Brandow Printing Company, 1894, is a pamphlet well worth preserving for its historic data and the thoughts suggested by the very grouping of its lists of citizens.

If Father Walworth was interested in Albany's history, how much more so in her moral welfare! If the proper observance of Bi-Centennial Sunday was near to his heart, so was the observance of every other Sunday. We have become familiar with his strivings against the encroachments of liquor dealers in their money-making efforts to do away with the rest and peace of the law-abiding American Sunday bequeathed to us with our liberties. It is, indeed, a golden inheritance closely linked with "The Golden Rule" that lies at the foundation of our political constitution. Thoughtful citizens who study the

times very generally agree that even the worst of the narrow old provincial "blue laws," so often laughed at, were less of a menace to the white light of freedom than the new "red flags" and rags of anarchy that flaunt in the breezes of to-day. To give undue prominence to either of these fiercely painted errors is to read our flag backward and turn into jargon the beautiful meaning of our motto: *"E Pluribus Unum."*

One day Father Walworth was looking from his window at the corner of Steuben and Chapel streets. It was Sunday morning. Crowds from the 7 and 8 o'clock Masses had scattered as usual to their homes, and the tide of approaching footsteps had not yet set in toward the open doorway of St. Mary's for the High Mass, with its sermon.

For the first time in the history of that locality he saw a bevy of workmen with overalls and tools ripping up the main pavement of the street and laying out work for a day's job. Enough had already been done to show that the Catholics among them had no time for Mass before donning their work-a-day clothes. The scandal they would give to others, old and young, who would soon pass them stirred the pastor to instant and observant activity. Others in the room were called to the window and questioned to make sure of what was going on. As a lawyer, duly admitted to the Bar, he knew the ordinances of the city and State. His family motto was: "Strike for the Laws."

His duty as priest and citizen was clear to his mind, as clear as the broad light of day in which the unwelcome scene occurred.

"Come, my amanuensis," said he, "there is not a moment to lose. This can be and it shall be stopped. I know the Mayor and he knows the Law. He will not stand for this before the people of Albany. I will send him a note." We mounted a flight of stairs and seated ourselves, he in his brown wicker rocking chair and I at my leather-top table, pen in hand.

"Write, scrivener, write," said he sharply, adding a few courteous opening words, slowly and distinctly uttered. In less time than it can be recorded here, that note was sent on its way to Mayor Thacher's door in Hawk street. For Albanians, it is needless to write that the police were at once notified by that public-spirited gentleman to enforce the law against work on the Lord's Day. As St. Mary's congregation issued from the late Mass, they found Steuben street quiet and peaceful as usual on Sundays. All click of tool and thud of stone was hushed. The forlorn, the shame-faced or hard-featured toilers who had set to work in the interest of a strong corporation had vanished like a dream of the nighttime. In this, our land of liberty, is not an ounce of prevention still worth a pound of cure? Where Church and State can stand separate and thus clasp hands, the makers of mischief must needs dodge. Long live all such Mayors, and such Pastors!

That the above was not a solitary instance of mutual action to uphold the moral welfare of the community is evidenced by the following lines selected from a file of correspondence for 1896:

Mayor Thacher to Rev. C. A. Walworth:

5 South Hawk St., Albany, N. Y.

Dear Father Walworth — The workmen have been stopped on State street. It seems that the railroad got permission yesterday from the Street Commissioner.

I trust this will not occur again and I thank you for calling my attention to it.

Yours,

JOHN BOYD THACHER.

April 12, 1896.

It has not been deemed necessary to ask permission to insert these few lines, so creditable alike to the writer and the recipient.

No question that concerned the welfare of his fellow citizens was indifferent to Father Walworth. He made his opinion felt on such subjects of municipal concern as the location of parks, boulevards, the public market, rapid transit and the choosing of public speakers. He argued, too, in matters of State concern, such as the protection of the Adirondack Forest Preserve, suitable enactments for Indian Reservations and the Limitation of Suffrage. He addressed, on the last-named subject, the Suffrage Committee of the Constitutional Convention on July 10, 1894, at 4 p. m., in the Assembly Parlor. Those interested to follow his thoughtful argument at that time and place, made in the hope of checking the ever increasing flood of undesirable immigration, will find it in the files of the Albany *Sunday Press* under date of July 15, 1894. A very excellent report of it is there given, entitled, "MUCH PLAIN TRUTHS; Limitation of Voting in New York by Constitutional Amendment; Immigration and Naturalization."

The previous extracts from other local papers have shown how well and effectively Father Walworth knew how to stand up for his rights as an American citizen and so, to teach others, by example, the same lesson. He visited, in person, a number of his neighbors and obtained their signatures to other protests and petitions besides the ones given, to which action he was prompt to add timely and vigorous words from his pulpit. The extracts themselves sufficiently explain their occasion, and the quiet that still holds sway near the old church is the result of his alertness when danger threatened in 1889.

On the 24th of May, 1891, an earnest remonstrance was read from the pulpit of St. Mary's; this time, against the laying of tracks on Pine and Chapel streets. It was signed by the property-owners on those streets and was duly put on record, "to prevent any such surprises as attended the action of the Common Council in regard to the Steuben street tracks." The old church had too many friends in Albany, as was well proved at that time by her energetic pastor, to make it worth while to attempt any further laying of railway tracks to the damage of her seclusion or the peace of religious worship in her neighborhood.

It was before this last episode and not long after the great Bi-Centennial Celebration that Father Walworth received a large envelope from Washington marked "Executive Mansion" and stamped with the seal of the President on red wax. Within was a thanksgiving proclamation in the handwriting of Grover Cleveland, the one he had written for that same year, 1886. It came as a friendly souvenir

from a successful statesman to a thoughtful citizen, and it betokened that he had not forgotten helpful intercourse with him in former days.

Father Walworth's views on public questions had interested Mr. Cleveland more than once whilst he was occupying the Governor's chair at Albany. It was his own autographic copy of the document with which he so pleasantly surprised him on this occasion. As a graceful compliment to patriotism and public spirit in a clergyman, it was surely well chosen. It was thus worded:

A PROCLAMATION

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It has long been the custom of the people of the United States, on a day in each year especially set apart for that purpose by their Chief Executive, to acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God and to invoke his continued care and protection.

In observance of which custom I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 25th day of November instant, to be observed and kept as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer.

On that day let all our people forego their accustomed employments, and assemble in their usual places of worship to give thanks to the Ruler of the Universe for our continued enjoyment of the blessings of a free government, for a renewal of business prosperity throughout our Land, for the return which has rewarded the labor of those who till the soil, and for our progress as a people in all that makes a Nation great.

And while we contemplate the infinite power of God in earthquake, flood and storm, let the grateful hearts of those who have been shielded from harm through His mercy be turned in sympathy and kindness toward those who have suffered through His visitations.

Let us also in the midst of our thanksgiving remember the poor and needy with cheerful gifts and alms, so that our

service may, by deeds of charity, be made acceptable in the sight of the Lord.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this First day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-six, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and eleventh.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

By the President.

T. F. BAYARD,

Secretary of State.

XIV.

NEARLY BLIND.

Hymns and Meditations—Evenings with his Nieces—Authorship — Scott, Cooper, and the Genealogy — Sunset of a Busy Life — His "Cloister of the Senses."

Threescore years and ten had passed over Father Walworth's head. The afternoon sun was declining. Could there be work still ahead? Was there a lesson of endurance still to be learned? Yes; three of his books were yet to be dictated, corrected and published; many wise and witty words still to be uttered; many gentle deeds of charity still to be done. God was preparing for him a cloister of the senses, in which to draw yet closer to Him. This man of many thoughts and much vigor was to be penned within narrow bounds. Little by little, the great world of action must slip from him. And then, after a long night of privation and pain, his soul, freed at last, would itself slip quietly from all earthly moorings. On the wings of the morning, in the silent dawn of Light Eternal, it would speed swiftly away to its long-sought haven.

What more endearing than to say: "I have loved thee as the apple of my eye!" Did not the Redeemer of men thus love this chosen one who had spent half a century in winning souls to His service in a thousand different ways? And now for awhile

He would draw a curtain over his outward sight, He would turn the ever-leaping thoughts of His priest inward to contemplation, as never before. The fruitful intellect hampered by impaired vision would soon find new vents through rhythmic meditations, new tasks begotten of its own far distant recollections, and even new circles of intercourse with living men. These last proved to be wider than all bounds of neighborhood; they reached far as the mails would carry, far as the printed page could drift. Happy were the eyes and the hands of the amanuensis destined to the service of such thoughts as his! If to be with him was to live almost the life of a hermit as to social gatherings, it was none the less to share a hermitage high on the cliffs of human aspiration. It was to live close to the nest of the liberty-loving eagle, close to the rainbow of hope, close to the silent stars, "forget-me-nots of the angels." It was to share the breathings of a soul like unto the snow-white peak of the Yung-Frau in its sublimity. Last, but not least, it meant an abode ever close to the golden door of the altar where lies hidden the manna of souls, the thorn-crowned Prisoner of the Eucharist. "How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!"

Ten years at the beck and call of God's priest were not too much in the light of surging memories that come back. When time, with his gentle but persistent touch, has brushed away countless humdrum details, we are better able to reckon the true values of our days. Who can see in its right proportions the mountain just quitted? A certain distance must intervene to bring out once more a clear-

cut profile. Thus the writer of these lines, like a traveler who has reached the level country, but wishes to bear away deep-graven memories of a mountain trip, pauses, turns and looks backward. A towering summit shows its peak against the sky. A few hasty strokes serve to sketch it in lovingly, boldly. Thus will the last decade of a lofty life, the one she was fortunate enough to share as a fireside companion in the very household of Father Walworth, be briefly outlined before our ways divide. For, indeed, as the greatest of dramas are ever tragedies, and all human life ends in death, the author and reader of these pages, if in company just a little longer, will have to part beside a quiet grave, just one of many, many, that are tapped lightly in turn by the raindrops and pine needles, snowflakes and blossoms.

In 1890 Father Walworth bought a dwelling, number 38 Steuben street, adjoining the rectory of St. Mary's Church. He had long kept in view such a purchase, principally to secure that sacred edifice against the possibility of undesirable neighbors. He invested in it some of his own means, taking care, however, to will it to the church as a gift from the pastor. To this dwelling he invited three of his relatives. These were his niece Ellen, who became at that time his amanuensis, a grandniece not yet of school age, and her widowed mother, a lady of quiet, refined tastes and a retiring disposition. These, with their maid, formed a little household with which he spent more and more of his time as increasing blindness narrowed the circle of his activities. A door cut for the purpose afforded access to

this household from the rectory, number 41 Chapel street, which was then a single house, just the width of one large room and a hall. Both houses have since been much altered and made into one large rectory. At that time, however, there was no communicating door on the principal floor. The one that was opened in 1890 was on the second floor opposite that of the Pastor's own room. His venerable housekeeper continued until the time of her death to preside over the domestic arrangements at the rectory, serving the clergy with discretion and zeal in sickness and in health. It was in the sitting-room of his niece Ellen, just opposite his own special theological "sanctum," that Father Walworth spent henceforth most of the morning hours in literary pursuits, whether pastoral or general. His theological books, now at the Catholic University of America, often crossed the rectory hall in those days to be replaced on their self-same shelves after each sitting. The home of his nieces was, otherwise, kept quite distinct from that of the clergy, in accordance with his explicit direction as to arrangements. He himself, however, shared the interests of both households, enlivening sometimes one and sometimes the other with his resistless torrent of anecdote, whilst he controlled both with his dominant personality. Seven placid years glided on in this way, his pastoral cares gradually lightened, meanwhile, by the zealous labors of the vice-rector and each of the curates who became, in turn, inmates of the old rectory.

He had one acute sorrow during this time. The day came when he could no longer say Mass. His consecrated hand, after clasping the chalice daily

in the Holy Mass for the space of forty years, had gathered up his pen just as his eyesight was growing dim, to write the following lines. They are from page 124 of "Andiatorocte," his volume of poems, hymns and meditations in verse. Let us read them in this connection and see if the same strong, sweet bells of thought do not ring through these verses as through that letter he wrote to his father on July 21, 1845. Comparing the two we find at once the key-note of his apostolic career.

THE PRIESTLY ROBE.

I.

Touch it lightly, or not at all,
Let it not fall!
Let not a fabric so august
Trail in the dust!
'Tis a costly thing,
Woven by love in suffering.
'Twas Jesus' parting gift to men.
When the Lord rose to Heaven again,
His latest breathing fell on it,
And left a sacred spell on it.
A mystery hides within its folds.
Quickened by sacramental breath,
It holds
The power of life and death.
Would you sully it? Would you rend it?
Is there a Christian would not defend it —
A robe so costly, and so rare,
So wonderfully fair?
Woe to the hand profane,
Woe to the heart ungracious,
Woe to the tongue unheeding,
Would dare to cast a stain
On a vestment made so precious
By such costly bleeding!

II.

I know this robe and its history,
And what strange virtue goeth forth
From its hem to bless the earth;
And I adore the mystery
That gives it grace,
In Jesus' name, to soothe and heal.
With more than human tenderness
I prize the priestly order;
And while with reverent knee I kneel,
I do not see beneath the border
Frail feet of clay,
But seek to find, if so I may,
By feeling,
Some gracious thread which will convey
To my sore spirit healing.
Vicars of Christ! Deem me not rude,
If nearer than is wont I press me;
But turn, and bless me
Amid the kneeling multitude.

In this last line he places himself, priest though he be, not at the altar, but down among the laity, not as if giving but rather receiving on his knees, from the celebrant, the Holy Communion and priestly benediction. It contains both pathos and prophecy when one understands that whilst he wrote it the light of day was slowly stealing away from him. His eyesight did not give out so completely but that Father Walworth could "see his way about," at least to some extent. But five years before his death it already failed to show him the words of his missal, printed specially for him in large capital letters half an inch high; nor did it suffice to guide his hand, becoming tremulous too with old age, in touching and moving the chalice.

One morning, on a week-day in Lent, shortly after pronouncing the well-known words of the Gospel and Creed, he turned to his faithful flock, gathered in the basement chapel of St. Mary's, to say: "I am sorry, my good people, that I cannot see to finish the Holy Mass. I beg that you will pray for me." Then calmly and patiently he went to the vestry and took off his chasuble for the last time. Coming forward soon after to the *priedieu,* where he usually made his thanksgiving after Mass, he there remained absorbed in prayer, with his face buried in his hands, during the Mass of his assistant priest. Thenceforth he habitually knelt at a *priedieu,* within or near the sanctuary, whether in the basement chapel or upper church, every day and Sunday too, during the 7 o'clock Mass, almost without interruption for five years; that is to say, up to the time of his last illness. The altar boys became accustomed to hand him the communion-card and the officiating priest gave him communion as he passed to the altar rail, ciborium in hand. Then once more at the altar he would turn, as is usual, to give the final benediction; and thus he often blessed the aged pastor, as the poem says,—

"Amid the kneeling multitude."

When he could no longer say Mass, Father Walworth was not debarred from hearing confessions, and when he became too deaf for that, he could still instruct converts and preach some memorable sermons. As the physical powers waned and the eightieth year milestone came in sight, his apostolic energy found vent in literature that kept constantly busy the hand of his amanuensis. He carried on

to the very end, in a way of his own, what some have called the apostolate of the press. Father Walworth found that when he announced to his congregation that he would preach at a certain Mass on a certain subject — generally some crying evil of the day — and asked them to make a special effort to be present, they not only came, but other citizens came, and the reporters of the local newspapers were also sure to be there. He sometimes found fault with these last for garbling his sermons, so they asked him if he would not furnish them with copy — some of his notes.

As amanuensis, I can testify that the notes of his later sermons were very brief; they seldom covered two pages, though the Scripture text was there in full; many volumes had been consulted; and the whole subject was always carefully blocked out from *exordium* to *peroration*.

When he had some great reform at heart he was not a man to let go his chance to reach the people, not only of Albany but, as far as possible, of all America. At such times he would write out a full sermon carefully and in advance to be given to the reporters. But in immediate preparation for the pulpit he never looked at it. He glanced, instead, at the brief notes which lay, as usual, under the paper-weight on his library table. He preached thoughts to the people rather than words, and if the thoughts wore different words in the pulpit from those he had put on the paper, it did not concern him. But when his thought itself was butchered in print he pursued the unhappy reporter to a final confusion of repentance. When his sermon on a

subject of more than local interest was well reported he secured from twenty to a hundred or more copies and gathered as many willing hands as possible, on short notice, to mark, wrap and carefully address them, keeping always a list of those to whom they were mailed. Some of these lists were made up largely of temperance advocates in different States, others of archbishops, others again of Congressmen or State legislators, personal friends and mere acquaintances, or known to him only through the medium of books and the daily press. But each name was carefully weighed and no pains counted too great to secure the right address, all with a view to projecting his matured thought onward and getting it into action for the good of human souls. In many ways he succeeded, and thoughts of his are still bearing fruit in useful lives.

"The Reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams" and "The Oxford Movement in America" were completed and issued in book form. His third set of memoirs was under way, dealing with "A Catholic Crisis in England," and showing Cardinal Wiseman's part therein. "The Walworths of America," a history and genealogy, begun long since and continued at odd times, was meanwhile surging over the tables and desks of the sitting-room like the resistless waves King Canute endeavored to sweep back. The little grandniece was by this time off at boarding-school, climbing the long hill of education at a convent of the Sacred Heart, in the same house where a cloistered aunt of hers was already dwelling, happy in her seclusion.

Then it was that the clouds began to lower and

the once powerful intellect to shudder and strain and start again with rapid pace, like a ship entering a long reach of angry sea. When all other ways of concentrating thought and prayer were made difficult by infirmities, except his beloved rosary, the venerable priest would still find food for meditation in the familiar words of hymns. Lest he should forget their sequence, however, stanzas of Latin verse by St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard, or of English verse by Faber and others, on broad sheets of paper, were written in very large black letters, and were held by a paper-weight on the table before his windows. These verses were conned by him whilst dressing, to be expanded into meditations half an hour later, during his thanksgiving after communion. He was too blind to say Mass, too deaf to hear confessions, and after each sermon, that filled the great church with his clarion voice, still full of sweetness and power, he now suffered for two days at least with nervous exhaustion. As his turn came round he began to fear lest his memory, so marvelous and richly freighted, should some day play him false, lest the fine-woven thread of his discourse might snap and he be forced to leave unfinished a sermon, as blindness had already forced him to leave incomplete his last Holy Mass. But this never happened. He did not let it happen. He foresaw its coming in good season to quit. He gave up his custom of preaching every third Sunday at St. Mary's; but about that time he appeared twice in the Cathedral pulpit at funerals, and on both occasions he showed much of his old power. On one of these occasions he spoke the eulogy of his friend, Mr. Wil-

liam Morange, already mentioned as a counselor-at-law and the "poet-laureate of Albany," a gentle, lovable man for whom the orphans of the asylum mourned as for their own. On the other occasion he described his intercourse with James Hall, a hero of science, and for over fifty years geologist of New York State. The announcement of the obsequies of this last-named friend of Father Walworth filled the beautiful Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception with a notable gathering, including scientists of many creeds and of none. But not one indifferent listener could be singled out in all the sea of faces that looked up at the noble countenance of the preacher. He could no longer catch the answering gleams of intelligence that awoke in answer to his uttered thought, and so kindle with renewed fire his own eloquence. The sermon was quiet, thoughtful, descriptive, narrative. Perhaps, however, for such an audience, it thrilled the more, being spoken from his "cloister of the senses," for such he himself was wont to term his increasing deprivation of sight and hearing.

Now, his voice would no longer be taxed to fill a great church. Even the conferences to his Children of Mary, previously described, were coming to an end. The changes of temperature in passing from house to chapel had proved too great for an invalid. So, too, must cease, little by little, his instructive conversations with his curates, those of the present and the past, who loved to share with him their leisure moments; and, the happy evenings spent with his nieces, when he often reverted to the long-loved tales of Scott and Cooper. These had been

frequently reread aloud to him, and even through an ear-trumpet, to the animated accompaniment of his own inimitable commentary. In his estimation their works were too valuable ever to be out of date. His older edition of Sir Walter Scott's works held many manuscript maps which he had drawn on the fly-leaves to make plain the scenes of the stories. When in Scotland he could even direct Scotchmen how to find them. Subscriptions to the magazines that had strewn his tables, the *Atlantic Monthly,* the *North American Review, Scribner's,* all, in fact, but the *Catholic World* magazine, to which he was still a contributor, as well as the publications of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, were allowed to lapse. The current literature from the Young Men's Association library ceased now to interest him as thought stimulus, either to be enjoyed or criticised. Like a vessel homeward bound from the open sea he was gliding inward from all the mighty currents of human activity toward the quiet harbor lights.

He had laid aside some essays which he dictated on the relations of science and religion, entitled "The Philosophy of the Supernatural," because the theological points involved required a series of footnotes too deep and intricate to be supplied by the aid of a lay amanuensis. These he was never able to complete.

He had already gathered up a part of his rhythmic meditations, written out by his own hand a decade earlier, and put them into a volume entitled "Andiatorocte; or, The Eve of Lady Day on Lake George,

and Other Poems, Hymns and Meditations in Verse." * His last book, "The Walworths of America," was published in 1897.

That year, 1897, was notable in more ways than one. During its course there came to the aged pastor the cheering glow of a gorgeous sunset. There came, in the waning of summertime, a great day, when St. Mary's parish celebrated its centennial. The magnificence of this event was due to the energy of the vice-rector, Rev. J. J. Dillon. Father Walworth was happy in receiving under his roof at that time the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Martinelli, a most worthy ambassador of the noble pontiff, Leo XIII. It was an added pleasure for him to entertain at the same time the distinguished pulpit orator chosen for this interesting occasion, who was already known to him, Rev. Father Van Rensselaer, S. J. The gorgeous robes of the former, as he moved slowly across the sanctuary of the historic church, followed by the train-bearers of Rt. Rev. T. M. A. Burke, happily ruling as fourth Bishop of Albany, and who also graced the occasion by his presence, with many other dignitaries, gave brilliancy of coloring to a scene of indescribable beauty. The newly frescoed interior and beautiful arches of the church, lit up as never before, with electric light, the happy congregation, the magnificent music, all contributed to the effect. Some, at least, of this

* This book, "Andiatorocte," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons — The Knickerbocker Press — 1888, was later put into the hands of The Catholic Book Exchange at the publishing office of the Paulist Fathers in New York city, the same whence issued in 1895, his "Oxford Movement in America." "The Walworths of America," his genealogical book, was published (1897) by "The Weed-Parsons Printing Company," of Albany.

resplendent glory percolated through the bedimmed senses of the pastor and made his heart bound with joyful gratitude. Tall and dark, amid this dazzling brightness, stood the Jesuit, in dear old St. Mary's oaken pulpit. He stood there in the hey-day of manly beauty, a lineal descendant of the first Albany Patroon, and all the while a crucifix glimmered at his girdle. He was every inch a blackgown, a devoted missionary, a loyal son of Loyola, and so, too, was the one of whom he spoke, Isaac Jogues, discoverer of Lake George, friend of Megapolensis at Fort Orange and martyr of the Mohawk mission. Who could say that Father Van Rensselaer was not the right man in the right place for that occasion? The vigor and the graces of a noble orator were his. However much or little Father Walworth saw or heard of it all, he was yet happy on that memorable day in his "cloister of the senses."

XV.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The Chanting of a Hundred Priests — A Memorial Meeting of Fellow-Citizens — Three Monuments to Father Walworth's Memory — Conclusion.

To have walked side by side with a priest of God through the ever-darkening "valley of the shadow of death"; to have shuddered and grown wan at the sight of the terrible sufferings of a beloved and venerated companion, afflictions in body, in mind and in soul; to have passed out alone from weird, dusky recesses of hallowed pain, and then to have wandered desolate over the grim desert of bereavement that must ever divide such a death chamber from the usual haunts of men; this, indeed, was a wondrous and thrilling experience.

To turn one's thoughts back upon it suddenly is to shrink instinctively as from a plunge into clear, frosty water. Nor, having once re-entered it in imagination, is it easy to determine just how much of the experience of those last three years belong to this series of biographical sketches, nor how much should remain locked within the souls of a few privileged ones of his twofold home. These were the household companions who, with his friend and physician, Dr. P. J. Keegan, witnessed the gradual encloistering of a soul by act of God and the silent passing from earth of Clarence Walworth. To them it was proved in

a mysterious and marvelous way how "Power is made perfect in infirmity." The main outward facts, however, of his last acute illness should be here recorded. Let us begin then, at once, their narration, with but two introductory incidents.

On the 15th day of October in the year 1899, Father Walworth was too feeble to rise from his bed. He called me to his side and asked if I remembered whose feast occurred on that day. A moment's thought brought it to mind. It was St. Teresa's day. His face brightened at mention of the sweet Carmelite's name. He reminded me that it was the anniversary of his taking of the vows in the congregation of St. Alphonsus. From these vows, it will be remembered he was dispensed by Pope Pius IX. I already knew that far from regretting that momentous step upward from the novitiate, he cherished its anniversary as one of the happiest days of the year. Our conversation soon drifted to a mention of his cloistered niece, Clara Teresa, Religious of the Sacred Heart, and he once more expressed gratification at her evident happiness in the community life. He was her godfather and had placed her at baptism, under the patronage of Saint Teresa.

A few days later Father Walworth was up and about as usual. He continued to send on copy to *The Catholic World* under the title of "Reminiscences of a Catholic Crisis in England Fifty Years Ago." Not long before the holidays he gave final correction to the proof sheets for the concluding chapter. It has already been referred to as describing his long, stormy voyage from England to

America, Father Bernard's Novena to St. Joseph with the captain's comments thereon, and the happy arrival at the port of New York on St. Joseph's Day, 1851. That last chapter of his closes with these words:

"A kind farewell to all our readers. We never know when we shall be separated from the public. We ask, therefore, the prayers of all who know us, beginning with the present moment."

They are to be found in *The Catholic World* for January, 1900, and were indeed the last of his printed words, appearing just two weeks before he was stricken with paralysis.

When the first New Year's Day of this twentieth century arrived, he remembered his old cook, Margaret, then an invalid cared for at the home of her nieces near the Austin Mansion on Cathedral Hill. His last long walk was to that neighborhood to call and inquire for her. Before leaving, he assured her of the continuance of her allowance, the amount of her usual monthly wages, and placed in her palm, a five dollar gold piece, his accustomed holiday remembrance to household employees. On the following days he worked hard and fast both at writing and at tinkering. He was, for an amateur mechanic, quite expert in the use of carpenter's tools, and often mended small breakages about the house. It was a special hobby of his to whittle wooden pegs with which to keep the window casements from rattling, and to shape other small, handy articles from wood.

On January 15, 1900, he again remained in bed. He had been to Mass and communion the day

before, but shortly afterward he fell asleep in his chair. Later that same day he dictated a letter and some memoranda. After supper he conversed with his amanuensis, retiring at his usual hour. But on this midwinter day he did not rise. His breakfast was brought up to him. When his attendant, "Lem," had shoveled the snow from the sidewalks and appeared in the room, he asked him for his penknife and some pieces of wood partly shaped. He was still intent upon the whittling, his back propped up with pillows, when I entered, bearing in my hand the morning mail. Without giving me time even to open the envelopes and name to him the signatures to his letters, he said eagerly: "I am so glad you have come. I want you to write down something I had in mind during the night. Get your writing paper and sit here by the bed." "Lem" gathered up the débris of the last task as quietly and promptly as "Libbie" had removed the dishes. We were left to ourselves. I then took up pad and pencil and seated myself in a low chair. His eyes were brighter than usual and clearer. Varying conditions of the nerve of sight in his one serviceable eye had their effect upon his power of vision. A person unfamiliar with these might sometimes have been tempted to think he was "playing possum," as the children say, when he really was not. On this particular morning his sight was evidently at its best. "Have you a pen?" "No, Uncle. It is a pencil." "That will not do," he said. "Get a table and pen and *ink*. I want this in ink so it will last and be easy to read. It is for reference afterward."

When all was as he wished, he continued: "Now write the title, and be sure to leave plenty of margin. Let me see!" And taking the large pad from me he measured off against it with his thumb an extra wide margin saying: "There! rule it there. Underscore the title and then make another mark, a plain one, to separate it from the text which is to come later. Now, for the title, write: DE TRINITATE."

I wrote these two words as they came from his lips,— clear, distinct, emphatic. Then I held the paper up close to him so he might observe the heavy, black stroke that was under them. He nodded his head in approval. Then he drew himself up as straight as he could against the pillows. His eyes gleamed with intense thought and his whole countenance, bright with his theme, showed a powerful will gathering its energies together with an effort to utter some concept of the mind that was difficult to put into simple words.

A part of the charm of his oratory was in watching the expressive play of thought over his face just before his most thrilling sentences reached the ear. An atmosphere of expectation was created that drew and fixed the attention.

I fully expected to hear some such words at that moment. What then was my surprise and distress, after an almost breathless pause to hear him utter with great effort, in loud tones, a sound that may be written thus: "*Pomma-lom-alom-alomolomini.*"

His own ears partially awakened from their deafness by the rapt alertness of his nerves must also have caught that uncanny sound. His expression instantly changed to one of agony. He grasped his

throat with one hand and bent forward, leaning on the other, in a second effort to articulate the words expressive of his thought. The same jargon broke again from his lips. He closed his eyelids and sank down among his pillows, his arms lying like one in a swoon. Before I could move or call help,— it was a condition to the treatment of which I had not the slightest clew,— I saw him open his eyes wide and heard him murmur distinctly in tones of surprise and distress: "*Lost — my — speech.*" Then quicker than I can write it, he faced toward his bronze crucifix that hung against the wall, the one Pius IX had blessed when I knelt at my Uncle's side in Raphael's Loggia. He seemed for an instant in deep prayer, and then a look of calmness and peace settled over his features, as he lay without otherwise changing his posture,— limp, motionless, exhausted.

"That was an act of perfect resignation," I said to myself, as I rose to summon the doctor.

It seemed in my anxious search as if both houses had become tenantless, save for the presence of myself and the patient. But Father Dillon was soon found at his desk. He hastened to the bedside remaining there quiet and observant. Dr. Keegan entered the room a little later. At the familiar touch of his hand, the patient rallied. Before he left the sickroom several sentences were uttered without effort by Father Walworth, and it seemed almost as if the previous moments of suspense had been a dream.

But there lay the written words: "DE TRINITATE," to recall them to me.

Next day the doctor came again. The right side of the patient was paralyzed and remained so for

eight months. Never for another day was he able with certainty to express either thoughts or wants. Occasionally whole sentences would roll easily from his tongue but these came each time as a surprise to himself and to his nurses. For the most part, what he said was jargon, or single words having, perhaps, some reference to his idea or immediate need which must, after all, be guessed. In a sense, the fact so weirdly stated by himself was true — *He had lost his speech.* The cloister of his senses was complete. He was a strong, muscular man pinned down with only a vast capacity to suffer. Between tragic hours of delirium and fierce pain came intervals of sunny cheerfulness when he would try to tell us funny stories, or burst into laughter at his own absurdities of helplessness. Weeks and even months passed by in which death seemed each day imminent. But why give details of a strange illness that was, indeed, as characterized by a thoughtful relative, a prolonged martyrdom of anguish. The thought that it was for the most part endured in expiation not of his own but of others' sins came to more than one person.

Some weeks after the paralytic stroke, it was decided to anoint him. There was a doubt in some minds as to whether he was reasonable enough to understand what was to be done for him. His vice-rector approached the bed in surplice and stole, to be met with a fierce thrust of the patient's long and powerful arm. The vice-rector stepped aside a little but continued to read the prayers of the Ritual. He took the sacred oil and bending over the prostrate priest touched it to his eye-lid. Instantly the expres-

sion of Father Walworth's face changed. I stood at the foot of the bed drawing from the paralyzed foot a knit sock made for him by a non-Catholic cousin. I saw him smile sweetly and he murmured: "Yes, yes," as his other eye, long diseased and curtained besides with a cataract, received its unction. At the same moment he gently lifted his left arm from the covers and held the hand over toward Father Dillon. It is customary, I learned, to anoint a priest, not on the palm but on the back of the hand. Just then, as shown by a movement of the coverings, his left leg unbent and the foot was promptly pushed into my hands to be made ready for the anointing.

When the solemn and impressive sacramental ceremony was over, and the prayers ceased, he unclosed his eyes and said in a calm, sweet voice: "Isn't there something else?" The vice-rector turned quickly toward him and in a loud, clear voice, said: "Shall I bring you Holy Communion?" This time no words came but Father Walworth opened his mouth and extended his tongue as is done at the altar-rail. In a few moments more the Blessed Sacrament had been brought up to him from the church, after which he strove to make aloud a fervent thanksgiving.

A strong young man, a medical student, was just then his night-nurse. He and I and "Libbie" remained on our knees in the room. The efforts of the sick man to utter words of prayer, his halting speech and struggle to collect his thoughts, so touched the large and sturdy nurse that great tears rolled over his young face. Uncle said to me, who was nearest: "Can't you help?" and I repeated

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verses of Faber's hymns and short aspirations after communion which I knew he loved; and then extinguishing the blessed candles, left him to a peaceful rest. He received communion frequently during the following months. It was Rev. Father Judge who gave him the last viaticum. He was again anointed, the third day before he died, by Rev. Father Dillon. This time he was less conscious than on the previous occasion. After eight months in bed, on a milk diet, other food being refused, his strength was gone. He lay part of each day in a torpid condition. But the morning of the day on which he received the last anointing, he called me by name and kissed his crucifix. It was Sunday, September 16th.

"Nelly!" said he; and he looked up several times, first at me and then at the Pio Nono crucific, blessed for a happy death; till finally, he got me to unhook it from the wall and give it to him to kiss. He was too weak to hold it even for a moment. So I put it again on its hook, near the picture of "Christ's Entombment" where it had hung for twenty-six years within easy reach from his bed.

My strength, too, was waning from disturbance of sleep, anxiety and care. I was obliged to spend at least half of each day on my bed. For the month past, the greater part of my previous duties had been taken up by Sister Celine, a merry, strong, sweet, skillfully trained *Bon Secours* nun, obtained from her convent in New York city. This was made possible through the kind intervention of the Superior of the Paulists, Very Rev. Father Deshon, on consultation with the Archbishop. After attending to her patient, Sister Celine would come at night to

give me the latest news of him, and kneel at my bedside to say aloud with me our night prayers. Once, with her French accent, she spoke thus: "Your Uncle is resting very quietly. I put holy water on his forehead and asked: 'Father, did you say your night prayers to-night?' He lifted his head from the pillow, a little *so*," she continued, smoothing her face of its smiles to mimic his slow, stately and courteous bend of the head forward in assent. "Then I made a cross on him there, with my thumb." She touched her own brow. "Now you know he is resting and very wise, so go to sleep. Good night."

The last three days of his life he did not speak at all; nor did he notice me on Tuesday evening when I stood for a long time at his bedside. Sister Celine was with Father Walworth at 1 o'clock the next morning, which was that of his death. It was Wednesday, September 19, 1900. She found him conscious at that dark and quiet hour, for he made a motion of dissent when she touched his dry lips with a soothing wash. She thought he wanted to be undisturbed; that perhaps he was praying. She left him to rest, William Dunn being seated in an arm chair near by to watch with him till she should return. At 4 o'clock William stepped up to the bed and found that he was dead. Thus quietly, to use the vice-rector's words, "He slipped away from us;" just exactly when, no one knew.

It was very hard to convince me he was dead. I was awakened by a kiss from Sister Celine, and she led me to his side. His face and hands felt warm to my touch. I thought the doctor would be able in

a few minutes to restore him to consciousness. This idea came from my inexperience. All present knew more of death scenes than I. They assured me that Father Walworth was indeed gone from our midst, beyond recall. All the work and all the pain of his long life were over.

"When he dies, give him every honor of burial," were the words Bishop Burke had spoken some weeks before. He had visited him whilst he lay on his death-bed, had received his greeting and had accorded him a blessing, just before starting for Europe. He being still abroad, his Vicar-General, Monsignor Swift, was promptly notified of the death and prepared, together with the vice-rector of St. Mary's, to carry out the full ceremonial of the grand old church to which Father Walworth had given his allegiance. Festoons of mournful drapery in the historic parish church proved to be no less picturesque among its graceful arches, than were the old-time Christmas evergreens, which the pastor had long ago taught the boys and girls of his parish to use with good effect. His friends from far and near, of Church and State, and City, as well as members of the family, gathered rapidly. The chanting of a hundred priests who stood near his bier just outside the sanctuary and in front of the great altar arch he had himself designed, rose and fell in majestic waves of sound more like a grand pæon of victory than the pleading of sorrowful prayer. It was inspiring, thrilling, uplifting. On those waves of sound the soul could rise up and move onward like a well-steered ship over the breast of an ocean of thoughts toward its appointed haven. The majesty

of concurrent prayer and praise in the chanting of that office of the dead seemed to rise to the apex of its might. And why should it not, over the entry into eternity of a man of God, a nobleman of Nature, a true priest according to the order of Melchisedec? Each and all of these was Father Walworth.

One month later Father Deshon had a Solemn High Mass of Requiem chanted for him at St. Paul's Church in New York city.

The civic tribute to his memory reached its fullest expression six months later, when his fellow citizens were formally gathered to voice their sentiments in a public hall at Albany. A sufficient account of this occasion as well as further details of the funeral may be gathered from a selection of press notices to be given as a conclusion to this chapter and work.

His amanuensis has but a few more words of her own to set down. Her task in that capacity ended the very day that the stroke of paralysis felled Father Walworth like a storm-stricken oak tree destined to lie prostrate in its strength for a long time, whilst yet holding much of life-giving sap and leafy foliage.

It was a labor of love, however, on her part, to gather up later his note-books and papers with which she has worked through the changing seasons since his death to build him a monument,— not indeed like the shaft to bear his name that Albanians have projected, and which she hopes some day will take shape to adorn their capital city — not like the substantial granite stone of sarcophagus shape that marks his grave in Greenridge Cemetery, at Saratoga Springs — not like the greatest of his monuments,

the church he built to the honor of God under the patronage of St. Mary. Long may it stand to keep in memory and in motion the good works of which he laid a foundation, sure and strong, for the lasting betterment of souls in old Albany! No! Like none of these, is the volume of remembrance she has planned, and here brings to a close. There is neither granite nor brick in its make-up. Neither is it of one solid piece, nor even strongly mortised together. But for all that it was undertaken in a spirit of loving veneration; time and effort have been given to the garnering and use of his life records; sentence has been added to sentence and chapter to chapter, as opportunity offered and as health permitted until the plan, as first blocked out, has been carried on to completion. Whatever the public may read or leave unread, may say or leave unsaid about this series of sketches, the author can still hold to a simple statement of her own. This work is her monument to Father Walworth. Poor little pen monument though it be, it is the best that she could build.

Let us who here witness its completion inscribe upon it a few of his own lines, those that follow his description of our tall northern pine trees. Let us cut them large and clear, that the fragrance of his thought may still be with us. We will choose for our purpose these:

> Where all glides to one night,
> What value has fame in the flight?
> Brief life! Brief record after death!
> Yet happy I, could this be mine:—
> A life as lofty as the pine,
> And balmy as its breath.

CONCLUSION

PART I

FUNERAL AND OBITUARY NOTICES

As printed in the Albany newspapers.

(From the *Times-Union*, Saturday, Sept. 22, 1900.)

FINAL HONOR TO FATHER WALWORTH

PRIEST AND LAYMEN GRIEVE AT HIS BIER. ELOQUENT EULOGY OF HIS NOBLE LIFE.

CLOSING SCENE AT OLD ST. MARY'S WHERE HE LABORED SO LONG AND SO WELL — COMMON COUNCIL TAKES OFFICIAL ACTION — MEMORIAL SERVICE TO BE HELD UNDER ITS AUSPICES.

Funeral services over the remains of Father Clarence A. Walworth were held to-day at St. Mary's Church, which for so many years had been the scene of the priest's labors. They possessed all the solemnity and impressiveness of Catholic ceremonial and were a befitting tribute to the close of a long and useful life. His brother priests of the diocese, city officials and prominent Albanians, his parishioners, many of whom had been within the pale of his guiding influence from the cradle, gathered in the old edifice to attest their deep regard for him and to bear witness to the final honors paid to his earthly career.

The solemn mass of requiem, the prayers for the dead, the eloquent eulogy, constituting the ceremony, were most impressive. The eulogy was a high tribute to the grand and noble life of the deceased and its great accomplishments. It sank deep in the hearts of the vast congregation and intensified the sorrow experienced by many a heart.

After the services the remains were borne to the D. & H. depot and taken by train to Saratoga Springs, and there con-

signed to their final resting-place, amid the scenes of Father Walworth's childhood and among those who best knew the name and family upon whom his life shed honor and renown.

Remains, in State.

The remains were laid in state in the church late yesterday afternoon. Clad in full priestly vestments, they reposed in an open casket resting on a catafalque before the main altar. In the hand rested the "Chalice of Life"— the expression of the priestly function.

The casket was covered with black cloth and the plate was inscribed as follows: "1820–1900. Died Sept. 19, 1900, Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, LL. D." The altar had its antipendium of black and the pulpit and railings of the galleries were festooned with the same sombre drapings.

The remains were escorted to the church by a large number of priests, who chanted the "*Miserere.*"

The pall-bearers were the church committee, Messrs. James Allen, P. H. McQuade, Patrick Murray, Harvey T. V. Harrigan, Daniel J. Hartnett, Joseph J. McMullen, James H. Cassidy, John Murtaugh, William E. Walsh and Richard J. Joyce. The bearers were members of the Young Men's Sodality of St. Mary's parish, and were John V. Wallace, Michael J. Gillooly, James Keeshan, Edward Cotter, John T. Kelly and John A. Welden.

Services in the church followed the priests' chanting of prayers for the dead. Throughout the night the casket was guarded by members of the Young Men's Sodality of the church and the remains were viewed by a large number of Albanians.

Common Council Takes Action.

While the features of the priest were being viewed within the solemn precincts of the church the city legislature, the common council, was in session one block away giving public official expression to the general sorrow and regret experienced by citizens, without regard to creed or station.

The meeting was called to take official action and eulogistic remarks were made by President Fitzgerald, and Aldermen Thompson and Leddy.

Resolutions of Regret.

Alderman Thompson introduced the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"The common council have to-day convened to honor the dead.

"Such has been the life and character of the Reverend Dr. Clarence A. Walworth, for more than thirty years in this city, that although this branch of the city government rarely, if ever, have been called together to pass eulogies upon any but a public official, yet this reverend gentleman had attained to such public eminence as a promoter of good city and State government (the greatest among his labors being to better the estate of the intemperate poor of our city), it has been deemed appropriate that this council, representing all the people of the capital city, irrespective of church or creed, should give some expression to sentiments occasioned by the loss of so valuable and beloved a citizen. To-day the high as well as the lowly among this large population stand ready to do honor to the memory of this pre-eminent worker in the labor of reform, good citizenship and good government. Therefore,

"Be it resolved, That in the death of Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, this city loses a most eminent figure among the clergy of Albany, because of his active life not only as a missioner and as rector of the oldest church of his faith in our city, for so many years, but as a zealous and public-spirited citizen, ever ready to promote any reform or advance the good in municipal government, as well as being watchful and active in many questions before the Legislature of this State affecting this city, intended to correct the habits and character of the people.

"Resolved, That in his death this city loses a great friend, and such was his position among the people that his place will never again be filled. Such were his qualifications as a citizen of his worldly estate, his noble nature and magnetic influence, that he was peculiarly fitted as a clergyman to accomplish a great deal for his fellow men, and his loss will long be mourned by the people of Albany.

"Resolved, That this council, as such, attend his funeral."

Alderman Thompson moved that a committee of five be appointed, of which the president should be chairman, to act

in conjunction with the citizens' committee appointed by the mayor to arrange for public memorial services in honor of the dead priest. The following were appointed: President Thomas D. Fitzgerald, chairman; Aldermen Thompson, Keeler, Leddy and Carr.

The Funeral.

St. Mary's Church never contained a larger or sadder congregation than that which assembled to pay the last tribute of honor to the distinguished dead. The church was dressed in the sombre garb of mourning, the altars, the chancel rail, and the heavy columns were clad in the midnight hue of death. The subdued light through the stained glass windows, the flickering glare of the many tapers, the deep chant of priests and choir, the solemn silence that reigned among the congregation, all told of the awful presence of death.

The remains rested before the main altar throughout the ceremony, which began at 9.30 o'clock. Within the sanctuary were Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg; Dean Duffy, of Rensselaer, and a number of other clergymen. Priests to the number of sixty occupied the pews of the center aisle near the catafalque. The relatives of Father Walworth, who had come from Saratoga and Schenectady on the early morning trains, sat to the right of the center aisle. Mayor Blessing, Commissioner of Public Safety Ham, Commissioner of Public Works Bissell, Comptroller Gallien, and the other heads of city departments, together with the president and members of the common council and prominent citizens sat to the left. Members of religious orders occupied pews to the rear of these, and the Young Ladies' Sodality, the Young Men's Sodality and other church societies attended in a body.

The solemn office of the dead was chanted by the priests of the diocese at the opening of the service. It was led by Father O'Brien of Sandy Hill and Fathers Walsh and Lynch of the Cathedral. This part of the service occupied nearly one hour and was most impressive.

It was followed by a solemn mass of requiem celebrated by Very Rev. John J. Swift, vicar-general of the diocese and pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Troy. The deacon was Rev. John J. McDonald, of St. Patrick's Church, Binghamton;

sub-deacon, Rev. James Blumer of Sts. Peter and Paul's Church, Canajoharie; master of ceremonies, Rev. Joseph H. Fitzgerald, chancellor of the diocese, and assistant master of ceremonies, Rev. Father Judge, one of Father Walworth's assistants at St. Mary's Church. The musical features of the service were very impressive.

The Eulogy.

The eulogy was delivered by Rev. Patrick H. McDermott, of St. Bridget's Church, Watervliet, formerly an assistant to Father Walworth at St. Mary's. Among other things he said: "It is no wonder that so great a throng comes to pay reverence at the bier of Father Walworth. His brother clergy come from afar to bid the last farewell to their priestly brother. The mayor and officials of this city and its fellow citizens are here to pay him homage. Of the ancestry of Father Walworth, of the long line of celebrated personages who have been members of his family, let another speak. Albany saw him for the first time some seventy years ago as a member of the Albany Boys' Academy, where, under the tutorship of Dr. Beck, he received his early education. At Union College we find him a leader among the students and giving evidence of his future greatness. Here he studied law and laid the foundation for his future career. He was a hard student and went to the depths of any branch of knowledge he undertook to master. His examinations were brilliant efforts. What young man ever entered the noble profession of the law with brighter prospects? In that profession his career would certainly have been brilliant, but a thirst for greater knowledge drew him to a study of higher things. His religious principles were then unfixed. He studied Calvin, and the theory of that school, but was not satisfied. He pursued his theological studies until he determined that he should return to the faith of his fathers and join the Catholic Church. As a minister of the Church he was a shining light. His ministry in England was full of consolation. He worked in the foremost ranks of the Oxford movement, which was the means of drawing so many back into the fold of Catholicity. As a missionary in this country his labors were phenomenal. He began his work when primitive conditions prevailed; when the canal boat was the system of rapid transit. As a missionary he had few equals.

"His preaching was eloquent. His thought was deep, his language graceful and his oratory of great power and force. A few years ago I met a man in Schenectady who repeated to me the substance of a sermon he heard Father Walworth deliver thirty-five years before. This is but an illustration of the power of his utterance. His words burned into the souls of his hearers and lived while memory lasted. That is true eloquence — when a man preaches the word of God, the promise of good, and it is understood, remembered and kept.

"In this diocese he has worked as a faithful priest. Of the beauties of his character, of the effects of his efforts upon the letters of the day, of his wondrous interest in science, of his deep theology, of his brilliant style as a writer and a speaker, of his success in the many fields of thought, let his biographer speak.

"I bid you to consider his faith — how it came to him and how he kept it. He did not embrace Catholicity in a day; he came to it gradually. After having studied various religions and denominations he embraced the Episcopal faith, where he found an opportunity to have higher sentiment for God and better thought for man. But he was not the man to stand half way between the Protestant and the old faith. He never did anything by halves. What he did he did thoroughly, and that is true of his efforts to find religious consolation. He became a Catholic. When he accepted the old faith it was with the cry of joy which comes to the imprisoned intellect at the revelation of truth. When Clarence Walworth knew that faith he embraced it and it became a part of him until his death. He abandoned himself to it. He gave to it his best thought and action and his many years of life. The energies of his soul were stirred that it might be propagated. He left family and sacrificed worldly achievements, which through the brilliancy of his intellect might have been his, and gave his life to the service of his God and his fellow men. He never found it necessary to apologize for what he did, or to be ashamed of the step he had taken. He kept his faith, not only as an intellectual life; it became to him part of his nature. While he spoke and wrote of the most sublime truths and mysteries of religion, his faith was as that of a little child, simple and innocent.

"His end was peaceful. He died with the knowledge that his life had been well spent and had been productive both to himself and his fellow men. He had tried to better humanity and serve his God faithfully, and in both he had succeeded. He loved the Church and her ceremonials. He loved the beauty of her service. You have heard to-day the solemn requiem that has been sung above his ashes. He loved the people of his congregation and especially the children, and Centennial Hall stands on his gift to them and those of the future.

"It is needless for me to tell you to remember him. All Albany that knew him will do that. His memory will be associated with that of the events of your early life. You will think of the man who, as your pastor, guarded you and watched over your development with priestly care, preaching to you the truths and consolations of your religion and aiding you in the hour of sorrow and distress. You will remember him and pray for him, and his memory will be a blessed benediction to you. May the High Priest, Jesus Christ, receive this worthy priest and grant to him eternal peace and joy."

Interment at Saratoga.

At the conclusion of the high mass the remains were blessed and the final prayers for the dead were chanted. The clergy, city officials and others who had not seen the remains viewed them and the casket was closed. The body was borne to the train and conveyed to Saratoga Springs, where it was interred at Greenridge Cemetery. Many of the priests accompanied it.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THE LATE FATHER WALWORTH.

To the Times-Union:

The most impressive, beautiful and solemn sight it has been my privilege to witness was the funeral of Rev. Father Walworth on Saturday. It was a just tribute to a noble man.

They were two grand old men — Gladstone and Walworth. I never quite understood the good father. In fact I always thought him cold and unapproachable until I met him a few years ago in a business way; then I discovered his humble simplicity, genial manner and kindness of heart. I have loved him ever since.

Let me say a few words for his faithful assistant, Rev. John J. Dillon, who has labored zealously since his coming to St. Mary's to bring the church to its present state of completion and artistic beauty. Last, but not least, by any means, he built the handsome school and thus satisfied Father Walworth's last ambition. B.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE FUNERAL.

(From the *Argus*, September 23, 1900.)

With all the solemnity and pomp of the ritual of the Church, the last services for the dead were conducted yesterday morning over all that was mortal of the late Rev. Clarence A. Walworth, rector of St. Mary's at the church where his ministrations had covered over a third of a century.

Throughout the night the remains were viewed by thousands of people, and the throng embraced adherents of all creeds, who admired the earnest man and the patriotic citizen. They came in droves from all parts of the city, unmindful of the fact that he had been a priest of the Church of Rome, not thinking of the doctrines he held as a minister of that Church, but anxious to pay their last tribute of respect to the man who had all his life stood for the highest ideal of citizenship, and who fearlessly battled for the moral uplifting of the whole community.

The solemn and touching office of the dead was chanted by the priests of the diocese.

On a Saturday, when parish duties are multitudinous, it was a striking instance of the respect and esteem in which the dead priest was held to see the large number of the clergy at the final services. Over 100 of them were in attendance, and many came at a great sacrifice of time and comfort from distant parts. Rt. Rev. Bishop Henry Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, who was present, was formerly vicar-general of the Albany diocese, and president of St. Joseph's Provincial Seminary when that institution was located in Troy.

Besides the delegation of secular clergy from this and other dioceses, there were present many Franciscans, Augustinians, Jesuits, Redemptorists, and Paulists. Conspicuous among the clergy in attendance was Very Rev. George Deshon, C. S. P.,

Superior of the Congregation of Missionary Priests of St. Paul the Apostle, the roommate of General Grant while the latter was studying at the West Point Academy; and, the only surviving member of the band of Redemptorists who founded the Paulists. Father Deshon and Father Walworth continued the close personal friendship formed in the days of long ago, and as the years made inroads on the health of the latter, this friendship was cemented.

The church was crowded to the doors with the parishioners, hundreds of whom had been baptized by the dead priest, many of whom had been married by him, and still others who could recall his officiating at the last rites over those whom they held dearest.

There were also present a number of the pastors of churches of other denominations in the city, prominent among whom was the Rev. Walton W. Battershall,* rector of St. Peter's Episcopal church and a life-long friend and admirer of Father Walworth. * * *

FATHER WALWORTH'S BOOK OF POEMS.

(From the *Argus*, September 23, 1900.)

VOLUME PUBLISHED BY THE PUTNAMS IN 1888 PORTRAYS THE MAN BEHIND THE PRIESTLY ROBE — GLIMPSES OF A GOOD MAN'S INNER LIFE — LOVE OF NATURE A STRIKING TRAIT — "ANDIATOROCTE."

From the city street is gone a familiar picture of recent years — a patriarchal old man of towering figure and thought-seamed face, leaning with the pathetic feebleness of age on the shoulder of a faithful black boy.

There was something of distinction in the face that brought forth a question from the newer resident — the older knew him well — and the answer was: "Father Walworth."

Clarence A. Walworth, ripe with years and honors, who died last week and for whom yesterday bells tolled solemnly and the city mourned, as the funeral cortege passed, was a priest, a scholar and a poet. The newspapers have written

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*It is to be regretted that no copy is at hand of this friend's touching eulogy of Father Walworth, given in his own Church of St. Peter, on a Sunday soon after the funeral. It was counted among the very best, by those who heard it. E. H. W.

his obituary in long columns. He lived beyond the usual length of men. He came of a historic family. His nature was fuller of force and fire and the passions that shape great thoughts and noble deeds than the nature of most men. In his youth he grasped life wholly, and the tenacity of it was with him to the last. He lived; his experience touched many lands and men of many minds. His religious convictions came as such things come to poets, and he cast aside the traditions of family and became a Catholic priest. Father Walworth's strenuous part in the great Paulist movement is history. His life in Albany, as rector of old St. Mary's Church, beloved by the community, sought by scholars, with friends of every creed, is the memory that is left to the city. Some of the older generation knew him well; but to the younger he became a historic landmark and a tradition of greatness. Few Albanians could name his books by title — "The Gentle Skeptic;" his "Ghosts," in reply to Col. Ingersoll's famous lecture,* and, finally, "Andiatorocte, or the Eve of Lady Day on Lake George and Other Poems, Hymns and Meditations in Verse," as the title page puts it.

There is no portrait drawn with lines, with light and shade, through the cunning skill of photography, cast into electrotype and printed on the press of the *Argus* in this morning's paper, that could as genuinely reflect the man as does this book of poems published by G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York in 1888. Father Walworth was a poet before he was a priest, and it is in his verse that the man stands forth. Behind the priestly robe of which he wrote one can look into the soul of a good and great-thoughted man; not with idle curiosity, but with an appreciation of the type of man who lived so long as part of the life and the work of the community.

"Andiatorocte" is almost Wordsworthian in its meditation on nature and its beauty of description.

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* "GHOSTS," a lecture by Father Walworth, was issued in pamphlet form, Albany, Times Company Print, 1878 (pp. 12).

TRIBUTE OF A YOUNG PRIEST.

(From the *Daily Press-Knickerbocker and Albany Morning Express*, September 24, 1900.)

Many of the Members of St. Mary's Congregation Were in Tears Yesterday as They Listened to Father Judge's Eulogy of Their Late Pastor.

A large congregation was present at the 10.30 o'clock Mass yesterday morning in St. Mary's Church. The Rev. Father Judge ascended the pulpit and took occasion to deliver a fitting eulogy upon the late Father Walworth. Rev. Father Judge said in part: "I am sure that the people of this parish must have learned with sincere regret of the death of Father Walworth. I do not believe that it is necessary for me to add anything by way of eulogy to what has already been said within the past few days; but nevertheless I feel that I would not be doing my duty as a priest of this parish were I merely to announce his death and say nothing more.

"Father Walworth was pre-eminently a gentleman, a profound scholar, and a saintly priest. For a long time before his death he had been estranged from you, but this estrangement came not through his own volition, but by the hand of God. In this, however, we can see manifested the mercy and goodness of God. During this forced retirement he had an opportunity to prepare for that which came to pass during the week just closed.

"You probably knew him better than I, because your acquaintance with him was longer. For three years, however, I lived with him and I know that he led a saintly life.

"Already I have told you Father Walworth was a gentleman. His dignified and noble bearing won for him the respect and admiration of all. He was also public-spirited and broad-minded and took an active interest in everything that tended to the betterment of his fellow man.

"Father Walworth was a profound scholar. When he ascended this pulpit and announced to you the word of God you marvelled at his eloquence, learning and deep insight into things spiritual. Above all he was a saintly priest. I have known him to rise at an early hour in midwinter and

come out into this church and assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Through age and infirmity he was deprived of the consolation of offering Mass himself.

"Father Walworth was esteemed not only by the members of this parish, but also by the citizens of Albany, regardless of creed. The Rev. Father Walworth is with us no more, though his remains rest in the cemetery of a neighboring village. I am sure, however, that your memory of him will not fail with the interment of his body, that your prayers will arise to the throne of God so that his soul may find eternal rest."

The eulogy was listened to with great attention on the part of the congregation, many of whom were in tears before the closing sentence was preached.

PART II

HONORED BY ALBANY

An Account of a Meeting Held March 21, 1901, Under the Auspices of a Citizens' Committee and the Common Council.

TRIBUTE OF FELLOW CITIZENS TO THE MEMORY OF FATHER WALWORTH.

(From the *Argus*, Albany, March 22, 1901.)

MEMORIAL SERVICES HELD LAST EVENING AT ODD FELLOWS' HALL — SOME ELOQUENT ADDRESSES MADE — MEN OF ALL CREEDS AND CLASSES UNITE TO PAY HONOR TO THE MEMORY OF A NOBLE PRIEST — THE PROGRAM.

Rev. Clarence Augustus Walworth, rector of St. Mary's Church for 34 years.— Born at Plattsburg, May 30, 1820; died at Albany, September 19, 1900.

Memorial services to honor the memory of the late Rev. Clarence A. Walworth were held last evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. The exercises were a splendid tribute to the character of a man whom every citizen of Albany, regardless of race or creed, felt a pleasure in honoring. Those who belonged to the faith he professed were there in goodly numbers, but they showed no more eagerness to pay him honor than did the citizens of other creeds. The head of the Episcopal Church of Albany esteemed it a privilege to stand on the same plat-

form with the head of the Catholic Church of Albany and speak words of praise of the man whose broad mind and great heart was always working for the uplifting of his fellow man. The addresses were masterful and the whole affair was conducted without a single hitch.

The services were in charge of the following:

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE.— Dr. Samuel B. Ward, chairman; Frederick E. Wadhams, secretary; Mayor Blessing, William L. Learned, John Boyd Thacher, Charles Tracey, Amasa J. Parker, Rev. Dr. Max Schlesinger, Rev. W. W. Battershall, John W. McNamara, Rev. Dr. Edward G. Selden, Michael Delehanty, Rev. Alfred H. Eaton, Michael F. Walsh, Patrick H. Connors, James F. Tracey, Benjamin W. Arnold, Anthony N. Brady, Edward J. Hussey, Alden Chester, William F. Winship, William P. Rudd, Frederick E. Wadhams, Dudley Olcott, Thomas J. Lanahan, Charles M. Stuart, Dr. Albert Vander Veer, Marcus T. Hun, John G. Myers, James McCredie, John T. Norton, Peter Kinnear, James B. Lyon, James H. Manning, Wheeler B. Melius, Hugh Hastings, Peter J. Flinn, Richard B. Rock, Henry W. Garfield, Chauncey E. Argersinger, Leonard Kip, Samuel S. Hatt, Frederick Tillinghast, Dr. Edward G. Cox, John D. Parsons, Jr.

COMMON COUNCIL COMMITTEE.— Thomas D. Fitzgerald, Newton W. Thompson, Joseph F. Leddy, Ellsworth Carr, Peter Keeler, James Maloy.

The ushers were students of the Boys' Academy and Christian Brothers' Academy in uniform.

The hall was well filled with a representative body of Albanians and a large number of ladies were present. The only decorations were immense palms which were placed on either side of the stage. After the prelude by Gartland's orchestra the chairs on the stage were taken by the speakers and others. The first row was occupied by Rev. Dr. Schlesinger, of the Temple Beth Emeth, Mayor Blessing, Bishop Burke, Bishop Doane, Father Elliott, Dr. Ward, Frederick E. Wadhams, Wheeler B. Melius and Rev. John Dillon, successor of Father Walworth as pastor of St. Mary's. Among the others on the stage were noticed Judge Denis O'Brien, of the Court of Appeals, former Mayor Van Alstyne, former City Engineer

Andrews, President of the Common Council Thomas D. Fitzgerald, County Clerk Patrick E. McCabe, Commissioner of Public Safety Ham, Commissioner of Public Works Bissell, Comptroller Gallien, Alderman Barends and Gen. Amasa J. Parker.

This was the program:

Music .....Melody in F
Prayer .....Rt. Rev. T. M. A. Burke, D. D.
Address .....Rt. Rev. Wm. C. Doane, D. D., L. L. D.
Music ....."Prayer" from Lohengrin
Address .....Mr. Wheeler B. Melius
Music .....Flower Song, by Tobain
Address .....Very Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., Rector, St. Thomas's College, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.
Music—"Priests' March" .....Mendelssohn

Dr. Samuel B. Ward, chairman of the Citizens' committee, presided and made a brief address before introducing Bishop Burke, who made the prayer. All stood while the bishop prayed. He closed by repeating the Lord's Prayer, and every one in the hall could distinctly hear Bishop Doane, who stood beside Bishop Burke, repeat the words in unison with the Catholic bishop. At different times during the delivery of the addresses, the fervor of the speakers moved the audience to applause.

After the prayer by Bishop Burke, Dr. Ward introduced Bishop Doane.

BISHOP DOANE'S EULOGY.

Sterling Character of the Departed.

Bishop Doane said:

It is my privilege to speak to you to-night about a man who, during his long life, was among the most useful, and, in the time to come, will be counted among the most honorable citizens of this old city of Albany. One is tempted to claim him as an Albanian because, born in Plattsburg, he was educated in our own academy and graduated from our own university of Union, whose roots reach out from its

nearby location and strike deep into our city's soil. Taking in all his history, he was in touch with Albany for more than seventy years of his long life, and of those seventy years, quite half were spent in active and most valuable service to the best civic interests of the city. It is fitting and just, that, merely as Albanians, we should note the passing out of our public life, and away from our personal relations, of a man who found here the planting and spent here the fruitage of his mental activities. I am here to-night, by the courtesy of the committee having in charge these commemorative exercises. I am here upon the ground of fellow citizenship with Clarence Walworth, quite sure that he recognized, as I do, that this means, as St. Paul proudly claimed of Tarsus, "a citizenship of no mean city."

The duty has been assigned to another of speaking about what, naturally and necessarily, is the larger and deeper part of Father Walworth's life, namely, his service as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church; known for his eloquence as a preacher, his devotion as a pastor, the builder of St. Mary's church and, from the outside view, certainly among the foremost representatives of that church in Albany. Along these lines his path and mine diverged absolutely and entirely, with never, I am glad to say, a thought of partisanship, and never a failure of recognition as to the honest sincerity of our divergent convictions.

It is more than thirty years ago since I first met him here. He became permanently identified with Albany just one year before I did, thirty-five years ago, and we were good friends through all those years, and often, I am glad to say, associated in important interests that concerned the social and moral and civic advancement of the city. Older than I by twelve years, he was in the prime of his vitality and the fullness of his energy then, and it is hard to say which of the two figures leave the longest and the deepest impression on the mind — the erect and stalwart strength of his vigorous manhood or the picturesque dignity of his green old age, as he moved slowly along our streets from day to day, his arm thrown over Lem's shoulder — the faithful colored attendant and companion of his walks — bowed with the weight and silvered with the honor of his eighty years.

If ever any man combined in his instincts and his character two things sometimes counted antagnostic, Father Walworth was that man. He was the most aristocratic of democrats and the most democratic of aristocrats. Knowing nothing of his name or his lineage, it would have been plain to a casual acquaintance that the very essence of the grace of good breeding permeated his nature and added its peculiar charm to his intercourse with men. In the Walworth genealogy, which he compiled, "a long labor and an uncongenial undertaking," he says, he traces the family descent to one William Walworth, who emigrated to America, coming from London in 1689. But he traces back his name and his descent three centuries farther, to 1383, when Sir William Walworth was Lord-Mayor of London (in the reign of Richard II and in the time of the Wat Tyler rebellion), and the effigy of this Mayor, the first illustration in "The Walworths of America," is preserved in the Guild Hall in London. Plainly it was good stock, with breeding in it and instinct for distinction, whether we look for them in the Lord-Mayor of London, or in Father Walworth's latest progenitor, the distinguished Chancellor of the State of New York. And of the men that came between these two, Father Walworth says, commending his family history to his Walworth kindred, "they will not find many distinguished men that bore this family name, but they will find a goodly number, both men and women, who have been good citizens and have served their country well. We have contributed soldiers to our country in war time, and can show our martyrs, and the family has lent members here and there to the law, to medicine, to divinity, to trade, commerce and manufacturing."

I am struck with two suggestions in the preface of this book which may well guide me to-night in dealing with my subject. First, that the crest of the family arms was an arm grasping a dagger, with the motto, "Strike for the Laws." And, secondly, the description of the aim of his own history of the family. "I have not aimed to present the descendants of William Walworth, the emigrant, as a drill corps of dry skeletons or spectres rising from the ground, remaining in sight long enough to beget each other, and then sinking out of sight again like grim ghosts. I have tried to

put some life into them where history or tradition would give me any honest flesh to put on them. I have always been glad to link any of them with the events of their day. One thing above all I do love, that is localization." I wish to localize Father Walworth here in Albany, as a man whose energies were guided by this motto, "Strike for the Laws." And, so far as may be, I wish to tell the story in his own words.

Best Service Rendered.

Perhaps the best service that he rendered to this city and the State was in striking for the laws upon the great subject of temperance. "Earnest, stormy and full of work," his life has been described by the preacher at the service of his burial. And he struck in both directions, first for the enactment, and then for the enforcement of wise laws. When Father Walworth began what we might well call this crusade, the condition of things in society was widely different from what it is to-day, and I am not surprised at the statement that he was often "urged to discontinue his sermons and lectures on temperance for both private and political reasons." Drunkenness in those days was neither so disreputable nor so unusual as, thank God, it is to-day, certainly among prominent and influential people. And even more than now, at that time, the thought of temperance was identified with what was supposed to be its only meaning and its only direction, namely, total abstinence. I believe that Father Walworth organized the Total Abstinence Society for his own people on the sane and sound ground that nothing else can save some men and women, to whom moderation (always the most difficult of graces and attainments) is an impossibility. But he never lent his influence to the extreme views of the prohibitionists, and while I can well believe that as a preacher he directed all the force of his eloquent warning and pleading against the disgusting and degrading vice of drunkenness, I know that in his constant efforts about the laws which could control and restrain the most dangerous temptation of drink, he was wise, moderate, temperate in his aims and in his methods of legislation. I was with him often in the discussions before our legislative committees here when the conten-

tion was between the mischievous and selfish fanaticism of men who, in their own interests, were appealing for more privileges and more liberty for their traffic in drink than any other interest ever dreamed of asking for, and on the other hand, the impracticable one-idea-ed-ness of men who were unwilling to allow any restrictive legislation at all, on the ground that it recognized as possible the toleration by the State of the manufacture and the use of intoxicating liquors. And he was always clear and strong in his position, discriminating in his arguments, never a doctrinaire, not wedded to any special form of dealing with the question, but urging with all his earnestness and eloquence the enactment of just and wise restrictions, which distinguished between use and abuse, and recognized that the restraint of evil and the protection of rights must be the characteristic features of just laws. Many a biting blow he struck for temperance in the highest and best sense of the word. And the State owes to-day largely to his influence much of what is best of our existing legislation.

I greatly wish that a lecture of Father Walworth's, printed here twenty-two years ago, could be reprinted. The average temperance tract is either dull and dreary with platitudes or lurid and repulsive with a horrible realism, but this lecture is brimming over with power, directness, humor, originality, tenderness and conviction. It is called "The History of John Toby's Conversion, with his Views on Temperance, the Liquor Trade and the Excise Law." The main facts of it the writer says are true and happened within his own knowledge. And I am told that Mrs. Averill, whose clever kindliness reformed John Toby, is a sketch of Father Walworth's mother, and that she really advised and did with her womanly ingeniousness the one thing that reclaimed the drunkard. John Toby and Katy, his wife, are not unusual figures in this pitiful drama, but the Hon. Michael Magreedy, the grocer, and Mr. O'Gammon, the Assemblyman (the names themselves having in them the flavor of Dickens' suggestive inventiveness), are characters whose delineation combines originality of creation with pictures drawn to the life. * * *

[Lively and witty quotations were here given from the "John Toby" Temperance Lecture as printed by the Albany News Company, 1878. See, p. 268, Chapter XII of this book.]

It was the most fitting and natural thing that Father Walworth should have been selected to represent the Roman church as the preacher at St. Mary's on the Bi-Centennial Sunday in Albany in 1886. And the sermon, both in its carefulness of historical research and its breadth of sympathy, abundantly justified the selection. Painting the picture of a historical scene forty years before the city of Albany was chartered he points the moral and adorns the tale with words that breathe the spirit of our Divine Master and are full of instruction and inspiration for Christian people the world over. * * *

[Quotations from the Bi-Centennial sermon given in Chapter XIII, of this book, are also here omitted.]

Father Walworth received, in 1887, the degree of LL. D. from the University of the State of New York. The rareness of these degrees gives them a value which the Regents intend and which he greatly appreciated. The year before that he had delivered a most thoughtful and really brilliant address before the great gathering of educators in the university convocation, very radical in some of its statements, very liberal in his estimate of the importance of our common school system and with a very earnest plea for the recognition of the need of the moral and religious training of children. * * *

[See, in Chapter II, of this book, some of the quotations here omitted. They were from the Address, "School Education," which in 1887 was published entire in pamphlet form by the Regents.]

His summing up of the principal objects of a true education is sound and wise. These are Father Walworth's words:

"Allow me here, at the very outset, to say that, in my humble opinion, the principal object of a good education is not to teach children things; what they need chiefly to learn is how to think, and what to think. Dogs know things, but they cannot think. When the education of men is in question, the wisest is not the one who knows the most things.

"Wisdom consists in the knowledge of truth, especially the most valuable truth and in mastering that truth well. Chil-

dren are not parrots, and they should not be educated like parrots. They dwell in the dawn of manhood. Their minds were created for truth; and let us give it to them, not as we pack pork into a barrel, but as the sun, when it rises, floods the air with light and heat. All nature takes these blessings, and appropriates them to unnumbered uses. Children should be educated to the knowledge of truth in such way that they can master it, own it, absorb it, assimilate it and make it a part of themselves; so that when they have occasion to reproduce it, it may not be returned like dry goods out from a box, but in the form of true reflective thought radiating from their own central souls.

"Now, it is in full accordance with what has just been said to add, that schools must not be expected to teach all that it is good to know. It is enough that they furnish those elementary courses of study on which all valuable learning rests as a foundation. In after life, when school days are over, and the special vocation of life is settled, it is easy to build upon this foundation any special science or art or accomplishment, without danger of wasting time or labor."

At the end of the address, Father Walworth rises to the eloquence of his real earnestness. I am not willing to admit that the exclusion of religious teaching "yields up the schools to an atmosphere of atheism," nevertheless, it is impossible not to admire the outspoken courage and the temperate policy of his closing words.

"If circumstances are such that, when religion is taught in the schools, any part of that teaching must necessarily be such that we are to be excluded from the benefit of those schools, I regret it. We form a part of the country, and we love it. We have already shed some warm, red blood for it, and we are ready to do so again. But if it should become necessary for us to choose between these two alternatives, namely, either to be taxed for an education which yields us no benefit, or to yield up the schools to an atmosphere of atheism, why, then, tax us, and shut us out, but save society from atheism. Any religion is better than no religion at all. A world in which God and duty to God are recognized, albeit, misunderstood, is better than a world without a God.

"I do not ask that everything which is true in religion shall be taught in all the schools of the State. I make no demand at all for the systematic teaching of it. Under the actual circumstances, I only ask that God, duty to God, and the Christian revelation, shall be publicly, formally and daily recognized. A certain atmosphere of reverence and piety always hovers about a Christian school, shines in the teacher's eyes, and breathes in the text-books. Beyond this, a true charity and wise liberality will enable teachers to avoid giving offense. There is a wonderful magnetism in true charity. That prudence which comes from above finds many a smooth road, without sacrifice of principle."

Father Walworth's life was many-sided. It would be unjust and unfair to speak of him either only in the highest and holiest part, which was the inspiration of it all, namely, his life as a priest, or in its most conspicuous phase, as a public-spirited citizen. He was a man of marked personality and most attractive character. He had given himself the cultivation of travel by a voyage round the world; his literary taste was refined and rich; he had the great love for study which made books the companions of his solitude. Horace, his favorite Latin author, gave to his very tongue's end the sharp and keen sayings which enlivened and enriched his conversation; and he was, as I wish more men were, a constant reader and a devoted lover of Sir Walter Scott. Good tests and touchstones both these are, it seems to me, of a true love of literature, and both ministering, Sir Walter Scott especially, to enrichment of the mind. He was much given, especially in his later life, to the silence and seclusion of his study. He lived by rule, in the most regular and methodical way. So far as I know, his fellow citizens saw all too little of his social side; but see him as one would, and where one could, he has left behind him, not only in my mind, but in the *memorabilia* of Albany, the picture of a man, the four squares of whose completed character I should set down as these: Courage as a man, courtesy as a gentleman, consistency as a Christian, and constancy as a priest.

It is not enough, my friends, that we should honor his character; it is not enough that we should keep fresh his name as one of those not born to die; it is not enough to thank

God for what he did for the highest and best interests of the city and the State; a cenotaph is an empty tomb, and a commemoration that forgets to preserve by perpetuating it the influence of a life is an empty honor. If we would render Clarence Walworth the due meed of reverent recognition, it must be done by the imitation of his private virtues, the emulation of his public spirit, and the maintenance of the principles for which he spent his life as a citizen.

After the selection from "Lohengrin," Mr. Wheeler B. Melius spoke.

ADDRESS OF MR. MELIUS.

Personal Recollections of the Deceased Clergyman.

Mr. Melius spoke as follows:

It was with some little hesitation that I consented to speak on this occasion, as I knew that in paying my simple tribute to the memory of him who was my friend, it would be necessary for me to make frequent references to myself, and, therefore, I beg your indulgence and patience. But I felt that I could not allow this opportunity to pass without an attempt, at least, to show the reverence and affection in which I held Clarence A. Walworth.

My acquaintance with Father Walworth began more than a quarter of a century ago, and during that time our relations were governed by the closest and warmest friendship; and I had many opportunities of studying the greatness of his character and valuing his profound knowledge of men and things. He was a linguist of more than ordinary ability, and I know of no one now to whom I can go for the derivation of the Iroquois language. The people of Albany grieve that death has stilled the poetic fancy from which sprang the beautiful rhymes and poems, so well framed and formed, containing so much of the character and nature of the Indian, with which, under the *nom de plume* of John A. Bird, Father Walworth delighted his readers.

Little things sometimes tell volumes of hidden character, and in this connection let me briefly tell you the following true story of Father Walworth: It is a well-known fact

that the post-office is regarded by our people as the great bureau of information of a city. After leaving the city, people often wish for information, and they usually apply to the postmaster. If the information sought for relates to matters of recent date, the letter carrier usually can give it; but the case of which I speak went back farther than the memory of the letter carrier could reach. A letter was received by our postmaster which read as follows:

"To the Postmaster of Albany, N. Y.:

"Dear Sir.— When I was quite a little child, my father and mother, and two little brothers, left your city to go southwest. I was very small, the youngest, and hardly knew what the purpose was of our journey. Later on in life I learned that it was for the purpose of bettering our condition. We arrived at St. Louis late in the evening and, being poor and quite a large family to care for, my father selected a cheap hotel, which was very large and of a frame structure, on the south of a public square. At midnight a fire broke out in the lower portion of the building. My father and mother and little brothers, with all our belongings, perished. I was left in the room, my father telling me that he would return for me. I was rescued from the upper story by the firemen. I was taken across the square into one of the houses of the neighbors. The next day all inquiry failed to find who my parents were. All I could remember was that we had lived in your city on Lady Clay hill. People made frequent inquiry of me as to the name of my father and mother. I could only say they had no names, only mamma and papa, and my brothers, Eddie and Tommie. I never could think of their surnames. Fortunately for me, I fell into the hands of a very considerate man and his wife. They having no children, I soon became attached to them and they to me. I grew to womanhood. My foster father was a physician, and I soon learned to love them. Having been nicely educated I met with and married my foster father's nephew, who was also a physician. When the war broke out my husband entered the Confederate army and was killed. My foster father and mother having no children, I was adopted by them. They both died. I inherited their estate. My husband left an abundant

estate also, which I inherited. With an abundance of this world's goods, and being left alone, having only acquaintances, none by blood, I do so anxiously want to know of whom I am. I want to know my people. I cannot tell you their names. I can only say they lived on Lady Clay hill."

The letter certainly called for an answer. The postmaster, clerks and letter carriers could give no information. It was sent to me, and I at once took it to Father Walworth. I knew the pathos of the letter would deeply move his great, loving heart, and enlist a sympathy which would not tire nor abate until the desired information was obtained. So, with nothing to guide us but the meager facts contained in the letter, we began the search. We first obtained the date of the fire at St. Louis, and after days of diligent work, succeeded in obtaining information concerning the family through a Mrs. Todd, a lady 80 odd years of age, whose mind was clear and whose memory (like that of most aged people) was of the past rather than of the present. Upon Father Walworth reading the letter to her, she said: "Yes, I remember the whole family. I remember their moving away and promising to write to me, for I knew these children and was quite fond of them, and now this tells the story of the reason why I did not hear from them." In a few days we had procured the register of baptism of each child, the name of the father and mother, and the godfather and godmother of these children. We found an aunt and a niece. The niece was in the employ of one of the Pearl street stores, and the aunt was living on Sheridan avenue. This was a happy day for Father Walworth, who evinced the keenest delight in his success. He conducted the correspondence and soon had the satisfaction of witnessing the reunion of the family in this city. This is one of the little things that tell of character; the acts exterior tell of the man interior.

His Work on Bi-Centenary.

At the time of the Bi-centennial, as one of the committee on tablets, Father Walworth was consulted, for he was a very active factor in bringing about the success of the Bi-Centennial. It was resolved by this committee that notable places should be marked with tablets. All of the churches of aged

origin were included in the list of places so to be marked. When we came to prepare the tablet for St. Mary's Church, I tried very hard to induce Father Walworth to prepare the inscription to be placed upon it. This he refused to do, but he gave us the necessary data and matter, and finally we wrote this: "Site of old St. Mary's Church, built A. D. 1797; the first Catholic parish in Albany and second in the State. The entrance directly under this tablet; a second building on this same spot, facing on Chapel street, was the original Cathedral of this diocese." When we were ready to place this tablet upon the church, Father Walworth passed around to Pine street. He carried a stick in his hand and, with this he touched the wall of the church and said: "Right under this spot was the entrance to the old church; that, it seems to me, is the fitting place for the tablet. Here the people entered in and departed from the church for many, many years." And upon that very spot which he indicated, the tablet is now fastened.

A few days before the beginning of the celebration of the Bi-Centennial, a gentleman of this city met me on the street and said: "You know, I have a large quarry of pure Barre granite, and I would like to give to the city of Albany a block of granite, the weight of which is, say thirty tons, send it to this city, deliver it at the foot of State street, and from there you could deliver it to any place that you may determine upon." It was then too late to accept this offer as there was not time, even had the granite been at the foot of State street, to bring it to the place which we had thought of, namely, the Academy park, and, therefore, we concluded not to accept it. It was a matter of regret to all of us that we had to come to this conclusion. When Father Walworth heard of this he very much regretted the decision. He said: "What an excellent thing it would be if we could get this block of thirty tons of granite and place it in the Boys' Academy park. We could put on one side a tablet of bronze, and say: 'This to commemorate Kilian Van Rensselaer, the first patroon of the manor;' on the other side, 'This to commemorate Philip Schuyler, the first Mayor;' then on one end we could place a tablet with the inscription, 'This to commemorate Johannes Megapolensis, the first Dutch minister; an educated

man and a Christian gentleman.' It would be the grandest of all gifts. It would commemorate the Bi-Centennial; it would be recognizing the early settlers of this city — a matter which has been very much neglected." Then I reminded him that he had left one end without a tablet and inscription, and he said: "Well, let that go to a later day; some one will merit that end."

He also remarked what an educator it would be. Here the child would roll his hoop, or cast the ball in play, and he would run over to get it — perhaps it would be stopped by this granite block — and he would look down, and read these statements. He would think of them. He would return to his own home and tell of them. He would ask his father about Megapolensis. Perchance his father would refer him to a teacher at either of the schools which now face the park where that monument would be. "Then," Father Walworth said, "don't you remember the story of Father Jogues, whose life was saved by Polenses? — To-day his name is almost dropped from the speech of the people. Why should we not make his name a living light to the children that are now growing up in this district."

I think of how, as he stood there, his long arms reached out — how they seemed to draw you toward him — the high, and the low, the rich, the poor, the humble, the exalted; I think of his great life, with its high aspirations and noble deeds, and of his devoted services as a citizen; and it is my living hope, that such a monument as Father Walworth spoke of should be erected, and that on the space which he left unfilled should be inscribed the words: "This to commemorate Reverend Clarence A. Walworth."

The citizens' committee has deemed it proper to leave this matter with the citizens. Shall this granite block be placed in Academy park? Shall these tablets be placed upon it, bearing these inscriptions? It is my earnest wish and hope that, in the near future, the city of Albany will so commemorate the lives of four of its greatest citizens; that the name, Clarence A. Walworth, in its bronze and granite setting, may be always before the eyes of coming generations; that it may lead them to study his noble life and example and to receive the inspiration of his high and true ideals!

Father Elliott, who was the last speaker, made a deep impression on the audience.

FATHER ELLIOTT'S TRIBUTE.

Brief Summary of Dr. Walworth's Life — His Finer Qualities.

Very Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., spoke in part as follows:*

Clarence A. Walworth was born at Plattsburg, N. Y., May 30, 1820, being fourth child and eldest son of Reuben H. Walworth, the last chancellor of this State. He made his earlier studies at the Albany Academy, afterward entering Union College, from which he was graduated in 1838. He was inclined to a religious career from the beginning, but at the wish of his father he studied law and even began to practice. Soon he entered the Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church in New York city. He became a member of the Catholic Church in 1845. Soon after this he applied for admission to the Redemptorist order of missionaries, and by them was sent to their novitiate in Belgium, being accompanied by Isaac T. Hecker, who had joined the Catholic Church about a year before him.

Having finished his spiritual and scholastic preparation, Clarence Walworth was ordained a priest and spent a couple of years in laborious mission work in England. He came back to America in 1851, again in company with Father Hecker. From that time till 1865, Father Walworth, as Redemptorist and as Paulist, was constantly engaged in giving missions to Catholics, the excessive labors of such a life having much to do, as he was convinced, with undermining his constitution. His continued ill-health led to his leaving the Paulist community. Returning to his native diocese, he was first given charge of St. Peter's Church, Troy, and in 1866, he became pastor of St. Mary's in this city. After a career of remarkable usefulness both to his parishioners and to his fellow citizens generally, Father Walworth departed to his eternal reward September 19, 1900.

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* For this Address, revised and enlarged, see *Catholic World* Magazine, June, 1901. It is there entitled: "Father Walworth, a Character Sketch." See also, in this book, page 132, a quotation from Father Elliott's Sketch, in which Father Walworth is depicted as a remarkable preacher to the hardened sinner.

This is a brief summary of the life of a man distinguished for natural gifts of a high order united to priestly holiness of the most edifying kind. He was a man characterized especially by love of virtue and hatred of vice, above all of that vice of drunkenness and its attendant evil of saloon keeping, associated together for the destruction of the people.

Father Walworth, although he spent his best energies fighting vice, was yet naturally of a gentle disposition. His manner was kindly, his conversation was toned with deference for others. He was a positive man, but not self-opinionated, and no one could be a more pleasant companion among priests or laymen. His friendships were warm, and those of early days were especially tender, enduring to the end of his life. He had a sincere admiration for the solid Dutch character. Many of his school and college mates were of that stock, and we have heard his eoniums on their earnest natures, their steady resolution, their slow but constant progress in college and civil life, so often crowned with the highest prizes of State and nation.

Most Touching Evidence.

Perhaps the most touching evidence of Father Walworth's affectionateness was his friendship for Edgar P. Wadhams, first bishop of Ogdensburg. This noble soul was Father Walworth's fellow pilgrim on the hard road to the Catholic faith. They were worthy of each other, and they loved each other as did David and Jonathan, soul knit to soul. Walworth worshipped the upright, truthful nature of his friend, as strong as it was gentle, more flexible than his own, and equally courageous; and Bishop Wadhams returned his affection with the generosity of one who, knowing men, could value their rarer and sterner virtues.

The people of Albany well know how sincere a character was Father Walworth's. A more open character never could be found. In private life, it was a deep joy to meet such a man, who gave you a clear view to the bottom of his mind. In public conduct, no less than in private, he ever acted openly. Though he was continually fighting against that class of evil-doers whose tactics are the most deceitful, saloon-

keepers and political tricksters, Father Walworth never laid ambushes. The meanest of traitors had from him all the rights of war; he was as honorable in his methods as he was unflinching in his courage.

This true nature was the man of "Yea, yea, and Nay, nay." Whatever was good had Walworth's instant "All hail," and kept his final allegiance. What was bad must endure his anathema. If his loyalty to right never faltered, his war against vice never knew a truce.

Father Walworth was no extremist, but rather he was of a moderate temper of mind. Courage he had to dare any foe for God and the people, and yet he remained a man of conservative leaning, consulting the due forms of law, wary of the methods, avoiding even the lingo of fanatics, but always so candid and fearless as to shame timid associates, while winning the applause of honest men of all religions.

Attached to this hearty square-dealing with friend and foe — or one may say its reward — was Father Walworth's spontaneous good humor. The Psalmist's words fitted him: "Thou hast loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore hath God, thy God, anointed thee with the oil of gladness."

The people of Albany have often heard his eloquent words. But they will bear with me if I say that it was as a missionary that his endowments as a persuader of men were best displayed. I have heard many fine preachers, but not one who was his equal in driving the fear of God into sinners' souls. His mission sermons broke the adamantine crust of sin over men's souls like an egg shell. He had the best voice for public speaking I ever heard. He had a voice that could stop an army.

He was like Elias of old: "Are not my words a hammer which breaketh the rock in pieces?" He was the Lord's hammer. Nor was this the mere pulverization of the culprit's self-assurance; it was, besides, the melting of his heart into tender longings for the Divine friendship. After his awful arraignment of sinners, his confessional was by no means avoided, by penitents, in favor of his fellow missionaries. The most abandoned wretches, after sitting under his preaching pale and nerveless with terror, would often enter his confessional by preference; they had felt something of love vibrating amid the imperious tones of that voice. And with Father

Walworth they ever found the balm of hope for the agonized pain of the fear of Divine wrath which he had been the means of inflicting.

The Good Lives After Him.

But he was best known for the good he did in Albany as parish priest of St. Mary's. This developed beautiful traits in his character. He was a devoted father to his people. He overflowed with the tenderness and the watchfulness of pastoral love. Some of my hearers were present at his funeral, and heard the beautiful sermon of his friend, Father P. H. McDermott. High as were those eulogiums, they were all truly deserved. He loved all his people. If he had any preferences, they were for hard sinners, for the poor, for the sick, and for the little ones — he was a priest always full of unfeigned sympathy, deeply concerned for his people's eternal and temporal welfare.

Without neglecting his full duty to his parishioners, Father Walworth meantime and always fought the saloon-keepers of this State in the lobbies and before the committees of the Legislature. In this work, so harassing and disappointing, yet so essential, he was united with Bishop Doane and other public-spirited citizens. And you all know how persistently he resisted the local saloon interest and other disorderly elements in this city itself. To such a line of conduct some Catholics objected. Why should a Catholic priest, they asked, meddle in politics? Because, answered Father Walworth, the enemies of Catholic virtue, the worst enemies of the Catholic Church, use politics for the corruption and ruin of the people.

I am too good a citizen, he would say, in effect, to allow my priesthood to obscure my sense of duty as a citizen. It would be a pitiful thing if a parish priest should be hindered by his own vocation smiting vice intruded into the very sanctity of the laws, a monstrous thing that religion should be prevented from aiding civic virtue, banning bribery and corruption.

God rest the noble soul of Clarence Walworth! As man, citizen, priest, missionary, he was faithful and true to God and Church and fellow citizens.

Finis.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

The honorable mention of Father Walworth at Albany in 1901 has filled many pages of this book. A few more words will bring its conclusion up to date. Six months after he died his fellow-citizens met to do him honor and listened to the words of Father Elliott. Six years after that memorable meeting his name was again spoken by eloquent lips and, as before, by a Paulist Father. This time the speaker came to Albany not from the national capital but from Chicago. In the "ides of March," 1907, Reverend Father Gillis, C. S. P., stood in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception and manfully answered with calm reason a mixed batch of questions from non-Catholics. They were such as these:

"Why don't the priests join with the ministers in the anti-saloon crusade? Why, so many Catholics in the saloon business? Why are they not excommunicated?"

In answer to the first question, he said:

"That is their own business. I am not judge of the priests of Albany, and I doubt not they have their own reasons for what they do or don't do. But one thing may be said. The Catholic theory upon the right of a man to run a saloon is different from the theory ordinarily held by ministers. Some churches teach and many ministers maintain that drinking and saloon keeping as well as smoking and card playing are always and essentially sinful. That is false. There is a distinction between sin and the things that lead to sin. * * * We are as strong as anyone against sinful saloon keeping."

Here the missioner quoted from laws of conduct for Catholics as laid down by the Baltimore Council. In answering the next query he used the Albany City Directory to disprove some exaggerated statements that were added to the direct question. Afterwards, he said: "A man may have a Catholic name and be a heathen." Other answers of his, together with these, may be found reported in the *Argus*, March 16, 1907.

Enough has been here given to show how he was beset by prejudiced questioners at the close of a very successful mission, which he had preached in company with Reverend Father Thomas Burke, C. S. P. We are only concerned in this connection, with the facts that led up to a sudden exclamation with which Father Gillis clinched his arguments and drove them home to his hearers. Let us give to him the last word. While still speaking impromptu, he said:

"One of the greatest temperance advocates the city of Albany ever had was, I have been told, a Catholic priest, Father Walworth!"

E. H. W.

91 Columbia St., Albany, N. Y.
August 15, 1907.

Life Sketches of Father Walworth

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